THE BOOKMAN

Christmas Double Number

WITH WHICH IS PRESENTED

A PORTFOLIO OF DRAWINGS IN COLOUR

By EDMUND DULAC

Illustrating Scenes from Edgar Allan Poe's Poems.

Frontispiece Portrait of RUDYARD KIPLING

from a Photograph specially taken for "The Bookman," and full-page Colour Plates by

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PRINCIPAL LITERARY CONTENTS :

Rudyard Kipling By DIXON SCOTT.
The Revelation of George Meredith By Dr. WILLIAM BARRY.
The Poetry of George Meredith By Mrs. ALICE MEYNELL.
Mrs. Gaskell's Birthplace By Mrs. ELLIS H. CHADWICK.
The Loeb Library By Professor J. P. POSTGATE, D.Lit
Byron By Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bart.
Frederic Harrison among his Books By W. E. A. AXON.
Life in the Desert By RICHARD CURLE.
A Letter Bag By LEWIS MELVILLE.
Rodin on Art By HOLBROOK JACKSON.
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An Inverted Idealist By EDWIN PUGH.
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France—Mediæval and Modern By A. W. EVANS.
Learning in Little By W. H. HUDSON.
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The Mind of Mr. Balfour By JAMES MOFFATT, D.D.
Girls and Fairies By KATHARINE TYNAN.
The Christmas Bookshelf, etc., etc.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY: JOHN BUCHAN

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENTS.

HODDER & STOUGHTON

ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

No. 255. VOL. XLIII. DECEMBER, 1912. PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.
Subscription rate 11s. per annum post free. Published Monthly.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We are still old-fashioned enough, in sentiment, to find a pleasure in beginning this Number by wishing a very Happy Christmas to all our readers, and to all who would have been our readers had it been possible. It will be sufficiently obvious at a glance that the production of this enormous Number has involved a great amount of heavy and continuous work for some weeks past, and we are glad to say the success of it has already been more than gratifying. We printed a considerably larger issue than of any previous Christmas Number; nevertheless, before going to press the whole of that edition was sold out, and we are left with orders for between five and six thousand more that, unfortunately, we are unable to fulfil. A larger sale was anticipated, but not such a much larger one as this; all arrangements for our many colour plates were concluded long since, and to print further supplies was impracticable. We mention this as an explanation due to those who have failed to obtain copies of the Number, and beg they will accept this expression of our regret that we too modestly under-estimated our own popularity.

Photo by Herman Lea.

Mr. Thomas Hardy.
A new portrait.

Messrs. Macmillan are issuing a new edition (The Wessex Edition) of Mr. Thomas Hardy's works in prose and verse. Each volume has a frontispiece in photogravure and a Map of the Wessex of the Novels and Poems.

The January BOOKMAN will be a Lord Morley Number and will contain a special article on "Lord Morley as a Man of Letters" by A. Mackintosh.

We regret to find that there is a reference to Mr. Haldane Macfall in Mr. Joseph Pennell's article on Whistler, in our October Number, that is open to misconstruction. Mr. Pennell mentioned Mr. Macfall's "Whistler: Butterfly, Wit, Enigma," and said it had been suppressed. The facts appear to be that Whistler's executrix took legal proceedings to restrain the publication of the book solely because the butterflies used as decorations on the cover and in the margins were Whistler's copyright. The Court deciding that this was so, the book was published without the offending butterflies, and in this form the work has not and could not be suppressed—on the contrary, it has sold in thousands, and is still selling.

Messrs. Maunsel are issuing a pocket edition of the works of J. M. Synge. Four volumes, containing his plays, have already appeared, and four new volumes containing "Poems and Translations," "The Aran Islands," "In Wicklow" and "In West Kerry," are just ready. The books are well printed and tastefully bound in half-parchment; the set of eight volumes is to be issued in a box, when complete.

Two of the ablest of our younger novelists are away among the War Correspondents with the Balkan Allies—Mr. Perceval Gibbon representing the *Daily News*, and Mr. Alphonse Courlander the *Express*.

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has collected another volume of her short stories, and it will be published by Messrs. Methuen early next year.

Margaret Westrup (Mrs. Margaret Stacey) has written a new novel, entitled "Tide Marks," which Messrs. Methuen are publishing immediately. Mrs. Stacey made her first success with her first book, "Elizabeth's Children." It was published by Mr. John Lane—anonymously, at her request, and she says nobody could have been more surprised than herself when it proceeded promptly to run through six editions in England, to say nothing of meeting with a remarkably favourable reception in America. Since then she has given us five other books: "Helen

Margaret Westrup
(Mrs. Margaret Stacey.)
From a portrait painted by her husband, Mr. W. Sydney Stacey, and photographed by Messrs. Russell and Sons.

Alliston," "The Coming of Billy," "The Young O'Briens," "The Greater Mischief," and what is perhaps the most delightful of her novels "Elizabeth in Retreat," a sort of sequel to "Elizabeth's Children." The scenes of her new book, "Tide Marks," are laid largely in London, but part of the story takes place in Cornwall, near her own home. Mrs. Stacey has lived in Cornwall since her marriage two years ago. "I do a good deal of sailing in the summer," she says, "and am fond of riding and walking—with plenty of dogs. When the weather

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu
whose new volume of poems, "The Bird of Time," is reviewed on page 171.

lets me I like to write in the garden; at other times I write in my husband's studio whilst he paints."

The success of Mr. Charles Murray's "Hamewith" should go some way towards re-inspiring publishers

Photo by Hoppé.
Mrs. Alice Meynell
whose new book, "Mary, the Mother of Jesus" (Lee Warner), is reviewed on page 176.

Photo by W. S. Stuart, Richmond. **Mr. Charles Murray**
Author of "Hamewith" (Constable).

with a belief in poetry as a paying concern. The book was issued by Messrs. Constable in the Autumn of 1909, and has since sold 5,000 copies at five shillings, and a new edition is now almost ready for publication. The fact that the poems are all in dialect has not prevented the book from achieving something of a record sale among recent poetry. Mr. Murray was born in the village of Alford in the wild romantic district "at the back of Bennochie," and not very far from the town of Huntly that gave us George MacDonald. He spent so many years of his life in South Africa that when "Hamewith" first appeared he was commonly spoken of as a South African poet, but if he wrote many of his poems in South Africa his heart was never there; it was the memory of "Scotland, oor Mither" that moved him to sing them:

"Scotland, oor mither,—we've bairnes ye've never seen—
Wee things that turn them northward when they kneel doon at e'en;
They plead in childish whispers the Lord on high will be
A comfort to the auld wife—their granny owre the sea."

Mr. W. L. George
whose brilliant book on the Feminist movement, "The Woman of To-Morrow," has been published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

Many native Indians have written poetry in English, but very little of it has been very good. The most notable exception is, perhaps, the Brahmin poetess, Sarojini Naidu, whose remarkable book of poems, "The Bird of Time," has just been published by Mr. Heinemann. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu came to England some eleven years ago for study and experience, and went to Cambridge. She showed an extraordinary gift for writing verse, and while in her teens published, with Mr. Heinemann, a volume called "The Golden Threshold," which won the admiration of Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has always shown great interest in her work, and has written a preface to her new book. She is now married and living in India, and this second volume represents a comparatively small selection of what she considers her best work.

Mr. H. M. Tomlinson
whose new book, "The Sea and the Jungle," Messrs. Duckworth are publishing.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor has written a novel which Messrs. Putnam are publishing under the charming title of "Little I Thank You."

Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson

whose clever new novel, "The Happy Warrior" (Alston Rivers), is outrivalling in popularity his successful first book, "Once Aboard the Lugger."

With "The Happy Warrior" (Alston Rivers) Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson has scored his second big success as a novelist, and it is a success that he has worked hard for, though he ascribes it all to "luck." He began writing about eight years ago, when he was a medical student; but his ambitions lay in another direction and he did not drift into journalism—he deliberately walked into it. "I always intended to earn my living with my pen," he says, "and took the plunge when I had about one short story, two articles (for *Punch*) and some verses (for *Scraps*) accepted. I did not know a soul who had the remotest connection with literary work, but I was—and have been—frightfully lucky." He wrote all manner of things all day long for three months or so; some of them attracted the notice of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, and he presently obtained a place on their magazine staff. For a while he was assistant editor of the *Royal Magazine*, then co-editor of the *Rapid Review*. Then he "made another plunge;" he cut himself adrift from editing with a good practical knowledge of what the magazines require, "thanks to the pains that had been taken with me," he remarks, "by Mr. P. W. Everett, Pearson's magazine editor." He cut himself adrift simply because he wanted to make headway in other fields, and hearing that the *Daily Graphic* wanted a leader-note writer, he sent in some specimens and secured that appointment. During this period he wrote "Once Aboard the Lugger"; as soon as it was finished he found a publisher for it without difficulty, and it was immediately and widely successful. In the same year (1908) he was appointed night-editor of the *Daily Graphic*, of which he has recently been made editor.

Miss M. Edith Durham

whose book "The Burden of the Balkans" Messrs. Nelson are publishing.

Miss Durham, the first Woman War-Correspondent, is representing the *Daily Chronicle* with the Montenegrin Army.

From a drawing made by Edith Calvert (Mrs. Elkin Mathews) when she and Miss Durham—then known as "Dick Durham"—were students together at the Royal Academy Schools.

Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

Mr. Hutchinson devoted four years to the writing of "The Happy Warrior;" partly because he had very little leisure, chiefly because he took the most laborious pains with it. He could have published it two years ago, but it did not satisfy him, so he set to and re-wrote it from start to finish. "It was a dreadful task," he sighs. "Some of the scenes in it have been written a horrifying number of times, but I found, when the thing was done, that so far from tiring of it I had grown uncommonly fond of Percival and the rest of the characters." He confesses that "The Happy Warrior" is a kind of expression of his feeling that novels might very well go back to what they used to be, and become stories again. Nowadays, they seem to be mostly profound analyses of psychological or sex problems, and in attending too closely to this part of the business he thinks the author loses sight of his story. They leave him with an impression that there is no gayer, stronger or better sort of life than is pictured in their pages, but he has an idea that there *is*, and in his two novels he has shown that happier and more wholesome life as he has known it.

Mr. J. O. P. Bland.
Author of "Recent Events and Present Policies in China" (Heinemann).

John Ayscough's new idealist romance, "Faustula" is attracting a good deal of attention, one prominent critic ranking it higher than Kingsley's "Hypatia." It is an open secret that "John Ayscough," is the pen-name of the Right Reverend Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, Protonotas Apostolic, and Prelate of the Papal Household.

Photo by Whitfield, Cosser & Co., Bath. **John Ayscough.**
Author of "Faustula" (Chatto & Windus).

Mr. J. O. P. Bland, whose "Recent Events and Present Policies in China" is published by Mr. Heinemann, is the son of Major-General E. L. Bland of Whiteabbey, County Antrim, and holds civil rank as a Chinese Official under an Imperial Decree that also conferred upon him the Order of the Double Dragon. Mr. Bland became known to English readers by the remarkable book, "China Under the Empress Dowager," which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. E. Backhouse, the eminent Oriental scholar. It was published by Mr. Heinemann in 1910. Recommended to the notice of Sir Robert Hart by "Chinese" Gordon and Sir Richard Wallace, Mr. Bland was appointed to the Imperial Maritime Customs in 1883, and served for thirteen years. Amongst other appointments, he acted for two years as Private Secretary to Sir Robert Hart and Assistant Chinese Secretary at the Inspectorate General. Resigning from the Customs in 1896, he became Secretary and chief official of the Municipality of Shanghai, which post he occupied for ten years. Later, from 1906 to 1909, he represented British financiers at Peking and negotiated several railway loans with the Chinese Government. He was also *The Times* correspondent at Shanghai, and afterwards at Peking, from 1907 till 1909, in which year he retired, and his wide and exceptional experience of Chinese affairs has borne fruit in these

two books and many notable articles that have appeared in our leading reviews.

Early in December the Year Book Press will issue Mr. Patrick MacGill's new collection of poems, "The Dead End." Mr. MacGill's previous volumes, "Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrap-Book," and "Songs of a Navvy," are said to have had quite an enormous sale for a book of verse, and the best poems

Photo by Lambert Weston & Son. **Winifred Graham (Mrs. Theodore Cory)**

whose new novel, "The Gods of the Dead," Messrs Wm. Rider are publishing.

from those two volumes, in addition to many new poems, have been gathered into "The Dead End."

Mr. John Ouseley asks us to announce that his personal connection with the publishing firm that bears his name has come to an end. The business will in future be conducted by the present directors, whilst the retiring founder and organiser of the firm is at present pursuing a special engagement with a well-known publishing firm in the West End.

Mr. Gerald Christy has extended the scope of his well-known Lecture Agency by instituting a Literary Agency Department which will be under the sole management of Mr. Leonard P. Moore.

Photo by Gilman, Oxford. **Mr. Stephen McKenna**

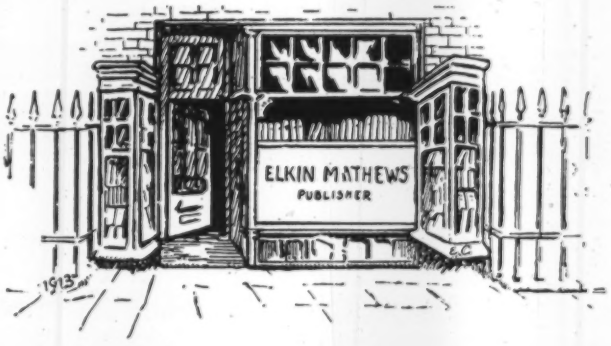
whose brilliant first novel, "The Reluctant Lover," is published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins, is a nephew of the present Home Secretary.

We have received from Mr. Edward Baker, of Birmingham, his latest catalogues of secondhand books. There are many interesting book-bargains in them, and readers who have a taste for first editions, as well as those who are contented with any good edition of a good book so long as the price is

Photo by H. Walter Barnett. **Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop**

whose new novel, "St. Quin," has just been published by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

"Poets' Corner" in Vigo Street, shortly to be vacated by Mr. Elkin Mathews. The business was founded here by him in 1887.



Mr. Elkin Mathews's new premises in Cork Street, W.

moderate, will find it worth their while to apply to Mr. Baker for copies of his new lists.

Mr. Elkin Mathews is leaving the well-known haunt for lovers of belles lettres that he founded in the little inlet on the north side of Vigo Street in 1887. For seven years before that date the premises had been in the occupation of Mr. Dunthorne who called it "The Cabinet of Fine Arts," and it was this that gave Mr. Mathews the idea of naming his famous series of original poetry "The Vigo Cabinet" series, which has in little more than a dozen years extended to over a hundred volumes. In association with Mr. John Lane he published *The Yellow Book*, *Oxford Characters*, a new series of *The Hobby Horse*, and the early volumes of Francis Thompson, John Davidson, Oscar Wilde, John Addington Symonds, Lord de Tabley, Arthur Symons, and many other distinguished authors. The autumn of 1894 witnessed "Parnassus divided into two peaks," as the *Athenæum* put it; Mr. Lane left the firm to found a publishing house of his own, and Mr. Mathews remained in the old quarters, whence he has since issued, amongst other important books, volumes of short stories by Sir Frederick Wedmore and Ernest Dowson, and of poetry by W. B. Yeats, Lionel Johnson, Laurence Binyon, Stephen Phillips, R. D. Blackmore, Selwyn Image, Maurice Hewlett, Henry Newbolt, etc. Recently the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Mathew's landlords, have sold their Vigo Street property, and the new owners requiring the premises for their own occupation, Mr. Mathews has found it necessary to look for new ones, and has secured a more commodious and more convenient house in the neighbouring Cork Street, to which at the beginning of the New Year he will transfer his "garden of the Muses."

Cork Street, by the way, has an interesting history and something of a literary atmosphere of its own. It was named after Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington and fourth Earl of Cork (1659–1753); and among its famous residents have been Field-Marshal Wade, of whose house here there is a view in the "Vitruvius Britannicus;" Erasmus Lewis, secretary of Lord Dartmouth, an intimate friend of Swift and his circle; and later we read of Gibbon, the great historian, coming round from his lodgings in Bond Street to pass an occasional evening and drink a pint of claret at the Cork Street Tavern with his friend Peter Elmsley the bookseller, who helped to form the club of booksellers which published Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." To-day Cork Street is largely given over to ladies' clubs, hotels and fashionable tailors, and it is good that Mr. Elkin Mathews should establish his new "Poet's Corner" there to minister to that inner man who is not provided for by tailors or hotels.

The portrait of Mr. Rudyard Kipling on our cover is from a camera portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

JOHN BUCHAN.

AMONG those who have set the seal of their individuality on modern letters none stands out in a more distinctive light and deserves more honourable mention than Mr. John Buchan. He has breathed a new life into the moribund art of the novel; he has made the short story what a cameo might be when it is cut by the hand of a master, and he has even contrived to make the light essay and occasional article an entertaining and scholarly production. Mr. Buchan has "played the sedulous ape" to one great master with success—R. L. Stevenson—and with the brilliant exception of Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch he has inherited more of the Stevensonian spirit and tradition than any other modern writer, although with more classical restraint. Stevenson would

not only have found in him a literary disciple; we feel sure that the spirit of the elder Scot would have responded gaily to the author of "Scholar Gipsies" and "Grey Weather" and found in him a boon companion; Borrow would have loved him; and we know that Mr. Hilaire Belloc who has roamed a continent throwing conventions to the wind in his mode of progression finds in him a congenial spirit on many a ramble among the Sussex Downs. For the author of "Scholar Gipsies" loves the sun and the wind; the purple moorland lying under grey skies attracts him as the Dartmoor landscape attracts Mr. Eden Phillpotts; his feet as a mountaineer are set in perilous places; the high hill has an irresistible charm for him; the silver stream winds its way through all his dreams as well as through the prose he writes; and we believe at odd moments when he is not brooding over some obscure point connected with the practical side of publishing his mind is off to the Spanish Main; he is back in the great sea fights of history with Raleigh and Drake and Morgan. It is this peculiar blend of what one might call the pastoral and the picaresque that one finds so attractive in the writings of Mr. Buchan. He may lay his scene in lowland Scotland when the sheep shearing is on the hills and nothing breaks the drowsy stillness of the summer afternoon but the sharp bark of the farmer's dog and the cries of huddled sheep, but it is ten to one that the vagrant spirit of the author will throw off the burden of the peaceful scene and plunge light-heartedly into his favourite atmosphere. At one moment he is playing on an oaten reed a caressing pastoral; the next he is wielding a cutlass.

Photo by G. C. Beresford. **Mr. John Buchan.**

It is difficult to believe that Mr. John Buchan is still well on the sunny side of forty and that he has a long leap in front of him before he arrives at the terrible barrier that divides youth from middle age, when one considers the formidable row of books that stands to his name. He seems not only to have "lisped in numbers," a comparatively easy matter when one is born an author; he seems almost to have lisped in tomes. When other men were still looking round for the choice of a profession Mr. Buchan was already half way up Olympus looking down at the stragglers at the foot of the hill. He was born in 1875 and was brought up in Tweeddale, the land that provides him with the pastoral note of his writings and which he loves as only a Scot can love the land that gives him birth. He was educated at Glasgow University, and from thence he went to Oxford as a scholar of Brasenose. While a student in Glasgow he already possessed a clear idea as to his walk in life. He had blossomed out as an author; he had become the slave of a prodigal Muse and he had contributed at least one brilliant essay to *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Glasgow could not hold him long. He exchanged the murky glade of Kelvin for the dreaming spires of Oxford and here it was that the brilliant young Scotsman went through a period of intellectual activity that at one time threatened to rival in scope and abundance the feats of the Admirable Crichton. He carried off the Stanhope Historical Essay, the subject being Sir Walter Raleigh, a theme which he has taken up and developed in later years; and the Newdigate Prize and a brilliant First in "Greats" fell to the list of his Oxford honours. He became President of the Union in 1899. He then exchanged the cloisters of the university for the Temple where he became a barrister in 1901. Mr. C. L. Graves has thus described the soaring spirit of the man in a set of dedicatory verses:

"Every Tuesday morn,
careering
Up the stairs with flying
feet,
You would burst upon us,
cheering
Wellington's funereal street,
Fresh as paint, though you'd
been 'railing'
Up from Scotland all the
night,
Or had just returned from
scaling
Some appalling Dolomite."

But the law could not tie his ardent spirit down. He was in search of further laurels and he got them when he became private secretary to Lord Milner who was then High Commissioner for South Africa. Here, according to the author of "'The Times' History of the South African War," he showed that indefatigable activity and resource in affairs that have distinguished his later and no less brilliant career.

One cannot be long in the presence of Mr. John Buchan without coming under the spell of a singularly charming and genial personality. There must have been something wrong with Sydney Smith when he gave vent to that astonishing observation that has unfortunately become proverbial about the surgical operation necessary before a Scot can see a joke, and the good-humoured growl of a Doctor Johnson against the dwellers north of the Tweed has long ceased to be taken seriously. The Scot is not only a humourist, but he has the imagination to go to the very root of a joke and extract from it all its possibilities of humour which will serve him for days when the ordinary mortal is content to laugh and get it over and pass on to something more substantial. The humour of the Scot is the one great asset he possesses

against the boredom of life. Mr. Buchan's humour is perhaps more a matter of personality than a matter of creative art. There seems no room in his vivid pages for anything but colour and romance. But even when he is the serious man of affairs, and most when he is the man of the world, the features of the imaginative man struggle through the mask. He will toss it aside as an encumbrance like the old conventional college gown and reveal himself a fantastically Stevensonian personality, blithe and debonair, brimful of humour and the high spirits that make for happiness—a veritable Florizel of letters.

It is difficult, and always invidious, to define the exact place a contemporary man of letters holds in modern literature. In the case of Mr. John Buchan the difficulty becomes even more accentuated. The very scope and variety of his achievements perplex the critic. Besides novels and stories he has written on law, history, politics, metaphysics and sport. The probability that he will produce as much again before he has done coquetting with the "grisette of literature" as Mr. Barrie whimsically calls her, makes the duty of the critic both premature and supererogatory. We may, however, lightly sketch the character of the author, dwell on his style and methods and call attention here and there to a glowing phrase, a felicity of expression, perhaps even a conceit, but beyond that we dare not venture. Mr. Buchan is essentially Stevensonian both in the matter of literary style and in his outlook on life. He is the child of fancy. The world in which he moves has no attraction for him as an author except when he deals with a contemporary type that has no real place or business in the modern world; ordinary life has no meaning for him beyond the fact that it has got to be lived. We do not mean to say that he would go so far as to consider it a desecration of the printed page to introduce a vignette from real life; he has done so more than once; but he finds his inspiration in the romantic past and in the shadows of things that have become romantic. His great background is Jacobite Scotland, when he is not rapt in some peculiar myth or lost in the maze of some weird superstition. His earlier works, "Scholar Gipsies" and "Grey Weather" were in the true pastoral vein; his romances such as "John Burnet of Barns," "A Lost Lady of Old Years," and "Prester John" are all cast in the true Stevensonian mould. It is only in his last book "The Moon Endureth," that he has broken away in some respects from the traditions of the Stevensonian manner. In this book he has probably found his true *métier* in the short story, which he has developed and brought to artistic perfection in such tales as "The Grove of Ashtaroth" and "The Lemnian." "The Moon Endureth" contains his best and most mature work, and in this perhaps more than in any other of his books he represents the classical-romantic school, with all its restraint and severity of style; its poise and balance; the coldness even of its romance; the clear-cut, concise phrase:

> "The little more and how much it is,
> The little less and what worlds away!"

In his own peculiar manner he is probably the best modern exponent of the short story. His stories are perfect cameos of expression, delicately cut and delicately rounded, that stand out clear and distinct from their background of romance. "The Lemnian" opens with an almost Homeric dignity and roll. It is a brilliant example of the cold classical restraint that distinguishes the author's best work:

"He pushed the matted locks from his brow as he peered into the mist. His hair was thick with salt, and his eyes smarted from the green-wood fire on the poop. The four slaves who crouched beside the thwarts—Carians with thin bird-like faces—were in a pitiable case, their hands blue with oar weals and the lash marks on their shoulders beginning to gape from sun and sea. The Lemnian himself bore marks of ill usage. His cloak was still sopping, his eyes heavy with watching, and his lips black and cracked with thirst. Two days before the storm had caught him and swept his little craft into mid-Aegean. He was a sailor, come of sailor stock, and he had fought the gale manfully and well. . . ."

And this beautiful vignette from the same source deserves quotation:

"Then, while the waves lapped on the white sand, Atta made a song. He was thinking of the homestead far up in the green downs looking over the snows of Samothrace. At this hour in the morning there would be a tinkle of sheep-bells as the flocks went down to the low pastures. Cool winds would be blowing and the noise of the surf below the cliffs would come faint to the ear. In the hall the maids would be spinning, while their dark-haired mistress would be casting swift glances to the doorway, lest it might be filled at any moment by the form of her returning lord. Outside in the chequered sunlight of the orchard the child would be playing with his nurse, crooning in childish syllables the chanty his father had taught him. And at the thought of his home a great passion welled up in Atta's breast. It was not regret but joy and pride and aching love. In his antique island creed the death he was waiting for was not other than a bridal. He was dying for the things he loved, and by his death they would be blessed eternally. He would not have long to wait before bright eyes came to greet him in the House of Shadows."

Mr. John Buchan has gone further than most men go in a life twice as long and he has achieved much in many rôles. He is an accomplished writer in a rare and difficult manner; he has written verse that will at least stand the test of contemporary poetry; he is the author of some half a dozen novels and he has visualised the African Colony for us in a vivid volume of travel. We feel that he will go further in the future, and it is of interest to note in view of the many-sided character of the man that he has of late devoted himself to politics and has been adopted as Unionist candidate for the counties of Peebles and Selkirk, with which he has been so long associated. As a writer he has to some extent freed himself from the shackles of tradition and he has proved himself a brilliant artist in the short story. If we may intrude a note of personal criticism we feel that he has but to weave some of the joy and laughter of his own sunny personality into his work to reach that wider public that demands that an author shall amuse as well as enthral. Let him launch out into a new atmosphere by giving real life a chance now and again; let him deal with things as he sees them; not the abnormal but the commonplace; not the supernatural, but the natural; the everyday things that lie about his feet; for a little real life is worth a great deal of tradition. Romance does not always lie buried in some half-forgotten legend. It is often the things that are commonplace to-day that are the legends of to-morrow. Mr. John Buchan has now attained his literary majority; we still wait for the great work; the more ambitious flight of his matured imagination.

R. B.

THE READER.

RUDYARD KIPLING.*

By Dixon Scott.

A WRITER'S reputation is often a kind of premature ghost that stalks between him and his audience, blurring their vision; but in Mr. Kipling's case this doppel-ganger has proved specially pobby and impervious and full of energy. The convincing autobiography it rattles off runs something like this: "I came out of the East, a youngster of twenty, but wiser than your very oldest men. Life had told me her last secrets, I could do anything I liked with words, and I tossed you tales of twisted deaths and queer adulteries with the nonchalant neatness of a conjuror and an air of indulgent half-contempt. I was an uncanny mixture of bored pierrot and bland priest; and in my splendid insolence (I was only twenty, mind you), I made poetry learn slang and set her serving in canteens. 'Born blasé,' muttered one of your own writers, maddened—himself reckoned something of a prodigy. I was the cleverest young man of my day.

"And then I came West to your dingy, cosy Babylon, and tasted fame and flesh-pots: very good. And the brightness died out of my colours and the snap from my tunes. Your snug horizons hemmed me in, I lost my vision, I relied contentedly on tricks I'd learned before. I wrote a bad novel and it made a worse drama. I made money, I made speeches, I spoiled my paints with party politics. And now here I am, sir, the popular favourite.—*Vide* Max.—Seen the *Post?* 'Save the King!"

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Well, the main desire of this article is to denounce all that as perjury—force aside the phantom—gain a glimpse of the real man behind; to suggest, that, instead of depreciating, the quality of his work has constantly improved, that his technique has never been so amazing as now, nor his artistic integrity more Lutheran;—and that instead of immensely precocious and worldly-wise—"born blasé" as Barrie (it was Barrie) once said—this young poet has always been, far more than Barrie himself, one of those who never grow up, who are never quite at home in the world, but who wander through it, like Hawthorne or Poe, a little alien and wistful, a little elf-like;—and that this quality of envy of "the happy folk in housen," of the practical grown-ups and worldlings, is indeed the essential characteristic of the man and the key to and core of his work

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Now to get the first glimmer of the ghost, to follow this Jekyll-and-Hyding from the outset, it is necessary to go back to the days of the "Ditties"—so swiftly did the severance begin. Many readers, not yet aged, will no doubt still remember the stab and glitter of the first Kipling furore, and the way the critical raptures went rocketing up, breaking into a superior fire of epigrams, eager to announce the discovery.. A new star had arisen, a rival to Loti, and the elect were at once in full song. Perhaps the hour was specially apt for such an overture. It was the hour of the 'eighties, the ineffable, amateur 'eighties, when a recondite vulgarity was the vogue; and æsthetic London was not at all unanxious to display its capacity for enjoying raw sensation. Hedonism had deserted the Oxford of Pater for "The Oxford" of Marie Lloyd and Walter Sickert. If you were a poet you were ashamed not to be seen in cabmen's shelters; and a little hashish was considered quite the thing. A superior hour! And so, when the rag-time chords of the "Departmental Ditties" flicked and snapped an introduction to the laconic patter of the "Tales," and when the "Tales" themselves, with their parakeets and ivory, their barbaric chic and rubricated slang, proved a mixture of Persian print and music-hall, then the "ten superior persons scattered through the universe," were persuaded that their hour had found its very voice, that they were listening to the last delicious insolence of æsthetics:

"'Er petticoat was yaller and 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Thee-baw's queen;
An' I see 'er first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud
Wot they called the great Gawd Budd
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed her where she stood."

* "The Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling" 20s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

More daring, this, than even lithographs of music-halls: bizarrerie of the best. The youngster was bracketed with Beardsley, was bracketed with "Max." Mr. John Lane began to collect his first editions; Mr. Richard le Gallienne was told off to Bodley Head him. Mr. Gosse (this is perfectly true), Mr. Edmund Gosse spake publicly of "the troubling thrill, the voluptuous and agitating sentiment," which these tales sent through his system. The little sun-baked books from Allahabad seemed if anything more golden than "The Yellow Book." The proof of the literary epicure was his palate for the Kipling liqueur.

And then the exasperating fellow became popular.

* * *

What do you call the apostles of the Cubists? Cubicles? Very well then. Consider the consternation of the cubicles if the general public began to clamour for Picassos. Think even of Mr. Roger Fry's chagrin if we made a popular favourite of Matisse. A consternation not dissimilar, we may be sure, shuddered through the initiates of the 'nineties. Absurd, of course, to suggest that the paling of critical approval, the soft extinction of the starrier estimates, was entirely due to the widening blaze of popularity; but even critics are human, and it helped. It was impossible to watch their liqueur being drained like Bass without having doubts about its quality. They felt that the public's enjoyment of Kipling was too true to be good. They grew querulous, they qualified, they discovered defects.

The defects they discovered, the demands which they made, and the effect of all this hedging and shuffling on Mr. Kilping's development, we will consider in a moment. Remark, parenthetically, first, what an entirely wholesome and satisfactory thing that wider popularity was,—and is. There is probably no living writer who is regarded, in England, with such widespread and unprompted veneration. It is the nearest thing we have nowadays to the reverence that used to be excited by the great literary figures of last century. It is touching, it is beautiful, it is altogether honest and good. Bank clerks and clerics, doctors and drapers, journalists, joiners, engineers,—the average sinful jurymen and his usual daughters and wife, all speak of this man and his work much as another kind of people speak of Wagner. Only, honestly. There is no priggishness about it, nor any desire to impress or be improved; and yet they find beauty in his work, they find magic, they find hints of strange forces and powers and constant reminders of something unimaginable beyond; they experience that delicious commotion of the blood we call romance, and are thrilled and shaken and renewed by it much as others of us are supposed to be renewed and thrilled by poetry. And at the same time, unlike so much of their "romance," it is never a mere dallying with lotus-land sensations, a coloured refuge from the drudge of day. Its action is always to excite their zest for life, to send them back into reality more exultantly—not (of course) because of any policy it may preach, but because it so crisply handles, names, and sanctifies, the tools of each man's trade. Much has been written of Mr. Kipling's capacity for picking up knowledge from experts; far too little of the lessons the experts have learned from him. He has renewed the workman's pride in his work and restored their mystery to the crafts. He has done more than any man of his time to make the middle-classes less middle-class.

But all this the ten superior ones were in no position to foresee. Said they, "Yellow Book?"—we meant yellow press. Said they,—but he *likes* the music-hall? And, to him,—these little tales are very neat, very clever; but before we can take you seriously you must produce a full-length novel. This is striking—but is it Art?

* * *

And the real Rudyard Kipling? Had been meanwhile moved, one avers, as little by a desire to please the great public as by the desire to *épater* it. Essentially a dreamer, born in exile, he was oddly innocent of all the motives men ascribed to him;—and it was an accident of environment, and a streak of sinful pride, and a sort of homely emulation, that really determined his first choice of tone and topic,—the violent topics and the casual tone of those "Plain Tales from the Hills." He had no notion of exalting the common soldier. He wanted rather the soldier to reverence the pen. His spur was the kind of half-resentment from which many writers suffer—the emotion that probably had a good deal to do with the making of "Don Juan," and that is accountable for Mr. Shaw's affectation of ferocity and that perhaps prompted Mr. Maurice Hewlett's early hectics. It is the artist's human retort to that intolerable tolerance with which the workers, doers, men of action, regard his anæmic indoor trade. It was Beetle's way of enforcing respect at Westward Ho! It was young Kipling's way of adjusting things at Simla. He would prove that ink is thicker than blood and the pen more masculine than the sword; and that a certain small spectacled sub-editor fond of poetry was not quite the lamb that he looked. And so he borrowed tales from the bazaars and the barracks, and Bret Hartened them and pointed them with Poe; and wrote them out, with an infinite cunning, in a hand like an indifferent drawl. One of the ways of out-Heroding Herod is to yawn when the head is brought in. Mr. Kipling's yawn was a masterpiece. His make-up was perfect, the deception complete; the mess-rooms were duly impressed: it was another victory for the pen. . . . .

But a mask is a dangerous thing; it often moulds the face beneath. Left alone with his soothing Simla success, quietly sheltered behind it, young Kipling might indeed now have softly discarded his make-up and let his instincts find their native expression. But there leapt out upon him from Europe our roar of applause, and that riveted him to his rôle. Even the dabs of deprecation, the raps from falling rocket sticks, perversely whipped him in the same direction. "You can write these little tales," said they, "but are you knowing enough to write long ones?" He did not know enough: he was never meant to be a novelist;—but even less was he adapted for letting taunts slip by unanswered, and so he set his teeth, took up the challenge, and produced "The Light that Failed." It did fail; and the critics who were really its sponsors had their moment of mean triumph. But by now his pride was in pledge; he would write a brilliant novel if it broke him; and for ten years he fought out fresh perfections of technique, using his convention of violence to hammer out new details of equipment until at length by dint of sheer virtuosity he achieved the protracted tale called "Kim." He

Never saw a more sprightly, malicious eye.
Act 3. Scene 1

Specimen Illustration from "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"
By OLIVER GOLDSMITH
Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON
(HODDER AND STOUGHTON, LONDON)

himself, it is said, considers "Kim" his master-work. He might well view it as a second vindication; his work hence-forward, if I see it aright, stands for one long attempt on the part of his relieved genius to loosen the bars it had built about itself, and to twist an alien and artificial technique into an instrument for its deeper desires.

* * *

For it is the books that followed "Kim"—it is "Traffics and Discoveries," "Actions and Reactions," "Puck of Pook's Hill," "Rewards and Fairies," and the concurrent verse—that betray to us most clearly this queer subterranean disharmony and feud. If a reader will take these four books and consider them apart; if he will let their characteristics form a picture in his mind, an image of the kind of man who wrote them; and if he will then apply this reagent to the books that came before "Kim," he will see how it eats out their accidentals. The falsities fade, there is a linking up of lighter touches, certain qualities, unrecognised before, rise glittering like veins. This fundamental filigree, this clear resultant mesh, is a map of Kipling's mind.

Now of this fundamental Kipling the cardinal qualities are three. The first is a passion for definition—a spiritual horror, almost desperate, of vagueness—a hunger for certitude and system. The second is the imaginative instrument of the first: a prodigious mental faculty, namely, for enforcing design, compelling coherence, for stamping dream-stuff into shapes as clean-cut and decisive as minted metal discs. And the third, on the physical plane, is the almost manual counterpart of these: a craftsman's cunning and capacity for fitting these terse units into complex patterns, adjusting them like the works of a watch with an exquisite accuracy, achieving miracles of minute mechanical perfection.

These are the three faculties, often bitted and strained, that form everywhere the sinews. Take, first, because most obvious, the so-called technical elements of his style. "There is a writer called Stevenson," he once said, "who makes the most delicate inlay-work in black-and-white and files out to the fraction of a hair." Kipling's own work is no less free from fluff or haze or slackness. The rhythms run with a snap from stop to stop; every sentence is as straight as a string; each has its self-contained tune. Prise one of them out of its place and you feel it would fall with a clink, leaving a slot that would never close up as the holes do in woollier work. Replace it, and it locks back like type in a forme, fitting into the paragraph as the paragraph fits into the tale. There are no glides or grace-notes, or blown spray of sound. Most prose that loves rhythm yields its music like a mist, an emanation that forms a bloom on the page, softly blurring the partitions of the periods. Kipling's prose shrinks stiffly from this trustfulness. The rhythms must report themselves promptly, prove their validity, start afresh after the full-stop. Lack of faith, if you like—but, also, constant keenness of craftsmanship.

Turn next to the optical integers—the sudden scenes which stud his page like inlaid stones. "*The leisurely ocean all patterned with peacocks' eyes of foam.*" "*I swung the car to clear the turf, brushed along the edge of the wood, and turned in on the broad stone path to where the fountain-basin lay like one star-sapphire.*" "*When his feet touched that still water, it changed, with a rustle of unrolling maps, to nothing less than a sixth quarter of the globe, with islands coloured yellow and blue, their lettering strung across their faces.*" And these are no mere decorations. These tales are jewelled, as watches are; it is round these tense, irreducible details that the action revolves. What is the emotional axis of "The Finest Story in the World?" It is that "*silver wire laid along the bulwarks which I thought was never going to break.*" Are we to know that a man was struck dumb? Then "*just as the lightning shot two tongues that cut the sky into three pieces . . . something wiped his lips of speech as a mother wipes the milky lips of her child.*" The motive of all his tales, as of "At the End of the Passage," is a picture seen in a lens. Even the shadowy outer influences that brood over Kim's life, the inscrutable Powers that move in its background, come to us first in shapes vivid as heraldry—as a red Bull on a Field, as a House of Many Pillars; and before the close are resolved into the two most definite, clean-cut, and systematic of all earthly organisations: the military mechanism of India and the precise apparatus of Freemasonry. Kipling must have pattern and precision—and he has the power as well as the will. He can crush the sea into a shape as sharp as a crystal, can compress the Himalayas into a little lacquer-like design, has even in "The Night Mail"—that clean, adroit, contenting piece of craftsmanship—printed a pattern on the empty air. He is primarily a pattern-maker; and the little pieces thus obtained he builds into a larger picture still. As the sentence into the paragraph—as the paragraph into the page—so do these sharp-edged items click together to form the geometrical pattern called the plot.

"The pattern called the plot." It is here that we come very close to the irony that has ruled and wrenched all his career. Switch this map-making, pattern-making faculty upon the third element in fiction, the element of human nature, and what is the inevitable result? Inevitably, there is the same sudden stiffening and formulation. The characters spring to attention like soldiers on parade; they respond briskly to a certain description; they wear a fixed suit of idiosyncrasies like a uniform. A mind like this must use types and set counters; it feels dissatisfied, unsafe, ineffective, unless it can reduce the fluid waverings of character, its flitting caprices and twilit desires, to some tangible system. His characters will not only be definite; they will be definitions. His heroes will be courage incarnate; his weak men will be unwaveringly weak; and those who are mixed will be mixed mathematically, with all their traits clearly related to and explained by some neat blend of blood and race and caste behind. Is not all this true of Kipling's characters? They are marked by a strange immobility. They strike certain attitudes and retain them. Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd live long but never alter; Kim never grows up. And indeed it is this very fixity that makes the short stories so effective. Their maker took these frozen gestures, rigid faces and tense attitudes, and fitted them together to form his effect; and whilst the inflexibility was exactly what he needed for neat mosaic-work, for making the sudden star called the story, the vividness of the details ("life seen by lightning-flashes" someone called them) seemed to prove the piercing humanity of the writer. It was only when he tried to

construct a novel with them that the stiffness of these details turned to obstinacy, and their numbness became a kind of death. A short tale can be told in tableau—but a novel is not a long short tale. The pattern of "The Light that Failed" is as neat as the most successful of the *contes*, but it is the static symmetry of decoration and stained glass. It is applied art,—that is to say, misapplied art. Its logic is not that of life. The characters are stowed into the interstices of a design that relies upon them remaining fixed quantities.

Perceive, then, the almost maddening position! The very qualities that made the first tales tell, that seemed to prove his supreme capacity for fiction, are exactly the qualities that cut him off from the ability to write novels. The novelist is essentially the explorer, the questioner, the opener of doors; and the only law of human nature he knows is that the exception is the rule. But Mr. Kipling's first word is obedience; he is all for rules and rivets; for regularity and a four-square plan. Born under the sign of the Balance, his emblem is the compass and the square—and it is not with tools like these that men's motives can be measured. His vision of the world, like the Lama's, is a Wheel of Life with a neat niche for the individual; and even his famous militarism, his worship of the apparatus of war, is nothing more, in essence, than a longing for quiet comeliness and order. It is the mind, if you like, of a martinet—incapable therefore of complete imaginative sympathy. Any lapse from efficiency fills his craftsman's nature with disgust, and the only characters he can handle with perfect satisfaction are the Stricklands, the Mowglis, the Kims, as unconquerably capable as machines. His voice indeed is never so tolerant and humane as when he is dealing with heroes and heroines that are not human at all—with beasts and ships and polo-ponies or those odd little half-animals called children. His "Jungle Books" are among his best because here a psychology as elementary as Æsop's serves to convey the sense of an unusual understanding. A like reason gives its race and richness to his dialogue the moment it takes refuge in a dialect. For dialect, in spite of all its air of ragged lawlessness, is wholly impersonal, typical, fixed, the code of a caste, not the voice of an individual. It is when the novelist sets his characters talking King's English that he really puts his sympathy for the unconventional and capricious to the strain. Mr. Kipling's plain conversations are markedly unreal. But honest craftsmanship and an ear for strong rhythms provide him with many suits of dialects. With these he dresses the talk till it seems to surge with character.

And so, in this way and in that, the actual words he wrote joined in the conspiracy to keep him toiling, still hopefully, after that *ignis fatuus* of fiction. Until at length he made his supreme effort, fitted all the lore he had gathered—the sharp-set scenes, the well-cut dialects, the crisp impressions of life—into a single zoetrope, set it whirling on one of the spindles of the Indian machine, the secret spindle called the Great Game, and so created that spirited illusion of a novel which we know as "Kim."

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Thenceforward his work in prose has been a wonderful attempt to make his qualities cure their natural defects—to make sharpness and bright neatness produce their natural opposites—depth and shimmer and bloom. And by dint of an incomparable dexterity he has succeeded. There is no space left me now to trace the process with completeness—but roughly it may be described as an attempt to superimpose, as when you furl a fan, all the elements which in "Kim" had been laid side by side. The best example is perhaps "Rewards and Fairies." If the reader will turn back to those wise fairy-tales he will see that each is really four-fold: a composite tissue made up of a layer of sunlit story (Dan's and Una's plane), on a layer of moonlit magic (plane of Puck), on a layer of history-story stuff (René's plane and Gloriana's), on a last foundation of delicately bedimmed but never doubtful allegory. And he will note, too, the exquisite precision of the correspondences, a kind of practical punning, so that the self-same object plays a different part in every plane. One instance will suffice. Puck kicks a bunch of scarlet toadstools idly. Why? Simply so that the red colour may stain back through all the textures till it matches, in the third, with the name of Rufus. This is not the mere swagger of virtuosity. The result of these impositions is a very beautiful imposture. It gives the tales an opalescence that had hitherto seemed foreign to his work. It gives them the milkiness of a magic crystal and makes them the completest symbols of life he has yet produced. These fairy tales for children are far more realistic than "The Plain Tales from the Hills." For half of life is moonlit, and the image that would copy it exactly must be vague.

Nor is this all. If there be any logic in the lines of effort we have traced it is not here they find their consummation: they leap forward through this magic haze, emerge beyond it strangely clarified; they make it impossible not to believe that this woven obscurity, this new delicate dimness, is indeed but a curtain—a mist—not of dusk, but of dawn—that will dissolve to reveal Kipling carving his true master-work. Released at last from the conventions thrust upon it by pride and accident and the impertinencies of criticism, his system-seeking genius can now openly take up its true task, the task it has hitherto attempted only intermittently, and begin the sustained practice of that colossal kind of craftsmanship for which it is so singularly suited. It will beat out for itself a new form of imaginative prose, as unclogged by characterisation as his verse. The devices of drama it will use no doubt, and some of the tricks of narration; but its true medium will be massed impersonal things—tangles of human effort—the thickets of phenomena—the slow movements of industry, so muffled to the average eye—the general surge and litter of sensation. What his genius can do with material of this kind we have already in some sort seen. Driving into the darkness that beleaguers us, swirling and thrusting like a search-light in a forest, it could bring out the essential structure of events and display the soaring pillars of contemporary achievement. It might not be the perfect definition; it might tend too much to turn the tides into firm floors, the branching constellations into rafters; but it would be enormously exhilarating. It would give toil a conscious habitation; like actual architecture, like statuary, like all firm material forms, it would create, instead of merely copying, the emotions it lacks power to reproduce.

THE CHRISTMAS BOOKSHELF.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE NEW COLOUR BOOKS.

IN his recently published volume, "The Fascination of Books," Mr. Joseph Shaylor has a very interesting essay on "The Christmas Book" in the course of which he remarks that "during the early part of the last century Christmas books, as we now know them, did not exist. There were, of course, a number of books published suitable for Christmas presents, but they were of a general, solid, or technical character, and not special Christmas books. In looking through the book catalogues of the first twenty years of the nineteenth century one cannot help remarking upon the few volumes published entirely for the Christmas season. It is also impossible not to be surprised at the small number of books issued for the entertainment of women and children."

Well, we have quite reversed all that, and the surprise now is at the enormous number of books published especially for the Christmas season, and at the bewildering variety of them. Men, women and children of all possible tastes are amply provided for; nor is our improvement only in the matter of quantity and variety; never was the Christmas book more beautifully or artistically produced than it has been in these latter years. I am not forgetting those famous Annuals, *The Amulet*, *Friendship's Offering*, *Forget-Me-Not*, and the rest of them, but after all there was something finicking about their fineness, and in point of general interest and in wealth and beauty of illustration they are not to be compared with the best of the splendidly produced Christmas books of our own day. Sometimes the book is an ancient or modern classic newly illustrated; sometimes, as in "The Uffizi Gallery,"[1] the illustrations are reproductions of Old Masters and the text is new; sometimes the book is specially written for this season, and the pictures specially painted for it.

Andrea del Sarto (1486-1531). Florentine School, No. 1,112. "The Madonna of the Harpies."
From "The Uffizi Gallery" (Jack).

Of the eight nature studies in Maeterlinck's "Hours of Gladness,"[2] one, on "Our City Gardens," now appears within covers for the first time; the rest are selected from two other of his books, but the translations have been carefully revised by the translator who has introduced into them all the author's latest additions and corrections. There is no need for me to praise these delicate, fanciful, subtly suggestive essays of Maeterlinck on flowers, their intelligence and their perfumes, and the glory of the garden in spring, or to say more of the new essay than that it has all the charm and gracious philosophy that delighted us in the older ones. Mr. Detmold's illustrations, here and in his edition of "The Fables of Æsop,"[3] are in his happiest mood and style. His birds and flowers in the one series and his animals and birds in the other are painted in with a boldness of colouring and a vividness of decorative effect that are unrivalled outside the work of the great realistic artists of Japan. It is characteristic of him and right that he should illustrate Æsop with birds and animals that are things of grace and beauty; but it is characteristic of Mr. Arthur Rackham, and equally right of him, that he should illustrate "Æsop's Fables"[4] in a wholly different vein. It is the queerness, the quaintness, the fantastic grotesquerie of Æsop that has appealed to him, and not his birds and animals only, but his very trees and inanimate objects are alive with a weird, amusing and at times grimly uncanny humanity. The same grotesque fancy and bizarre imagination runs riot through his wonderful pictures to "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens."[5] See how cunningly he plays with his trees there and makes them humanly alive. At a first glance they look like ordinary trees strangely contorted, but at a second you see, in that painting of the trees warning Mamie, for example, or in that of the elderberry hobbling across the walk to talk to the young quinces, that their trunks and branches are transformed into amazing arms and legs and they are mysteriously endowed with nightmare heads and faces. But you have glimpses in Mr. Rackham's work of the loveliness as well as of the oddity and fantasy of fairyland, and it is because he can so deftly mingle grace and quaintness, beauty and ugliness

[1] "The Uffizi Gallery." By P. G. Konody. Edited by T. Leman Hare. Illustrated with 50 Plates in Colour. 21s. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

[2] "Hours of Gladness." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated by E. J. Detmold. 21s. net. George Allen.)

[3] "The Fables of Æsop." Illustrated by E. J. Detmold. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[4] "Æsop's Fables." Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

[5] "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

that I have always regarded him as the ideal illustrator of any story in which Peter Pan is concerned.

I was talking just now of the realism of the Japanese artists. If you are not acquainted with it, you may make acquaintance with some remarkable examples of it in Mr. Yoshio Markino's unique illustrations to the new edition of Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt's well-known anthology, "The Charm of London."[1] Take any one of them—this of "Regent's Canal": how vividly true it is. Dull, sluggish stream, dull sky, drab banks, commonplace trees and houses, a floating mist, lamps twinkling through it, the gleam of them here and there reflected in the quiet water—there is no separate item of the picture that you would call beautiful, and yet how rhythmically beautiful is the effect of the whole.

[1] "The Charm of London: An Anthology." Compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt. With 12 Illustrations by Yoshio Markino. 5s. net (Chatto & Windus.)

Frontispiece to "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." New illustrated edition. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Yoshio Markino finds the spirit of beauty in London's streets and smoky atmosphere, as Mr. E. W. Waite finds it in the clearer skies and country fields and leafy woodlands that Richard Jefferies with such loving and exquisite intimacy and artistry describes in "The Story of My Heart;"[2] or as Mr. James Heron finds it in the ancient, more picturesque, more romantic looking streets and byways of Edinburgh. "The Story of My Heart" is, as Mr. C. J. Longman says in his Preface, "one of the most singular books that man of genius ever wrote. . . . It is an outpouring of Jefferies' innermost soul." Not the story of his everyday existence, but of his inner life, his emotional experiences, his intellectual delights. Stevenson's book is of a wholly different class; but no little of his heart was in "Edinburgh;"[3] he has put some of his most magical and glamorous writing into this volume about it, and to say that the pictures of Mr. Heron are worthy of Stevenson's beautiful prose is to give them very high praise indeed.

The serene philosophy of Marcus Aurelius[4] has never perhaps been more fittingly housed than it is in this tasteful binding of blue and gold, nor more fittingly embellished than it is by Mr. Russell Flint's thoughtful and delicately toned water colours; and there is a similarly perfect fitness about the style in which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have produced Tennyson's stately poem, "Morte D'Arthur."[5] Printed in red and black Gothic lettering on pages richly illustrated and illuminated in colour and in gold after drawings by Alberto Sangorski, its ancient missal-like

[2] "The Story of My Heart." By Richard Jefferies. Illustrated by E. W. Waite. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

[3] "Edinburgh." By Robert Louis Stevenson. With 24 Illustrations in Colour by James Heron. 12s. 6d. net. (Seeley & Co.)

[4] "The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus." In the Translation of George Long. Illustrated after the Water Colour Drawings of W. Russell Flint. 10s. 6d. net. (Lee Warner.)

[5] "Morte D'Arthur." By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Reproduced in Gold and Colours after original Illuminated Drawings by Alberto Sangorski. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE DIVINE PLAYMATE

Specimen Illustration from "THE STORY OF SAINT ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY," by WILLIAM CANTON. With Eight Illustrations in Colour by MISS ELEANOR FORTESCUE BRICKDALE. 6s. net. A limited Edition de Luxe is also issued: Price on application.

HERBERT & DANIEL

appearance is harmoniously in keeping with the old-world grandeur of the mediæval legend. Mediæval, and earlier and later stories go to the making of "The Book of Saints and Heroes"[1] in which Andrew Lang retells some more of those deathless tales of the good and the brave that nobody could narrate with quite such ease and lightness and pleasant skill as he, and that he will never tell us any more of. An ideal book, this, for younger readers, with some excellent colour and black and white pictures by Henry Ford.

Shakespeare has not been so freely laid under contribution in the colour books of this winter as of last; the only play of his that has come my way in this form is a sumptuous edition of "Romeo and Juliet,"[2] illustrated with a series of masterly paintings by W. Hatherell—paintings that body forth with most delicate fidelity the touching youth and beauty of Juliet and are alive with the essential poetry and passionate romance of this greatest of all love stories. Another that is sure of wide welcome is a new translation of Anatole France's dainty fairy-tale, "Bee: The Princess of the Dwarfs."[3] Swift, our merciless English satirist, left us in "Gulliver" one of the most popular of nursery books, though he never intended it to be that; and here we have the greatest living French master of satire and irony deliberately turning his back on the world of grown-ups to tell a charming tale for children that will live in future along with Gulliver. It is sweeter than Gulliver, kindlier, more gracefully fanciful, more of the sort of wonder-story that a child loves to imagine for itself, and Mr. Charles Robinson has illustrated it in the same gracious, delicately imaginative spirit. The children in his pictures have in their faces and figures all the innocent helplessness and wonder and simplicity of childhood; his Princess is just what a child would wish her to be; and look at his dwarfs! Curious, quaint little men, droll, mischievous, large-headed, incalculably old, and painted cunningly, imaginatively, with a brush that has been dipped in the very colour of dreams. Fantastically imaginative too and alive with the beauty and eeriness and elusive magic of that eternal wonderland that can only be rightly seen through the eyes of a child are the verses and pictures that Miss Florence Harrison has written and painted for her "Elfin Song."[4] Whether you are flying with the Wood Witch who scatters the snow-flakes down:

"What do you there blowing
Up in the starry waste?
'I set the clouds a-snowing
Over the world in haste.'"

From "Bee" (Dent). **"They made their way through meadows enamelled with flowers."**

—or whether you are seated with little Robin out in the forest, watching for the fairies:

"Through the grasses playing
Golden pipes, they came,
Calling, ever calling
Robin by his name."

—you are in the tricksy land of make-believe where nothing is impossible and the best things are always happening. Every child who is fond of gnomes and fairies will be fond of "Elfin Song." Every child, too, will be delighted with "Our Nursery Rhyme Book,"[5] with Miss Honor C. Appleton's fascinating pictures in colour and in black and white. How pretty and dainty her sketches of children are, and how jolly and how instinct with life and movement! The youngest editor and editress that ever did any editing—one aged six and the other three—have chosen all their favourites from among the old Nursery Rhymes, Nonsense Verse, Riddles, Alphabets and Games, and here they all are in the prettiest of books with the prettiest of pictures.

Another artist who is his own author this year is Mr. W. Heath Robinson,[6] but he writes in prose and relates an amusingly marvellous romance of the old mushroom

[1] "The Book of Saints and Heroes." By Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Henry Ford. 6s. net. (Longmans.)
[2] "Romeo and Juliet." Illustrated by W. Hatherell. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[3] "Bee." By Anatole France. Retold in English by Peter Wright. 20 Coloured Illustrations and many other Decorations by Charles Robinson. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
[4] "Elfin Song: A Book of Verse and Pictures." By Florence Harrison. 6s. net. (Blackie & Son.)
[5] "Our Nursery Rhyme Book." Edited by Letty and Frank Littlewood. Illustrated by Honor C. Appleton. 5s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)
[6] "Bill the Minder." Written and Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

gatherer, Crispin, and of Crispin's wife Chloe, and their ten children, nine of whom are shockingly bad-tempered. There is a Sicilian Charwoman in the book who would be worth any amount of money if you could employ her to come and talk to you whilst you scrubbed the floor; and a doctor, a musician, a real soldier and a lost grocer, to say nothing of an ancient mariner, each of whom it is a sheer joy to be acquainted with. The humour of this tale of "Bill the Minder" and the humour of the pictures is so delicious that when you look at it you almost wish you were a child again yourself, and when you read it you are one, and don't want to grow up any more.

But since you must grow up again, whether you like it or not, here for your consolation are excellent new editions, excellently illustrated, of the greatest of English historical romances, "The Cloister and the Hearth,"[1] and of one of the gayest, breeziest and most idyllic love romances of recent years—Jeffery Farnol's story of "The Broad Highway,"[2] Gordon Browne's colour drawings for the first, and C. E. Brock's for the second, are among the ablest and most attractive book illustrations that these two notable artists have ever done.

Juliet:—"O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?"
From "Romeo and Juliet" (Hodder & Stoughton).

Superficially, this handsome volume about "Royal Gardens,"[3] that has been written and illustrated by Mr. Cyril Ward (if these artists go on writing their own books like this there will soon be nothing left for the mere authors to do) has nothing in common with any of the books I have just been dealing with, but when you come to think of it a garden is the oldest home of romance, and where there are flowers there are always fairies. In the main, however, Mr. Ward is practical and keeps to matters of fact. His pages are rich in suggestions and information that the garden lover will find helpful. He unfolds a very interesting history of gardening in Great Britain, with particular reference to Royal gardens. He traces the development of the English garden through various phases; how it came under French influences when Charles II. reascended his throne after long residence in France; and under Dutch influences with the coming of William of Orange and his following. The great gardens of Windsor Castle, Bagshot, Hampton Court, Osborne, Sandringham, Holyrood, Kensington and other of the Royal Palaces are vividly and pleasantly described and illustrated with many reproductions from the author's original water colours. A pleasant book to read, and one that the gardener, professional no less than amateur, may study with much profit as well as pleasure.

Yet one other volume of which the author is the artist is "An Artist in Egypt"[4]—a picturesquely written record of a journey through the land of the Pharaohs. It is one of the most interesting travel books of the year; Mr. Tyndale has seen and felt the glow and mystery and sleepy majesty of the Orient and realises them with a fine and sensitive art in his remarkable illustrations.

Here among the colour books, too, are two—or rather four—of an historical kind. Miss H. E. Marshall has written a capital "History of France"[5] for boys and girls, beginning as far back as 390 B.C., with the descent

[1] "The Cloister and the Hearth." By Charles Reade. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. 21s. net. (W. & R. Chambers.)
[2] "The Broad Highway." By Jeffery Farnol. Illustrated by Chas. E. Brock. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low & Co.)
[3] "Royal Gardens." By Cyril Ward. 32 Full-page Colour Reproductions from original Water-Colours, and 5 Pen Drawings by the Author. 16s. net. Large paper edition, £2 2s. net. (Longmans.)
[4] "An Artist in Egypt." By W. Tyndale. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[5] "A History of France." By H. E. Marshall. Illustrated by A. C. Michael. 7s. 6d. net (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

of the Gauls upon Rome, coming down through crowded years of great and picturesque events to the great days of the first Napoleon, and ending with the break-up of the French Empire and the fall of Napoleon III. It makes a very instructive and thoroughly readable gift book and the striking colour pictures of Mr. A. C. Michael add appreciably to its value. For boys and girls again is "The Story of Rome"[1] by Mary Macgregor. Miss Macgregor narrates carefully and alluringly the history of Rome from the earliest times to the death of Augustus—she has the true story-telling gift and makes a thrilling and absorbing tale of how Rome was born, and grew through storm and stress and gathered in power and splendour until it was the centre of a vast world-empire. There are twenty admirable colour plates illustrating notable incidents in Roman history. "Germany,"[2] the latest addition to Messrs. Black's deservedly successful colour-book series, is mainly concerned with Germany as it is to-day. The Rev. J. F. Dickie describes the cities, the villages, and the country, the homes and haunts of its famous men, such as Luther, Goethe, Beethoven and Wagner, relates the old legends and tells something of the past history of the places he describes, and Messrs. E. T. and E. H. Compton have painted seventy-five beautiful, delicately finished pictures by way of illustration. This is an ideal guide-book, and we strongly recommend it to any who are desirous of learning to know Germany and the German people. More timely, and if anything larger in its scope and aim, is Mr. James Baker's "Austria: Her People and their Homeland."[3] It is strange how little we know of Austria in this country—how few books have been written about it in the last half century. But Mr. James Baker has at length made ample amends for this neglect. He has travelled throughout Austria with Mr. Donald Maxwell, the artist, and has studied the home and business life of the varied parts of the Austrian Empire and the result is a soundly informing and thoroughly interesting book. Mr. Maxwell's numerous colour pictures are painted with rare skill and are full of life and atmosphere.

Photo. by Messrs. W. A. Mansell & Co., London.

Votive Offering.
(Wallace Collection, London.)

From "Greuze and His Models" (Hutchinson).

The heart of the child and the imaginations of primitive man seem to be very much alike all the world over. I have just been reading the "Folk-Tales of Bengal,"[4] collected by the Rev. Lal Behari Day, and the "Myths and Legends of Japan,"[5] by F. Hadland Davis, and you find them full of much the same gnomes and fairies, wicked giants or dwarfs, beautiful princesses and handsome lovers, and much the same marvellous and magic doings as have from old time delighted the children of our Western world. There are differences, of course, for such stories can be infinitely varied; the fairies, elves, and supernatural beings have strangely different

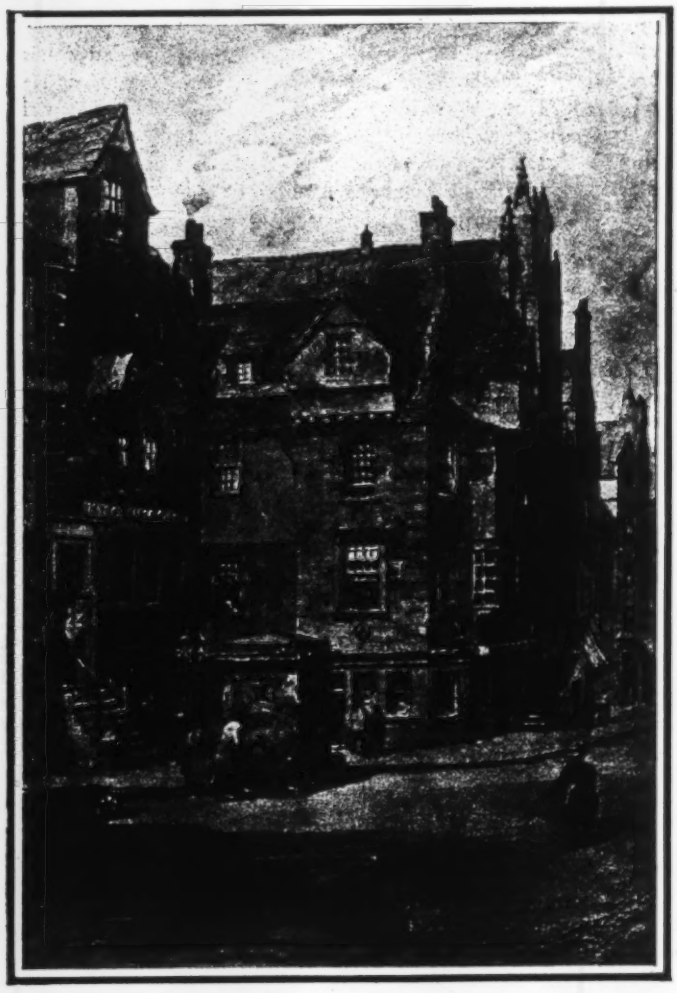
[1] "The Story of Rome." By Mary Macgregor. 20 Plates in Colour by Paul Woodroffe, W. Rainey and Dudley Heath 7s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

[2] "Germany." Painted by E. T. and E. Harrison Compton. Described by J. F. Dickie. 20s. net. (A & C Black.)

[3] "Austria: Her People and their Homeland." By James Baker. 48 Illustrations by Donald Maxwell. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

[4] "Folk-Tales of Bengal." By the Rev. Lal Behari Day. 32 Illustrations by Warwick Goble. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

[5] "Myths and Legends of Japan." By F. Hadland Davis. 32 Full-page Illustrations by Evelyn Paul. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)



John Knox's House, High Street.
From "Edinburgh" (Seeley).

names, the magic of the tales may sometimes be more grotesquely or more imaginatively wonderful, but they are never so alien in matter or style, these fairy-stories of India and Japan, that an English child cannot be enthralled by them and believe in them. Mr. Day who wrote a memorable book on "Bengal Peasant Life," has travelled all about Bengal gathering up the old folk-tales from the lips of the natives, and these in his volume are some of "the old, old stories told by old Bengali women from age to age through a hundred generations." Mr. Hadland Davis has gathered his tales together from a wide variety of authentic sources, and it is enough to say that his tales and legends are as fantastically and characteristically Japanese as Mr. Day's are pensively or quaintly characteristic of the more sombrely imaginative Bengali. They are strange and fresh and freakishly fanciful and will appeal to our own children as fascinatingly as the German brothers Grimm or as our old familiar nursery legends do. The illustrations are exceptionally good; you have the luxury and brilliant colouring and blazing splendour of India in Mr. Warwick Goble's interpretations of "The Folk-Tales of Bengal"; and the softer lights, the quainter beauty, the grimmer, more grotesque terrors and gentler simplicities of the land of the chrysanthemum in Mr. Evelyn Paul's charming colour drawings for the "Myths and Legends of Japan."

Kinglake's "Eothen,"[1] with the wonderful Rembrandtesque pictures of Mr. Frank Brangwyn is unquestionably one of the finest of the season's art books. Brangwyn's paintings are so full of thought and life that they do not reveal all that is in them to a casual glance; their shadows are so subtly massed, that you need to look into some of his scenes until your eyes grow used to their magic darkness, then from the depths new and newer beauty glimmers and grows upon you, the shadows are alive with it, a sky that seemed only a streak of glooming blue shows presently a hint of stars in it, a landscape that seemed at first little more than a sombre smear reveals the shape and foliage of its trees, the forms of men moving across it, and at length the whole scene becomes as clear to you and as crowded with suggestion as if a cloud had gradually lifted from it. I am inclined to think that the paintings in this book are higher, rarer art than even "Eothen" itself is.

All the world knows the Greuze girl, as Mr. John Rivers says in "Greuze and his Art"[2] and "no one who has seen her can ever forget the sweet sting of her beauty," and he writes of her and her characteristics and the models from which Greuze painted her. His book is an unconventional biography; it tells in a very attractive, gossipy fashion the story of Greuze's life and loves, and gives a careful and illuminating study of his character and his art. It is an uncommonly able and interesting piece of work, and the forty-two full-page engravings of Greuze's paintings are most admirably reproduced.

Messrs. Bell have reissued in four separate and artistically bound volumes four more of the plays of Sir W. S. Gilbert that have already been published by them in collected form.[3] With Mr. W. Russell Flint's charming illustrations, these are amongst the best and most desirable of gift-books. As a sort of recreation perhaps, after the heavy labour of writing his "Life of Ruskin" Mr. E. T. Cook has written a delightful volume on "The Homes and Haunts of John Ruskin."[4] The drawings in colour and black and white that illustrate it are by Miss E. M. B. Warren; when she was a beginner, Ruskin saw some of her work, and encouraged her with his advice, and after his death, says Mr. Cook, "she conceived the idea of making a pilgrimage in Ruskin's footsteps to the places where he lived or which he loved." Then Mr. Cook was asked to write an account of those homes and haunts, and the result, in reading and in pictures, is one of the happiest, most entertaining books of the kind that I have ever had the good fortune to come across.

A.

[1] "Kinglake's 'Eothen.'" Illustrated in Colour by Frank Brangwyn. 12s. 6d. net. (Sampson, Low & Co.).
[2] "Greuze and his Models." By John Rivers. With 45 Full-page Plates. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)
[3] "Princess Ida."—"The Gondoliers."—"Ruddigore."—"The Yeomen of the Guard." By Sir W. S. Gilbert. 3s. 6d. net each. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)
[4] "The Homes and Haunts of John Ruskin." By E. T. Cook. With 28 Illustrations in Colour from Original Drawings, and 16 in Black and White by E. M. B. Warren. 21s. net. (Geo. Allen.)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original New Year's Greeting addressed to any living author, in not more than eight lines of verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE for the best Lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA is sent to Mr. Toman Boothroyd, of Holmleigh, Batley, and HALF A GUINEA to Miss Margaret K. McEvoy, of 3, Claremont Road, Cricklewood, N.W., for the following:

IF LOVE ENDURE.

If Love endure, why weep, my Soul, for all
The little sorrows that beset our way?
Why deck ourselves in desperate array?
We may be sure
The sum of all our woes can be but small
If Love endure!

If Love endure, what count these little griefs
That beat against the portal of our fears,
And bring strange cups to carry off our tears?
We are secure,
And they like wavelets beating at the reefs,
If Love endure.

Nay, Soul! though dark the pathways we have trod,—
Though darker still a little while they be,
Eyes dimmed with blinding tears shall not see
Through ways obscure;
Let us the meantime fill with songs to God
That Love endure.

TOMAN BOOTHROYD.

AUTUMN.

Farewell, my love, the autumn leaves are falling;
The last pale rose has sighed itself to sleep;
Hark! that sad bird from yonder coppice calling
And calling,—while our souls call, deep to deep.

Since we are parting, love, we shall have pardon;
So rest your soul though summer's flowers decay.
I think yon sad bird sang in Eden's garden
When those first lovers wept and went away;

Yet they together went, and we go parted;—
Love's summer blighted of its autumn sheaves.
Yon bird will mate; but empty, broken-hearted,
We say farewell among the falling leaves.

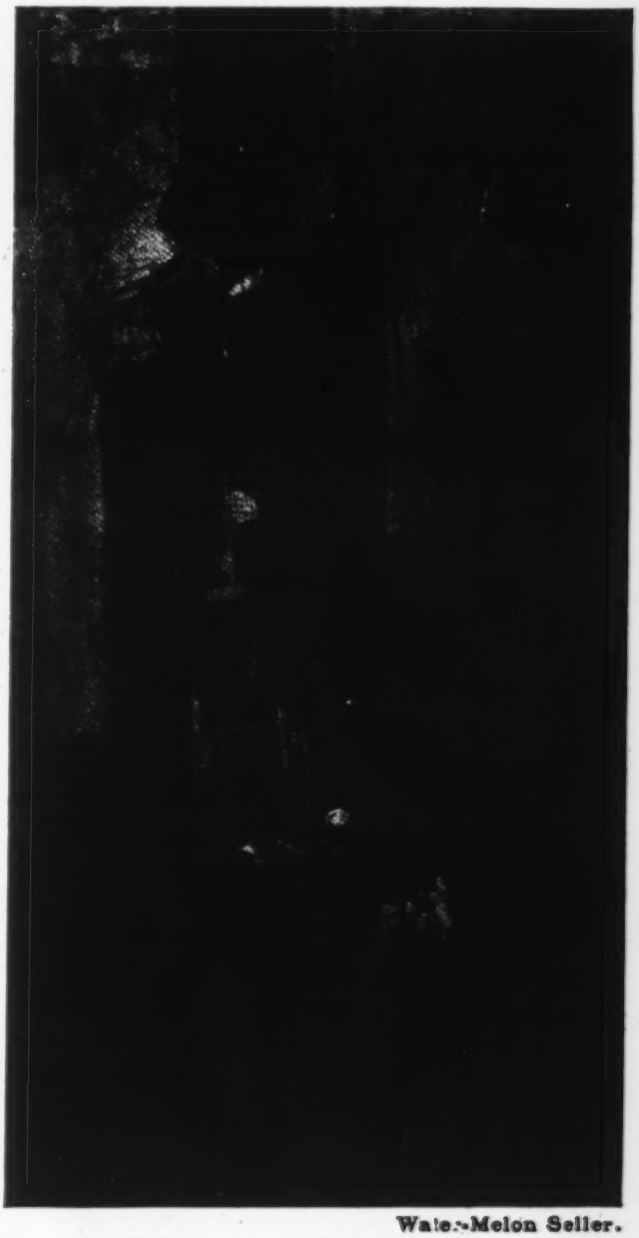
MARGARET K. McEVOY.

We select for printing:

REVOIR.

I saw you after many years,
And you were weak and poor and old;
There was no music in your voice,
Your greeting hands were shrunk and cold,
You had gleaned nothing from the years.

Yet there was music in your voice
When once you bade me wake and see
The wonder of the world around,
The glory of your love for me,—
And I shall always hear your voice.



Water-Melon Seller.

From "An Artist in Egypt" (Hodder & Stoughton).

"Through the grasses playing
Golden pipes they came,
Calling, ever calling
Robin by his name."

From "Elfin Song" (Blackie).

The wonder of the world around!
Godlike, you gave it me to hold,
A chalice for love's ecstasy.—
Pass on to-day, weak, poor and old,
I know you not,—
But where you stood, I kiss the ground.

(T. La Chard, 34, Kildare Terrace, Bayswater, W.)

TO LALAGE, A COQUETTE.

Mademoiselle, when I came in that day to you,
Little I recked you could do me an ill.
Life was a comedy; love was a play to you,
Men were your toys that you shattered at will.
Smiling you glanced at me, straightway I fell—
How did you manage it, Mademoiselle?

Mademoiselle, how you laughed at my love for you.
I, a poor dreamer deluded by June.
Thought I could reach to the heavens above for you,
Climbed up a cobweb to snatch at the moon.
Then the thread broke, and I dropped into—Hell!..
Humorous, wasn't it, Mademoiselle?

Mademoiselle, it was only a game to you
All the world knows that the queen does no wrong,
If you have broken a heart, then small blame to you
How should you guess it was not over strong.
So I absolve you and—bid you farewell,
Give a good-day to you, Mademoiselle.

(D. Tweeddale, 8, Weld Road, Birkdale.)

From among the numerous Lyrics received, we specially commend those sent by Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), Guenn F. Newnham (Gillingham), Stanley Simpson (Birkenhead), Maud McDonald (Enfield), Mrs. Grenfell (Heavitree), David McCormack (Glasgow), Alice W. Linford (S. Tottenham), Joseph Poole Addey (Kingston-on-Thames), Robert Cogger (Dartford), Mrs. Shirley Thompson (Hythe), Alice Banks (South Shields), Eleanor Turnbull (Ecclefechan), Walter G. Priest (Norwich), W. W. Pope (Notting Hill), Rev. F. Balch (Welshpool), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Miss M. K. Wiens (London, S.E.), Will Londen (Dunfermline), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), A. J. Caird (Edinburgh), W. J. King (Catford), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), John I. Leekie (Spennymoor), T. W. Maynard (London, W.), Frances Highmore (Exeter), L. Healy (Chapelizod), Evelyn I. Banks (Sheffield), E. W. Priest (Norwich), Monica Baines (Fleet), M. L. T. (New Milton), Nell Roy (London, N.W.), D. A. Robinson (London, S.E.), Margery S. Lewis (Folkestone), Bertram J. Saunders (Pontypridd), D. Hanbury (Bournemouth), Audrey Thompson (Hastings), Marion Cowall (Murrayfield), J. H. Gladwell (Worcester), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Wilfred Morris (Bodmin), D. K. Boileau (Bath), G. W. Turner (Burnley), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Sybil H. Greves (Bournemouth), Robert Everall (Plaistow), Agnes E. M. Baker (W. Hampstead), John Chapman (Bromley), L. M. Priest (Norwich), P. Selver (Redhill), G. J. Holme (Great Malvern), Sarah J. Cole (Nottingham), Miss M. M. Crump (Golder's Green), E. Irene Seaton (Dresden), Arthur Waghorn (Addiscombe), Isabel Lewis (Edinburgh), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), Ellen J. Clutterbuck (Bromley), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), M. A. (Wood Green), Miss A. E. Richardson (London, S.E.), J. E. Jones (Cardiff), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), M. L. Davies (Harrogate), Phyllis Tweeddale (Southport), G. Lenorme (Bingley), N. D. Gullick (Bristol), W. H. Thompson (Birmingham), E. F. Parr (Bristol), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), G. G. Jackson (Northampton), W. Stonehouse (Linton, Kent), Percy Thomas (Hornsey), E. Close (Shanklin), Bernard Delorme (Canonbury), Fred E. Holt (Anerley), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Edward Griffiths (Liverpool), Ethel Tudge (Cricklewood), D. Le Febvre (Jersey), O. T. Scarfe (Sunderland), Dorothy Poole (Godalming), Annie M. Willcock (Scarborough), Clement H. Whitby (Yeovil), M. A. M. Marshall (Oxford), H. F. L. Cocks (Uxbridge), R. J. Preston (Norwich), B. Hughes (Llandudno), Mrs. Nevill Heard (Swanage), John Cadman (Southport), John Helston (London, S.W.), E. Hope (Bridlington), Keltie D. Dixon (Clapham), J. Drummond C. Monfries (London, S.W.), Dorothy G. Gibbings (Derby), Miss A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Donald R. Gooding (Southwold), R. King (Lewisham), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Marjorie Ogle (Colne), C. S. Smith (New Cross), John M. Townsend (Hebden Bridge), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), J. H. Langlois (Roundhay), H. Elrington (Monkstown), D. H. R. Layton (Westgate), Esther M. Preston (London, W.), Miss E. M. Alston (Bury St. Edmunds), Florence M. Wilson (Bangor), M. G. Alexander (Maida Vale).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Beatrice Craig, of Craigdanagh, Straidanan, Londonderry, Ireland, for the following:

A YEAR WITHOUT A CHAPERONE. By ELSIE M. CAWTHORNE. (John Long.)

"I sink dear mamma ought to know about dat!"

W. S. GILBERT—*The Precocious Baby.*

We also select for printing:

THE BLACKBERRY PICKERS. By Miss St. Leger. (Messrs. Putnam's Sons.)

"What, will these hands ne'er be clean?"
SHAKESPEARE.—*Macbeth.*

(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge.)

THE WHITE COMPANY. By Sir A. Conan Doyle. (Smith, Elder & Co.).

"There's but a shirt and a half in all my Company."
SHAKESPEARE—*King Henry IV.*

(E. A. Pearson, Branksome Road, Fleet.)

III.—We have received a large number of Fairy Tales with morals touching on some prominent current topic, but unfortunately none reach publication standard. Most of them deal with the Woman's Suffrage question, and are not terse nor pointed enough. The best comes from Miss Nellie Strutt, of 11, Rose Villas, Devonshire Road West, Merton, to whom the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Edgar Frere, of Imperial Chambers, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, W.C., for the following:

THY ROD AND THY STAFF. By Arthur Christopher Benson. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The vital interest of Mr. Benson's book lies in the fact that it is an analysis of the process known as "regeneration," written by a practical essayist. Five years ago the author had a nervous breakdown, and from this time he takes us, without a single jarring note, through an experience which "may not be an unusual one," but which left him, speaking broadly, with an entirely new point of view. And rightly he decided to share his experience with others. However painful self-revelation may be, there are cases when it is a duty—and this is one of them.

We also select for printing:

THE ROYAL ROAD. By Alfred Ollivant. (Methuen.)

All who love their fellows should read this book. A young leather-worker, sure and gay as the true cockney, is gradually overcome in the relentless struggle of the modern industrial world, and falls a victim to tuberculosis. Hankey lives before us, typical of modern discontent and modern ideals: dazed and embittered by present injustice, but hopeful of a future in which Love shall adjust inequalities and the dreamer realise his vision. The story is told with exquisite sympathy and insight. Edward Hankey, his wife and child, and their great-hearted friends, Dr. and Miss English, are folk to love and remember.

(Muriel Barnard, 5, Victoria Terrace, Walsall.)

GEORGE BORROW: THE MAN AND HIS BOOKS. By Edward Thomas. (Chapman & Hall.)

In writing this new estimate of George Borrow, Mr. Thomas has adopted the only reasonable and sane method of treating this unique personality. Instead of clothing his hero with the notions and ideas of the present day, in order that we may place Borrow on a convenient stand in our own private literary gallery, the biographer has been at pains to relieve him of all the gauds that modern estimates have given him and, as a result, we see this wild gipsy figure in all his natural beauty and surroundings—just, indeed, as Borrow himself would have us see him.

(F. W. Lawfield, 39, Mill Road, Cambridge.)

THE JOYOUS ADVENTURES OF ARISTIDE PUJOL. By William J. Locke. (At the Bodley Head.)

Aristide is a veritable son of Paragot, the Beloved Vagabond, inordinately possessed of the charm of Provençal gaiety, but lacking his "father's" philosophic vein. For Aristide, through all his adventures and misadventures, persists possessed of an irrepressible optimism, an unfailing *joie de vivre*. His company might work upon our nerves, his impertinences jar, were we his victims. But, reading, one cannot fail to enjoy the tale of this mountebank's presumptuous careers, whether in England or in France; for Mr. Locke, by his perfect touch of local and personal description, infects us with the charmingly irresponsible spirit of the children of Provence.

(J. Drummond C. Monfries, 313, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.)

Enter the Princess, reading.

From "Princess Ida" (Bell).

THE LEE SHORE. By Rose Macaulay. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Peter Margerison shoulders the burdens of others. He is one of the "Have-nots," nothing can he hold—luck, friendship, love—but, finally triumphant, he attains the lee-shore where he can "lose and laugh." Although we read the last pages with a lump in the throat, longing for happiness to come to him, we would not have it otherwise. Peter prosperous is unthinkable. We know that the failure is made of nobler stuff than Denis, the "Have," who wins everything, even taking from Peter his love Lucy. Sentiment is here, but it rings true; Miss Macaulay never stoops to sentimentality.

(Miss Bertha C. Priestley, 10, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.)

ALGIERS, THE SAHARA AND THE NILE. By Rachael Humphreys. (W. J. Ham-Smith.)

A pleasant, simply-written account of a winter's journeying; absolutely unpretentious and with no straining after effect, though with an under-current of enthusiasm for "fresh fields and pastures new." It contains passages of unhackneyed description of scenes in the Near East that wake the longing in the reader to see for himself its brilliant colouring and vivid contrasts. The whole book is apparently written, without thought of publication, simply for the pleasure of living over again in memory the experiences of a pleasant journey, and its very simplicity of style makes the recital of interest to the world at large.

(Miss Henrietta M. Auden, Alderdene, Church Stretton.)

THE REVELATION OF GEORGE MEREDITH.*

By Dr. William Barry.

LAST year we had Richard Wagner's life, told by himself with a frankness and a vivacity which carried the serious reading world by storm. Even those who imagined that they knew the man "*intus et in cute*," found that there was much they had not dreamt of, a greatness in doing and suffering of which his musical drama gave evidence indeed, but which it never could exhaust on the stage. Meredith, a name to endure in English prose certainly, perhaps in rhyme also, was hidden from his generation far more deeply than Wagner, by achievements as debatable, yet never, until his closing period, known except as curiosities to the public at large. Whether that public does anything but pretend to read his works now, I should not like to pronounce. But they are published and sold to an extent which would have amazed the Victorian England of 1866; and in these Letters we come almost suddenly upon the man himself. A very great man, cast in a mould heroic and magnificent; not English, far from conventional, impassioned, resolute, affectionate, reserved, and not to be mistaken for another in the long gallery of those celebrities most of whom outrivalled his fame while they lived, yet cannot from henceforth eclipse him where he moves in his own sphere.

It is no slight tribute when reviewers (though they will sometimes clutch at any adjective to make a sentence) are led towards the word "Shakespearean" in speaking of dead greatness. Yet the quiet, unceasing display of intellectual power in Meredith's correspondence has prompted more than one critic to venture on those canonizing syllables, as if an epitaph not unfit for the daring and sure thinker who could never be taken off his guard. As a story-teller Meredith did not enter into his kingdom. He was wanting in the gift of narrative, the flow or the epic simplicity by which a tale comes trippingly on the tongue. Not on this account

* "Letters of George Meredith." Collected and Edited by his Son. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Constable & Co.)

Bonneville and the Brezon.

From "Homes and Haunts of Ruskin" (Allen).

Cochem.

From "Germany" (Black).

will he be likened to the king of dramatists. But the spark of life was in his creations; and, in the mind that visibly brooded over them, a concentration of thought sometimes almost terrifying showed how beyond formal philosophy there may be in romance a depth, a range, recalling the secret potencies of Nature itself, shaping men and women to fulfil their doom. It is the same strong intellect, in earnest or at play, that has thrown off these letters without an effort, and that betrays the peculiar affinity with Shakespeare. Thus, we say, *he* might have written between his productions at the Globe, to close friends, with an irresistible spirit or a piercing pathos, acting his own life tragically in pensive mood, yet again taking it as a frolic, but always getting his terms out of events and his profit for reflection.

Tragically, one must repeat. The letters do not attempt a task which Meredith perhaps would have rather left undone. They give us no biography in a complete sense. And the discreet editor is sparing of elucidations. A very fine problem-play might be constructed on the lines of Meredith's experiences from first to last. His ancestry, including "the great Mel" of "Evan Harrington"; his religious training in a Moravian school at Neuwied on the Rhine; his adventures when a young man adrift from home as a London journalist; here, surely, we discern the opening chapters of a career not destined to be common. His marriage with Mrs. Nicholls, daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, follows, and it turns to disaster. Was he thinking of his first wife when he ascribed to Diana of the Crossways her beauty, irrepressible wit, and married troubles? We are told that it was "diamond cut diamond," with Meredith and his too gifted partner. The sad incidents are spared us. Left with his little son, this Richard Feverel (for the most Shakespearean of his characters is himself) fronts life boldly, is wrapped up in the child, almost dies when he is hurt; and, with poetry cherished as his true calling, he offers to England novels which it will not look at. His letters to the fascinating Dr. Jessop, the boy's schoolmaster, who has so much more of his presence than the father can get, are beautiful. And all through Arthur's boyhood there is the sense of a very perfect devotion lavished on him with exquisite tenderness. We do not anticipate the later years when this young man turned into his own path, travelled aloof from his father, and estrangement came. The end is melancholy. How difficult does genius make the common life! The philosophy which sees in great original men something abnormal may take illustration from this obscurely indicated story of Meredith and his eldest son. It is a page for Schopenhauer. Happily, in the second marriage love found its reward.

But, fail as he might to charm the novel reader and to win his son's confidence, the strong man never drooped. He was in various ways an unbeliever even of a violent sort, taking delight in his Bradlaugh, then vociferous, almost French-Jacobin when he touched on orthodox articles of belief, and enthusiastic for John Morley's first aggressive manner, long since given up by Viscount Morley of Blackburn. "O Meredith," one can scarcely help exclaiming, "great is thy agnostic faith, yet not so great as thou deemest!" He belonged to a passing group of sentimental rebels against Christian dogma, of whom Leslie Stephen, Admiral Maxse, Cotter Morrison, may be quoted as instances; while Lord Morley and Mr. Frederic Harrison remain to tell a later age what many Liberals thought about religion forty years ago. These all achieved renown; but perhaps their most remarkable quality was a turn for friendship, a kindliness in private life that has endeared them to wide circles in which their doctrines meet scanty welcome or none at all. Meredith, not troubled by the proverbial shyness of the English temper at which he so pleasantly smiled, was in the glory and triumph of his attachments an Elizabethan, not a modern. His worship of Admiral Maxse paused only a little way on this side of idolatry. His lively boy-like fun with Sir William Hardman has many a surprising caper that will remind us of Charles Lamb or of Lewis Carroll. He is always ready to make friends. But his finest inspirations, as we might expect, descend upon the creator of Clara Middleton and her compeers when he is writing to women. All the world has been lately enchanted with reminiscences from the pen of Mrs. Janet Ross; and the letters addressed to that name in the present volumes will be studied eagerly.

For deep sustained observations, running almost into a system, we may turn to the correspondence with Lady Ulrica Baring, which abounds in them. To Miss Alice Brandreth, afterwards Mrs. J. G. Butcher; to his daughter, Mrs. Sturgis; to his grand-daughter, Dorothy, words grave and gay, wise and laughter-provoking, are sent freely, without a dream of publication, by the man whose greatness did not depend on acknowledgment, but, making him a sovereign in his own right, gave him liberty of speech where and how he would. He admired yet sharply criticised Tennyson, too much in his Idylls a drawing-room poet. He defied Ruskin's claims to autocracy. In mood, at last, he was an austerely loyal believer, without hope for anything personal after death, but still a believer, in the reason and the justice by which the universe is carried forward. So, at all events, I construe George Meredith. As for these letters, they furnish at once his monument and his revelation. Whatever may be lost of his writings, they will survive and he in them.

THE POETRY OF GEORGE MEREDITH.*

BY ALICE MEYNELL.

GEORGE MEREDITH as a poet teaches explicitly; as a novelist implicitly, or with a word indirect, a look askance, and by means of a lesson rehearsed for our observation rather than spoken for our conning. But in prose and verse he teaches, and in verse emphatically, with reiteration, and insistence, and the announcement of a law, "Thou shalt love thy mother Nature with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength. Thou shalt put thy whole trust in her. She is benign even when she seems cruel, albeit she loves thee not at all." This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: "Thou shalt not love thyself." It is chiefly in poetry that this law can be delivered; for in poetry personification is not only permitted, it is prescribed. Meredith proclaims a personal Nature, and predicates of her the "intention," the "wish," the "aim," the "care," the "will." We are compelled to ask ourselves, How much is philosophy, and how much is poetry? Would Meredith, in prose, attribute this foresight, this intention *à parte ante* to the lawgiver—Nature, who made the law of the survival of the fittest, for example? All men recognize and confess the law in action and after action; Meredith, the poet, recognizes it as a design, as it were, before action. Paley's is not a more respectful recognition; but Paley does not use the feminine pronoun. Now the question, How much is philosophy, and how much is poetry? is obviously very important to the students of Meredith's philosophy, less momentous to the readers of his poetry; let me be allowed to cite one personal recollection in this case. This is that Mr. Meredith habitually used the same forms of speech and of thought in the prose of conversation: Nature "does not care," and "Nature's intention," "Nature's only wish," and phrases of like significance.

Honouring the personality of a law-giver, Meredith observes the law of the lives of animals and vegetables upon earth, submits his intellect to all that seems unkind or imperfect there, accepts all, loves all, and gives back to all his own blessing as a creature. It is when he professes to draw from Nature the tables of the moral law that we question the poet who limits himself, who circumscribes himself, by the art of poetry, who takes refuge, as it were, in its imagery, who encloses himself within the boundaries of the art, and also gives himself the liberties of the fancy without which poetry is not poetry. Meredith professes, in verse and rhyme and imagery, to find all moral law in the Earth, our only visible friend, our only teacher, the only revelation of whatever Power—

"The great Unseen, never the dark Unknown—"

St. Francis Preaches to the Birds.
From "The Book of Saints and Heroes" (Longmans).

* "The Poetical Works of George Meredith." With Notes by G. M. Trevelyan. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

is above and beyond her. "Never the dark unknown," because that Power has revealed itself in Nature. I say "professes" advisedly. I cannot see that he does more. Meredith loved the unit—the child, the friend; the Nature he adored loves only the species much, the genus more, the unit not at all. An inexplicable love—for love, personal love, he predicates of her—which enthusiastically and aforethought provides for the multiplication of units she cares nothing for! The question of revelation is all. The definite religions are for another system; asserting that morality—if it does not begin where Nature leaves off—develops, corrects, alters, chastises the revelation of the earth and her laws. They aver that Meredith's "great Unseen" is not "the dark Unknown" because when the consciousness of moral good and evil was established—established for ever—in man, and in man alone, a direct appeal to that consciousness, now become conscience, became the chief necessity of the world, and—in several forms—took place. Morality is assuredly the greatest fact on Earth; but, as assuredly, Earth does not suffice for it. In our human kind we have all seen some foolish little mother looking with unintelligent wonder upon an illustrious son. If Earth is, as Meredith will have her, the mother of Morality, then is Morality such an alien son.

To his love of the Earth—the heart-whole, all-trusting, optimistic, courageous, submissive love he bore her—we owe Meredith's most wonderful poems. To the woods, on the moss, on the track of wild life, with exquisite tenderness, with joy such as human happiness fails to inspire in hearts less exquisite than his, with rapture of heart, without a "whimper" for the pain he found there, but with a valorous pity, this great poet betook himself. He counted all the cost of his love and his creed. Much that is human he overcame within himself, or thought that he overcame. The peace he found was not without an agonising novitiate. Some solitary crucifixion of the heart, such as his great contemporary, Coventry Patmore, underwent in a man's love for women, Meredith underwent in his love of the woods. Patmore's poem—the struggle over—is of heavenly grief, Meredith's, of earthly rapture. And both were spiritual men, and knew man to be a spirit. With a heart so subdued at once and so ennobled, Meredith faced the facts of Nature, using the incomparable alertness and sweetness of his observation, and using it with a strange delicacy; for the urbanity of his character, so constant in his letters, so charming in his manners, was his in the enchanted woods. Urbanity is a pleasantly paradoxical word to use in regard to one who dared thus to trust his own mind with the problem of wild life. But George Meredith was the most civilized of men. "Civilized" was with him a favourite word in commendation of his friends. No professed lover of country life, having half Meredith's love for it, has had half his urbanity. And he knew—and conquered his grief in knowing—that the wild thing must go down before the cultivated. He compelled himself to acquiesce in the killing of the young fox; though, for my part, I think he need not have so subdued his heart as to consent to "sport." And his own bearing observed the perfection of manners; it belonged to the time, gone by now, when it was permissible to speak of manners; he practised even the little tricks of that time—worth remembering because they were significant—and had an obvious dislike of the more modern bearing and address in which manners are, as it were, negative; with him they were positive. And even thus he cherished the worm, the snake, the bird, the seasons, and the wildest of all the winds.

The Jelly Fish and the Monkey.

From "Myths and Legends of Japan" (Harrap).

It is rightly that the true student of this great poet gives almost his whole attention to the philosophy —"my philosophy" he called it with grave appropriation—for the sake of which nearly all his poetry was written. Nearly, but not all. Outside of this persistent "Reading of Earth," and sermon on the text of the reading, are the great dramatic poems, "Attila," "Napoléon," and other "Poems of Tragic Life," in which action and passion brandish a vitality of words altogether amazing; and the quieter but no less vital drama of "Modern Love," "Love in a Valley," and their kind. And here, and throughout, appears, conspicuous, not fantastic, not habitual, not disproportionately exhibited, a marvellous vocabulary. Perhaps no reader pauses necessarily upon Meredith's vocabulary, for there is no obvious research in its high distinction (let us except some of the Odes on French history). It is to what I dare to call the pocket vocabulary of such poets as Swinburne that our unwilling attention is compelled. So with Meredith as a metrist. There are refinements in the mere mechanism of his verse—the punctual relation of syllables, for example, at the conclusion of one line and the beginning of the next—such as I have not found in any other poet, Shakespeare always excepted. To make an unwilling comparison of different arts, the "music" of Swinburne seems a tune, while Meredith's is a melody. It is, therefore, as a singer of words, among other and greater qualities, that George Meredith stands among the score of major poets of our incomparable literature.

Mr. Trevelyan's edition is a masterpiece of knowledge and care.

MRS. GASKELL'S BIRTHPLACE.

BY MRS. ELLIS H. CHADWICK.

THE glory of England centres largely around her literary shrines, as is testified by the number of pilgrims from all parts of the world who flock to the haunts and homes associated with authors whose works have enriched our literature. It is the birthplace of a great man or woman which naturally claims the first consideration in these pious pilgrimages. For nearly half a century the devotees of Mrs. Gaskell have had to be content with the scanty information regarding her birthplace which appeared in the biographical sketches in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, written from information supplied by the members of Mrs. Gaskell's family. Here it was merely stated that the author of "Cranford" was born in Lindsey Row, Chelsea. This, of course, was too indefinite, and many who were interested in Mrs. Gaskell and her works have long wished to know the exact house in which she was born. As the name Lindsey Row has now almost passed into oblivion, few even of the oldest inhabitants of Chelsea can locate it to-day, for previous to the celebration of the Gaskell Centenary in September, 1910, when I gave an account of Mrs. Gaskell's birthplace,* many, including troops of Americans, I am told, had to leave Chelsea, with its wealth of literary associations, without satisfying their desire to gaze on the very house in which Mrs. Gaskell first saw the light.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Gaskell's own daughters have never been able to help materially in the matter. All that they knew was that their mother was born in a modest house in Lindsey Row, on the Thames Embankment, and that the house had a small enclosed forecourt. This was a remembrance they cherished from a drive which they had with their mother some time before her death.

* Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts, Homes and Stories. (Pitman.)

In response to many appeals, and also for their own satisfaction, Mrs. Gaskell's daughters, some years ago, employed a specialist to explore Chelsea, with the object of locating their mother's birthplace, but the search was unsuccessful, and it was concluded that further efforts were useless. It is not surprising that Mrs. Gaskell's daughters did not know the house in which their mother was born, for she died very suddenly and quite unexpectedly at Holybourne, Hants, in November, 1865, and her daughters had always lived in Manchester, except when at boarding school.

Although so much has been said about Mrs. Gaskell's wish not to have her life written, I have always cherished an idea that in the beautiful and quiet home at Holybourne, which Mrs. Gaskell had purchased with the proceeds of her last novel, "Wives and Daughters," she would have written her own life story, much on the lines of that of her friend Mrs. Fletcher, which was printed at first for private circulation only. If that had been so, we should have had a description of her birthplace, and probably an authoritative reply to the hard criticism which was levelled at the head of the biographer of Charlotte Brontë, for I have good reasons for stating that what Mrs. Gaskell wrote regarding the Brontë home was obtained from what she considered to be absolutely reliable sources, and she concluded that it was perfectly accurate in every detail.

It was generally believed that the house in which Mrs. Gaskell was born had been demolished, but I have proved beyond a shadow of doubt that Mrs. Gaskell was born on September 29th, 1810, in a house which is now known as 93, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. There she lived for the first nine months of her life, after which her parents removed to 3, Beaufort Row in June, 1811. This house

Old Lindsey Row, Chelsea (now Cheyne Walk).

From a water colour painting by W. W. Burges in the Chelsea Free Library.

Photo by Percival M. Chadwick.

93, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, the birthplace of Mrs. Gaskell.

has since been demolished to make room for the Beaufort Mansions in Beaufort Street. It was at 3, Beaufort Row that her mother died at the end of October, 1811, and the year-old baby was taken to live with her Aunt Lumb at Knutsford. Afterwards, when about fourteen years of age, she was sent to school at Stratford-on-Avon, and three years later she returned to Chelsea to nurse her father, who had been stricken with paralysis. After nearly two years suffering he died, leaving his second wife with two children, Catherine and William. This sad two years was the only part of the Chelsea life that Mrs. Gaskell could remember. Unfortunately, the stepmother and Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson—to give Mrs. Gaskell her maiden name—were almost strangers to each other previous to the father's illness, and the beautiful young daughter had a trying time during the two years she lived at Chelsea. This is probably the reason she did not visit more frequently in later life the haunts of her birthplace, for, in one of her letters to Mary Howitt, in 1838, she says: "Long ago I lived in Chelsea occasionally with my father and stepmother, and *very, very* unhappy I used to be; and if it had not been for the beautiful, grand river, which was an inexplicable comfort to me, and a family of the name of Kennett, I think my child's heart would have broken."

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Design of the Medallion to be fixed on the birthplace of Mrs. Gaskell.

It is now nearly fifty years since Mrs. Gaskell died, and the approach of the Gaskell Centenary in 1910 caused many interesting facts to be brought to light, which otherwise would probably have passed into oblivion. Previous writers, however, who referred to Mrs. Gaskell's life had to recognise that her actual birthplace was unknown, and they simply quoted the vague reference from the *Dictionary of National Biography* and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Finding that relatives and friends of Mrs. Gaskell could not help me, in February, 1909, I wrote to the London County Council, which has always been interested in the literary landmarks of London. The reply was that the Memorial Committee had previously investigated the matter, and had come to the conclusion that the house had been demolished about the year 1830. Curiosity prompted me, however, to visit the part of Chelsea which was associated with Mrs. Gaskell's birth.

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Birth Certificate of Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson (Mrs. Gaskell).

My first difficulty was to find Lindsey Row, and after interviewing no less than seven of the old residents of Chelsea, including antiquarians and authors who dealt with the history of "the little village of palaces," I was unable to determine which part of Cheyne Walk was once known as Lindsey Row. After consulting old maps and plans in the Chelsea

Library, I concluded that it extended from the corner of Beaufort Street, formerly Beaufort Row, to the end of Milman Street—thirteen houses in all. My next point was to be quite sure which of these thirteen houses had been rebuilt, for I was still under the impression that the Memorial Committee of the London County Council had good evidence to support their conclusion. My own limited knowledge of architecture convinced me that, judging by appearances, all the houses were old, and none of them seemed to have been rebuilt as recently as 1830. To confirm my opinion I was fortunate in being permitted to search the old rate books of Chelsea from the year 1777, the year in which Mrs. Gaskell's birthplace was built. In the rate books I found that Lindsey Row consisted of twelve houses, described as "in or near Beaufort Gardens."

The following is a copy of the Register of Rates for the September quarter of 1810—the time of Mrs. Gaskell's birth.

LINDSEY ROW.

Rateable Value:	*Tenant:*	*Rates paid:* £	s.	d.
£23	Captain McKilwaine	1	1	1
£20	William Stephens	0	18	4
£60	Mary Smith	3	2	4

The "William Stephens" is a clerk's error, as I explained in my article on "The Mother of the Author of 'Cranford'" published in the January Number of THE BOOKMAN for 1912; the entry should have been William Stevenson, which is the name of Mrs. Gaskell's father, who appears afterwards in the rate books as Stephenson, and also as Stevenson. Continuing my research, I found that "William Stevens" (Stevenson) took possession of the house at the Midsummer half-quarter of 1809, paying six shillings as his proportion of the rate for that quarter. At this time I also found a William Stephenson was appointed keeper of the Records in the Treasury office, which was the position Mrs. Gaskell's father held in London. In the old Chelsea Directory, William Stephenson is entered as a tenant in Lindsey Row. In the rate books, Mr. Stevenson's name appeared as the twelfth in the list of tenants of Lindsey Row, Miss Smith occupying the thirteenth—the large house known as Belle Vue House, with a rateable value £60, whilst Captain McKilwaine was the tenth, and was rated on £23. These three houses are still assessed in the same ratio, though their values have risen considerably. I had thus proved that William Stevenson lived next to Belle Vue House, which was then the corner house in Lindsey Row, and from the rate books of 1822 I found that Thomas E. Flood built Belle Vue Cottage, adjoining Belle Vue House, which now stands at the corner of Beaufort Street, Chelsea.

Photo by Warwick Brooks, Manchester.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson (Mrs. Gaskell) before her marriage.

From a miniature painted in Edinburgh about 1830.

The fact that William Stevenson lived next to Belle Vue House was a great help in tracing the birthplace of Mrs. Gaskell, both backwards and forwards in the rate books, which were not kept so methodically in those days as they are now. In order to find the date when the house was built, I traced its history back to 1777, when the words "A new house empty," appear in the rate book, and opposite is the name of Captain McKilwaine, the ground landlord, as I found by consulting the present owner, who holds the title deeds which are dated 1777 and which prove that the land was bought by Mr. John Hatchett from Captain McKilwaine, though the land on which the next house was built belonged to Lord Cadogan.

I had now evidence that Mrs. Gaskell's father lived at the house which was 12, Lindsey Row according to the rate books, though the two houses adjoining Belle Vue House came to be known as Nos. 1 and 2, Belle Vue as the old sign-plate on the wall still shows.

My next point was to discover when the house built in 1777 had, according to the information I had received, been demolished. The rate books up to 1827 showed that the house was occupied by different tenants, for William Stevenson removed from 12, Lindsey Row, to 3, Beaufort Row, in June 1811. In the September quarter of the year 1827, in the space where the tenant's name usually appears, was a large cross in pencil, and the words "To be left blank until occupied." In 1828, 1829 and 1830 there was a blank, and in 1831 the letter E. (for empty, I presume) appeared; but in the June quarter of 1834 a Mr. Felix Whitmore was entered as tenant.

I am told by an old resident of Chelsea, that although the house was entered as empty in the rate books for no less than seven years, Mr. Charles Hatchett, an antiquarian and collector, who was the owner of the house, and owner and occupier of Belle Vue House next door, used it as a store house for his large collection of pictures, bric-à-brac, etc., and this seems to be borne out by the fact that Mr. Hatchett paid an additional rate during those years. From June, 1834, the house has been tenanted, and for several years, Mr. Caröe, the well-known architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, lived next door, and his conclusion that the house had been built before 1830 helped to prove the case.

The fact that the house was not credited with rates

for some years evidently led previous investigators to conclude that it had been demolished, although at the time it was only fifty years old. The title deeds show that the father of the present owner bought the house in 1851, and that it was an old house when he purchased it. The title deeds and the evidence derived from the rate books both prove that the present 93, Cheyne Walk, formerly 1, Belle Vue and previous to that 12, Lindsey Row, is the actual house in which Mrs. Gaskell was born.

The Chelsea rate books have been transferred to the Town Hall, but in the summer of 1909, when I spent two days examining them, they were kept at the office of the Board of Guardians. It was unfortunate that Mrs. Gaskell's birth certificate merely stated that she was born in Belle Vue, Chelsea, but as no number is given, it does not help in determining which of the four houses now known as Belle Vue was the actual birthplace, nor does it prove that the house now known as 93, Cheyne Walk is the one described as Belle Vue, Chelsea, so that without the title deeds and the evidence of the rate books, the birth certificate does not prove the actual birthplace to be in existence, though it settles the question of the date.

The many devotees of the author of "Cranford" will be glad to know that as a result of my investigations, the Memorial Committee of the London County Council has decided to place a bronze memorial tablet on 93, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, to commemorate the birthplace of Mrs. Gaskell. The design has been decided, and the tablet will shortly be fixed on the house.

Mrs. Gaskell was proud of being "a Londoner by birth" and though London has been tardy in establishing this literary landmark, yet it will be the first memorial tablet fixed to a house occupied by the author of "Cranford" and the distinguished biographer of Charlotte Brontë. Knutsford has its Gaskell Tower in quaint King Street; Manchester has its Gaskell Collection of the author's works, housed in the Moss Side Library, and there is a memorial tablet to the memory of Mrs. Gaskell in the Unitarian Chapel, Cross Street, Manchester. Chelsea will shortly add one more to its list of literary shrines, and will thus mark in a fitting manner the birthplace of one of the greatest women writers of the Victorian era.

New Books.

THE LOEB SERIES OF TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.*

Every humanist will sympathize with the aims of the enterprising founder of this series. Mr. Loeb, in the general preface which is prefixed to each volume, tells us that the idea of this Library was suggested to him by Mr. Salomon Reinach, the French savant, and that his imagination was deeply stirred by the thought that in it "might be found a practical and attractive way to revive the lagging interest in ancient literature which has for more than a generation been a matter of so much concern to educators." That the combination of text and translation on pages facing each other is both practical and attractive cannot be gainsaid. It is that of the Didot series and of others that Mr. Loeb cites. The standard English edition of Sophocles is a familiar example, and within recent times it has been adopted in two editions of Catullus. Mr. Loeb has secured for his scheme the countenance of an "Advisory Council" of an international character in a body of ten scholars of acknowledged position, which does not however include any Latinist of the first rank (for Prof. W. G. Hale of Chicago counts chiefly as a grammarian); and, as general editors, Mr. T. E. Page and Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, whose capacity to direct an undertaking that has both literary and educational importance requires no proving to an English public. Nor (to speak here of externals) has the Library been less fortunate in its printers. The type and paper are excellent, the pages of a convenient size and the volumes handy to hold. The only fault to be found is that the lines of verse should have been numbered in accordance with common practice in five's, and not in ten's, which makes it more difficult to find one's place.

The terms of the general preface, and the contents of the first ten volumes, raise directly the question: "*What* should a translation be?" and both of these suggest that to this question there is more than one answer. Some of the translations are new; others are revisions of older ones. Mr. Way's Euripides is in verse; Mr. Butler's Propertius in prose. It is clear that there should be some reason for these disparities either in the essential theory of translation itself or in the conditions of its application. Translation on the old lines has been compared to engraving; its operations are minute, punctilious and slow. But the methods of our modern paraphrast, the plaything of the reaction against literality, may be compared to the scene-painter's. His reproductions are lively and true, provided you do not look too close. Details must be sacrificed, lines thickened and colours heightened, to suit the position of the spectator. When a translation of this kind is placed side by side with the original, of which it professes to be a copy, dissatisfaction is sure to arise and to create a sense of discomfort, which will be great if the reproduction is seen to be false as well as inadequate. Let me illustrate the risk of this from Mr. Sargeaunt's version of Terence. The slaves in Terence consistently address their masters by name; Mr. Sargeaunt as consistently renders the proper name by "Sir." This modernizing certainly gives greater life to the translation, and just as certainly it obliterates a characteristic touch of ancient manners, which may be paralleled from the modes of address current in certain towns in the North of England. And we may be content with Davus's "Seems to me a *damned* improbable story," till we compare it with "mi quidem *hercle* non fit ueri simile" *Andr.*, l. 224. Fidelity, not force, must be the first aim of the translator, and his guiding principle should be that of all idiomatic renderings of his original the one nearest to that original is best.

The use of an archaic translation is exposed to dangers of its own. It practically interposes another medium between our mental vision and its object. To change the metaphor, the genuine flavour of antiquity is dashed with Elizabethan or Jacobean sauce. In the translation of "St. Augustine's Confessions," adapted by Dr. Rouse, this makes itself felt less than it would elsewhere owing to the prevalence of the symbolic and the traditional in the expression of religious emotions.

As for the translation of verse, far harder task than that of prose, I am with those who hold, as Conington did, that the metrical form of an original is a feature which the translator is bound to preserve—if he can; and so I welcome

* The Loeb Classical Library. Edited by T. E. Page, M.A., and W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D. First 10 volumes. Cloth 5s. net; Leather 6s. 6d. net, each volume. (Heinemann.)

the inclusion in the series of a Euripides in verse. Failing this, and, unhappily, in many cases it must remain a counsel of perfection, I think that the rendering of a verse original should be differentiated in rhythm from prose; and I am glad to see that, consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Butler's version of Propertius has to a large extent been influenced by this consideration.

The Preface claims, and emphasises the claim by italics, that the Library will consist of "a uniform series of the *best* texts." Unless the phrase is the offspring of inexperience or a too sanguine temperament, it is to be understood in the qualified sense of the best texts *available*. The texts issued in the first instalment are on the whole reasonably good texts; but to ask them to be taken as the best texts possible would be to ask too much.

Mr. F. C. Conybeare has translated the "Life of Apollonius of Tyana" by Philostratus, the letters ascribed to Apollonius and the pamphlet in which the biography and its subject are the subject of a criticism by Eusebius. The text which he follows in all but some six passages is Kayser's second one. Kayser had improved it after the criticisms of Cobet in Vol. VIII. of "Mnemosyne"; but he might have improved it more, and Mr. Conybeare would have done well to accept a number of the great Dutch scholar's suggestions. That Philostratus did not use the base form καταδαρθέντες II. 36 *fin.*, is shown by the correct infinitive καταδαρθεῖν in the previous chapter. In VI. 25, Kayser, in ignorance, perhaps, of the ease with which βορά̃ν could be confused with ἀγορά̃ν in Greek cursive, rejects that correction for his own much more improbable change of βρώσεως to πράσεως, and thus gives us an unheard-of appellation for a tribe, "the elephant-sellers," in place of the "elephant-eaters," for which there are numerous analogies, and one, "the man-eaters," in the very next sentence. We might, too, have been spared Kayser's sins against metre (Empedocles, ap. I. i., *Il.*, 4.451, ap. V. 26). Mr. Conybeare's translation is pleasant to read. It renders the "light" touch of his author; and, apart from a certain redundance and concession to the fashionable laxity, and occasional slips, *e.g.*, at I. 7, where the young eagles are said "to snuff the quarry," instead of the odour of the burnt-offering, and *ib.*, 24 p. 72, where Eretria and Athens are seemingly both made "neighbours of Eubœa," it is sufficiently exact. Perhaps one may regret his adoption of the tiresome and out-of-date habit of prefixing "O" to the vocatives.

Dr. Rouse adopts the translation of "St. Augustine's Confessions" by W. Watts, published in 1631. The Latin is given almost invariably by the text of Knöll (Teubner). The bibliography does not mention the apparently still unfinished edition by F. Ramorino, 1909, nor, a stranger omission, Gibb's and Montgomery's commentary (Cambridge, 1908). The text of Knöll is a sound one, though he was too much enamoured of one particular manuscript. But it is not immaculate; thus in VI. 8. *peruiam* = *obuiam* is required by the sense. Nor was it the text of Watts; and Dr. Rouse has not removed all the discrepancies thus arising between the Latin and the English. Three instances of this occur in the chapter already cited; the words (1) *et ibi constituistis;* (2) *oculos* (after *aperuit*); and (3) *prius* before *abductus est* translated by Watts are not to be found in Knöll.

Dr. Rouse shows a commendable reluctance to alter much in the version he has taken; but he appears to expect from ordinary readers his own familiarity with our earlier English. To such "*recollecting* myself out of that broken condition" (II. 1) will only seem bizarre; but "abler" for *opulentiorum*, *ib.*, 3 and "calumnies," (VI. 3) for *calumniarum* where "cavils" is meant, are likely to mislead. In the latter case there is no possible objection to the change, as "cavilling" is given for *calumniosorum* in Ch. 5. Retouching in these respects need not have impaired the literary quality of the version.

Mr. Way's two volumes include nine of the plays attributed to Euripides. His text is of the kind that is often called "safe." To take the beginning of the "Helena," he rightly rejects the correction of Nauek at 112, but wrongly that of Wecklein, at 354, and of Verrall at 381. Examples from the "Troades" are his retention of ἥμην (474) and ἐκεῖνοι without an obelus (1188). His translation in verse was already known and favourably esteemed; it has now been improved by "many hundreds of corrections." The spirit and vigour of much of it is notable, and in the dialogue it often reaches, and usually approaches, the goal of faithful translation. But in the choric portions his rhyming and double rhyming prevent him from achieving this result. Sometimes, indeed—as in the commos of the "Iph. Taur.", 153–169—Mr. Way surprises us by the deftness with which, in spite of all, he renders the Greek; but more often his glittering phrases and resonant lines are a long way from the original. The risks that dog a free translation may be shown by one example. In "Electra," 730, Euripides describes how light fled from the sight of Thyestes' crime; Zeus turned back "the bright face of the Dawn." Mr. Way, repeating an error of Paley, who renders "grey," expands this into "the misty eyes of the morning grey," a wholly false image. Mr. Way takes most licence in his translation, or rather travesty, of the "Cyclops," now published for the first time. He has missed the significance of the satyric drama which was burlesque, not comedy, and still less farce. That he has missed it, a comparison with Shelley's incomplete translation will show, or the mere consideration of such phrases as these: "All right. Fetch out your cheeses and your mutton" (162). "Paris' gaudy *bags*" (182). "Callooh! Callay!" (464). "His teeth are foul wi' flesh o' man! He's damned to hell for a' that!" (374).

Terence is naturally associated with Westminster School, which, in Mr. John Sargeaunt, has supplied the series with a very competent workman. His text is sound. In the first 800 lines of the "Hautontimorumenos" there is, perhaps, nothing to evoke protest beyond his rejection of Bentley's reading at 125; and if the prominence given in the Preface to a violent emendation of "Andria," 940–1, brings a Westminster Latinist into too close a proximity to that great scholar, this is only a mistimed offering to the genius of the place. Mr. Sargeaunt's uneasy devotion to the traditions of an institution that has not yet wholly shed its mediæval slough may have prejudiced some of his critical and literary judgments, as when he disputes, on an irrelevant issue, the estimate of Terence by Cæsar; but it has not injured his translation. This, in the style of the older rather than of the most recent English comedy, is spirited, terse and euphonious; a rendering both readable and actable. In the main, it is faithful too, though sometimes exactness is sacrificed to other considerations. I will take one case where the loss is greater than the gain. In "Hautont," 379, *saltem salutare* is rendered "Just one kiss." But Clitophon does not ask Syrus to let him kiss Bacchis, only give her good-day, and Syrus will not trust him even so far.

Having had to translate a considerable part of Propertius myself I sympathize with Mr. Butler in the task that has been allotted to him. The selection of the author of the only complete commentary in English since Paley was a very natural one; but Mr. Loeb was ill-advised in including this author in the first instalment of his Library. Propertian scholars, at accord on little enough, would, no doubt, agree that texts produced under present conditions have little chance of permanence. In such circumstances the translator's lot is a hard one. He cannot take refuge in silence, so often the shelter of the nonplussed editor and commentator. He must face the dismal choice between perverse translation and unsatisfying correction. Mr. Butler's text of 1912 differs from that of 1905 in what, with another author than Propertius, would be deemed a considerable number of passages; but his critical position has altered little. It may be summed up in saying that he deals better with the superficial than the deeper corruptions of the text. Thus no regard is paid in either edition to Santen's *tua* for *mea* at II. 20, 10, where Propertius says that he will break through all obstacles, bronze chains and

iron tower of Danae, to come to his love, and the vulgate puts this tower to the novel use of confining the *lover*; and if Mr. Butler will compare Cic. ad Fam. IX., 22, 5, with Catullus, 54, 4 (Scotch and German papers please copy), he will find that "nymphis *leuiter crepitantibus*" II. 32, 15, might suggest to a Roman an idea very different from that of "Naiads babbling through the streets of Rome." There are not a few places where I should say that Mr. Butler's text is right but his rendering incorrect; but to go further into these here would have the effect of depreciating what, all things considered, may be described as a useful and estimable performance.

J. P. POSTGATE.

FREDERIC HARRISON AMONG HIS BOOKS.*

A book from Frederic Harrison is always something to be received with gratitude. He has a flexible style that reaches from easy colloquialism to virile eloquence, and, as befits "a sworn foe to specialism of any sort" (p. 4), his interests range over, apparently, the whole field of literature and history. He is permeated by the Positivism of Auguste Comte, but this does not prevent him from having at least a spice of the Positivism of John Bull. A score of books carry his name as author and they can all be read with pleasure and profit, and with the greatest pleasure and profit by those who do not insist that their authors shall view things exclusively from the reader's own point of view. Although the world cannot be precisely divided into those who do and those who do not approve of Positivism all perfervid opponents of Aguste Comte and all his works will act wisely in carefully studying the writings of Frederic Harrison. It is pleasant to find him among his books and to listen to the gossip of an octogenarian on the authors that have pleased him whether in youth or in old age. We hear his views on Homer, on Tennyson, on Ruskin, on Lord Rosebery. He tells us of the poets that he loves, he discourses on great biographies. In history his topics are as remote as the Roman Empire on the Bosphorus, and as recent as Chatham's creation of the British Empire by his policy that made the whole of North America English when otherwise it might have been partly if not wholly French. And that the great work of Chatham as he planned it was shattered by the stupidity of the Ministers of George III. and their still more stupid master is one of the tragedies of history. Mr. Harrison says that Frederick of Prussia and Washington had no direct relations with each other (p. 252), but there is a curious legend which connects them, for John Brown at Harper's Ferry was armed with a sword which tradition said the great German had presented to the great American.

Mr. Frederic Harrison is an accomplished bookman, and gives a capital account of that boon to students, the Subject Catalogue of the London Library, but it is somewhat of a shock to learn that he classifies his own library—ranging from "Lagrange on Analytic Functions" to "Pickwick"—not by subjects but by sizes. The slight economy of space thus obtained is purchased at far too great a price when John Henry Newman, Bunyan and Häckel are placed cheek by jowl. Comte in 1851 published a list "to guide the more thoughtful among the people in their choice of books for constant use." An English version of this, first published in 1886 and revised in the present year, is an interesting contribution to the difficult art of book selection. Mr. Harrison's commentary explains some of the apparent oddities of the list which it has to be remembered was "avowedly provisional." Still it cannot be fairly said that Protestantism is adequately represented by one book and that book Bossuet's controversial treatise on the history of Protestant divergencies. On the other hand no one who really appreciates Thomas à Kempis would care about Corneille's feeble paraphrase of the "Imitatio," in French verse except as a curiosity. Like many other lists that of Comte fails to distinguish between books that record facts, the constants of physical and historical science, and the books that seek to influence conduct either directly or by the stimulation of the imagination or of the soul. De Quincey's division was the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The possession of a modest encyclopædia would enable the studious Positivist to dispense with many of the compilations that find a place in Comte's list and are now absolutely obsolete. The difference may be illustrated by the temporary value of such a book as that of Malte-Brun—excellent in its day and of its kind—and the perpetual value of Plato—who does not figure in this Positivist Library. The personal equation comes in when Comte excludes the "Bride of Lammermoor," because Lucy Ashton "betrays a weakness of character unworthy of her sex." In annotating this list, and in many other places, Frederic Harrison emphasises, as Emerson did, the value of translations. It is the merest pedantry of affectation to think that the average man who can read Greek is able to interpret for himself the text of Euripides as successfully as it has been done for the English reader by Professor Gilbert Murray, who unites the not always concurrent gifts of the accomplished scholar and the true poet. But let the reader who accepts the aid of translators make sure that they are trustworthy. Mr. Harrison's annotations are very useful. Comte included Cornaro's "Vita Sobria" in his list. The commonest of the English translations have not been made direct but by way of Latin and French versions, but Mr. Harrison at once picks out the only complete English translation of the delightful gossip of the old Italian who is equally proud of the dramas he wrote in old age and of his method for the recovery of shattered health. Mr. Harrison in praising Plutarch says with epigramatic truth that "the conventional biography records what the person *did*: the true biography what the person *was*." Most readers of the "Parallel Lives" ignore the "Moralia;" it would be interesting to have Frederic Harrison's opinion of that wonderful collection of essays about things on earth and in the moon, but unluckily he is silent on that side of Plutarch.

Amongst the modern topics discussed by Mr. Harrison are the artistic position of Rodin (whom he regards as a caricaturist), the centenary of Tennyson, and the Coronation of Queen Victoria and that of King George, both of which he witnessed. There is also a delightful chapter of travelling impressions:

> "When first I knew France under Louis Phillippe, Guizot and Marshal Soult, the opponent of Wellington in Spain, were in power; Louis Napoleon was a prisoner at Ham; the Emperor Napoleon's widow and his brother Jerome, were still living; and his body had only just been restored to France. In things visible—and to some extent in things political and social—France was much as it had been at the Restoration of Louis the Eighteenth in 1815. The only means of locomotion was by means of diligence, post-chaises, or the ponderous hooded gig. Each department—almost each village—had its local costumes and manners; the old provincial life as described by Balzac, Hugo, Erckmann-Chatrian, was in full career with its markets, fairs, pardons, and pilgrimages. The churches and cathedrals were still undefiled by the hand of the restorer, and they were full of honest worshippers."

This and other incidental passages mark the changes that have come in the lifetime of Frederic Harrison. And happily he has found that there is a charm in old age which, as Cicero puts it, is not tedious but pleasant. "Nec solum non molesta, sed etiam jucunda." So mote it be.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

* "Among My Books: Centenaries, Reviews, Memoirs." By Frederic Harrison. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

LIFE IN THE DESERT.*

Mr. Douglas' name is already familiar to discriminating readers by reason of his contributions, to *The English Review*, and of his book "Siren Land"—that delightful and ironical volume of Italian impressions. "Fountains in the Sand" should widen his reputation, for it is the work of an exquisite literary artist, who has the mind not only of a poet but of a shrewd and competent observer, and who

* "Fountains in The Sand." By Norman Douglas. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

adds to his other qualifications those of learning and philosophy. For the book before us is no ordinary travel book, although its ostensible *raison d'être* is to describe the desert towns of Southern Tunisia, such towns as Gafsa, Metlaoui, and Nefta. No, it is something quite different and much higher—a book of reflections, as it were, roused by contemplation of the desert and its dwellers. His style is so extraordinarily finished, and his tone, though romantic, so politely sceptical, that he reminds one strongly of some of these old French writers whose polish always seems half malicious. But perhaps this is rather unfair on Mr. Douglas, whose irony, cutting as it is, is yet genial. For he is nothing if not a thorough man of the world, cynical, disillusioned, but very sensitive to impressions. The book is full of really beautiful descriptions, especially, perhaps, the latter part, when he has escaped from deadly cold Gafsa to the warm oasis of Nefta. If only there had been a map it would have been a great convenience as it would have shown us exactly what ground he covered, but, of course, in the very idea of the book, all that is subsidiary. It is the atmosphere he creates that is so valuable, and possibly some precious part of that would actually have been dissipated by so concrete a thing as a map. As a substitute, he has given us some charming photographs.

Mr. Douglas' opinion of the natives of these desert-towns is by no means flattering, nor does he think that the French have carried out their occupation in a satisfactory manner, but he is enthusiastic over such a pioneer as the late Monsieur Philippe Thomas, the discoverer of the vast phosphate deposits at Metlaoui. But with all his critical dislike of the dirt and discomfort of a place like Gafsa, he infinitely prefers it to the tourist-ridden delights of Biskra and similar spots. For him, the untrodden path is sweetest—he hates all the sugary romance of the guide-book desert. It would be interesting to hear his opinions on "The Garden of Allah"—well, perhaps that depends on whether you admire Mr. Hichens or not.

In short, this is a type of book of which we get too little. The author is one of those rare people who are truly romantic and yet always have their feet firmly on earth. And he is full of curious information, which he presents to us, not in heavy slabs but in small doses that seem to fall accidentally from his lips. "Fountains in the Sand" is a remarkable book.

RICHARD CURLE.

A STEPCHILD OF THE CZAR.*

This is an intensely interesting book. It is the life story of a Russian Jewish girl, who spent the early years of her childhood under the menacing shadow of Czardom, and then passed, by the emigration of her parents, into the spacious freedom of America. At seasons convenient to the politician we hear much of the alien immigrant; and we, in London at least, are familiar with him in all his forms, from Turiddu of Saffron Hill to Isaac of Petticoat or Park Lane. Moreover, we have our views of him, which we express at length in the newspapers; but do we ever really think about him—his loves, his affections, his domesticities, his humanity? Ill would it become the countrymen of the artist Shakespeare, whose tragic Shylock so often gets the better of the comic Jew designed by the commercial Shakespeare, and becomes Israel itself articulate, chanting *super flumina Babylonis*—ill would it become us who speak the tongue of Shakespeare to look abroad across Europe for instruction in handling the alien. But, who knows? We yet may rise to the heights of Continental efficiency, and prove worthy even of Holy Russia, our friend and ally in the task of crushing the impudent attempt of Persian nationalists to cleanse and re-make their country.

I suppose Christianity means to the Russian Jew much the same as it meant to the countrymen of Atahuallpa. At least, this is how the Cross in Russia appears to our author:

"Fedora Pavlovna would tell us that the Russian people were not to blame. It was the priests, she said, who taught the people to hate the Jews. . . . I tried not to look in the corner where the icon was when I came into a Gentile house. I was afraid of the cross. Everybody was, in Polotzk—all the Jews, I mean. . . . For it was the cross that made the priests, and the priests made our troubles, as even some Christians admitted. The Gentiles said we had killed their God, which was absurd, as they never had a God, nothing but images. Besides, what they accused us of happened so long ago. Everybody had been dead for ages who could have had anything to do with it. . . . To worship the cross and to torment a Jew was the same thing. That is why we feared the cross."

So much for religion. Now what of the State?

"You went out to play one morning, and saw a little knot of people gathered around a lamp-post. There was a notice on it—a new order from the chief of police. You pushed into the crowd, and stared at the placard, but you could not read. A woman with a ragged shawl looked down upon you, and said, with a bitter kind of smile, 'Rejoice, rejoice, little girl! The chief of police bids you rejoice. There shall be a pretty flag flying from every housetop to-day, because it is the Czar's birthday, and we must celebrate. Come and watch the poor people pawn their samovars and candlesticks, to raise money for a pretty flag. It is a holiday, little girl. Rejoice . . .' You accept the hint and go and watch the people buy their flags. . . . One customer puts down a few kopecks on the counter, saying, 'Give me a piece of flag. This is all the money I have. Give me the red and the blue; I'll tear up my shirt for the white.' You know it is no joke. The flag must show from every house, or the owner will be dragged to the police-station, to pay a fine of twenty-five roubles."

There is a moral here—not to say several—for the free Briton in all these islands. I forbear the exposition. The life of a child cribbed, cabined and confined in the Jewish quarter of a Russian town is movingly described. Incidentally there is a picture of the women's

The Gravedigger of Polotzk.

From "The Promised Land," by Mary Antin. (Heinemann.)

* "The Promised Land." By Mary Antin. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

bathing house, not unworthy to be set by the side of Dostoieffsky's terrible vignette of the convicts at their bath in Siberia. Trouble was ahead for the little Jewish girl. The father plunged several times into commercial adventures for which he was lamentably unfit. Apparently he bequeathed some of his commercial incapacity to his daughter, who assisted the mother in serving goods from the store. She delivered tea to one customer:

"She sniffed and sniffed. She pinched the tea, she shook it all out on the counter.

"'*Na*, take it back,' she said, in disgust; 'this is not the tea I always buy. It's a poorer quality.'

"I knew the woman was mistaken. I was acquainted with my mother's several grades of tea. So I spoke up manfully. 'Oh, no,' I said; 'this is the tea my mother always sends you. There is no worse tea!'"

And so a customer was lost. The family lingered on in the bondage of Russia, longing for the exodus that was to take them to the "Promised Land"—not Palestine, but America. At last the chance came; and away they went to the wonderful country where knowledge was not a crime, where even a little girl, hungry for books, could go to school and learn all the wonders of the world. The introduction to the "school ma'am" is quite moving:

"But the figure that challenged attention was the tall, straight father, with his earnest face and fine forehead, nervous hands eloquent in gesture, and a voice full of feeling. This foreigner, who brought his children to school as if it were an act of consecration, who regarded the teacher of the primer class with reverence, who spoke of visions, like a man inspired, in a common schoolroom, was not like other aliens who brought their children in dull obedience to the law. I think Miss Nixon guessed what my father's best English could not convey. I think she divined that by the simple act of delivering our school certificates, he took possession of America."

Of her further adventures, her meeting with that great old veteran, Edward Everett Hale, and her ambition to write, let the book itself speak. Its vivid story and its clean good style are themselves testimony to the brave spirit of this alien child, once stepchild of the Czar, and now a daughter of America.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A LETTER BAG.*

Mrs. Stirling, who achieved fame with an admirable biography of her ancestor "Coke of Norfolk," first Earl of Leicester, last year published a selection of the Cannon Hall papers, entitled "Annals of a Yorkshire House." Encouraged by the reception given to that work, Mrs. Stirling has now given to the world a further selection of the family correspondence. Much of the charm of the work now under consideration is due to the interludes of the author, whose acquaintance with the Georgian era is so profound that she is never at a loss for a character-sketch, an anecdote, or an explanation. Indeed, a book is rarely given forth that is so admirably and interestingly annotated. Illustrations are a feature of this book, and there is especially to be noted a portrait of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope, grandmother of Mrs. Stirling, a lady apparently at once so beautiful and charming, that Mrs. Stirling must often have addressed to the painting those lines of Locker-Lampson (with a difference):

"If Barber's touch be true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!"

In her preface Mrs. Stirling mentions that in this "Letter Bag" there "is represented the social existence of two generations and the current gossip of over half a century, as first set forth by their nimble pens in all the freshness of novelty." None may gainsay this statement, for the first letter is dated 1805 and the last 1868. The correspondence, it must be confessed, is not of first-rate importance, but the book makes very good reading, and throws light on many folks who moved in the Society of the day. "One

* "The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope." Compiled from the Cannon Hall Papers, 1806–1873. By A. M. W. Stirling. With numerous Illustrations. Two Volumes. 32s. net. (John Lane.)

Barber Pinxit. **Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope,**
Youngest daughter of Thomas William, 1st Earl of Leicester of the second creation, and wife of John Spencer-Stanhope, Esqre., of Cannon Hall.

From "The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope." (Lane.)

night [at the opera] we were a good deal amused by having His Royal Highness and his *chère amie* in the next box to us, really they squabbled so you would have imagined they were man and wife," Marianne Spencer-Stanhope, early in 1805 wrote to her brother John. The "*chère amie*" was, of course, Mrs. Fitzherbert, who, though it was not then known, had twenty years earlier been secretly married to the Prince of Wales. For Mrs. Fitzherbert Miss Spencer-Stanhope had no great respect, nor for the King's sons, as witness the following extract from another of her letters written during the same season:

"Our neighbour, Mrs. Fitzherbert, in the next box to our own, affords us plenty of amusement. I shall almost become an adept at finding out royalty by their conversation, from frequently overhearing what passes between the Lady, and not only one but several of Their Royal Highnesses. I will give you an infallible guide to a Royal conversation. Stupidity for its basis, an ignorance of intellectual merit for one prop, and a contempt of moral excellence for the other; witticisms, *doubles entendres*, mimicry, and every species of oath that any English gentleman ever made use of for the *fond*; as a whole, you may call it double refined folly and vulgarity. This is only doing justice to the conversations I have overheard; far be it from me to wish to diminish the meridian lustre with which these noble gentlemen shine. Let me rather forgive *them* for understanding who have no conduct and those for conduct who have no understanding. The excellent qualifications of the Lady as an associate are evident, she has neither conduct nor understanding."

The judgment may be harsh, but how well that girl of nineteen wrote. As we read on we meet such dandies as "Skiffy," Petersham, "Golden Ball" Hughes, and "Kangaroo" Cooke; such a wit as Alvanley; such theatrical favourites as young Roscius and Maria Foote; and such a soldier as Blücher. That rough diamond, we learn, at a banquet, after an honorary degree had been conferred upon him at Oxford, "got hopelessly tipsy, and was found afterwards strolling about the College by himself, totally incapable of finding his way back to his lodgings." We are re-introduced to Lady Hertford, but is her *liaison* with the Prince of Wales so well-established as Mrs. Stirling assumes? The general impression is that

though His Royal Highness sat at the noble dame's feet, if he sighed for her favours, he sighed in vain. When the Marchioness was asked if she was acquainted with Lady Conyngham, "Well as I knew the Prince," she replied, with dignity, "he would never have ventured to introduce his mistress to me." It is possible, therefore, that Mrs. Stanhope was not wrong when she wrote that "Lady Hertford is very busy trying to bring about a reconciliation between the Prince and Princess." In these volumes we meet such different folk as the Princess of Wales, Hudson the Railway King, Mary Anne Clarke and the Duke of York, Mrs. Disraeli, and "The Little Admiral," Sir Harry Keppel; and are taken to the opera, the Argyll Rooms (before they became infamous), the clubs, and the Salon des Etrangers at Paris. There is a pen-portrait of Mrs. Disraeli at Fryston in 1844 that cannot be omitted:

"Mrs. D'Izzy was in a lace dress, looped up on each side, over pink satin, and a wreath on her head, though, I should think, near fifty. However, she is very amusing and off-hand, saying everything that comes uppermost and unfeignedly devoted to her D'Izzy. She does not give herself airs, and seems very good-natured."

At parting from this entertaining work, it may be mentioned that it contains references to the engagement and honeymoon of almost the last surviving link between the Georgian era and the present day, Lady Dorothy Nevill.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

RODIN ON ART.*

Talking art is one thing, revealing the inner meaning of art as the result of long and masterly practice, another. M. Paul Gsell's record of the *obiter dicta* of Auguste Rodin taken down from time to time after a series of friendly interviews and published with the approval of the great sculptor, belongs to the latter category. Nothing further in the nature of appraisal need be said of the book, save that the author deserves honour not only for the skill with which he has recorded his conversations with Rodin, but for the consummate art he has displayed in revealing just enough personalia to lend reality to the interviews. The tendency to-day is to allow personal detail to obscure idea. M. Paul Gsell has not done so; on the contrary, he has given us several vivid little glimpses of the man Rodin at work and at leisure, but in every case he has contrived to use such personal glimpses as auxiliaries to the discussion of the master's view of Art. That view although not altogether new to the world, for Rodin has on several occasions expressed opinions to friends and interviewers upon his own art, that of others, and of art in the abstract, but these opinions are either lost in ephemeral journals or scattered over many books. Thus the present volume gives us for the first time a considerable body of the sculptor's artistic philosophy under one cover. It is a kind of anthology of Rodin's opinions about art, and coming as it does from so great an artist, who is also known as one who has pondered the problems and ideas of his craft, it must rank with the notable expressions of artistic opinions. Less comprehensive than Ruskin and Morris, and with nothing of the large puritanism of Tolstoy, or the culture-heroism of Nietzsche, and entirely free of the artistic insolence of Whistler and Oscar Wilde, Rodin does in a sense act as a sort of bond between all of these seemingly conflicting attitudes, because you are convinced that his opinions are merely the by-products of an art and not attempting to be art in themselves. Rodin has worked first and talked last, or rather, talked by the way, for he will work last as well as first, and his real achievement is to be found in statuary not philosophy or criticism. This gives his views upon art a natural value which those of the others, despite their importance, lack. You feel that Rodin has analysed the processes of his craft whilst working, and discussed with himself the technique of imagination and feeling whilst these were guiding those strong sensitive hands of his and those exacting visionary eyes in their creative work upon clay and marble. And knowing this, one is less inclined to discuss his conclusions where they differ from one's own as to accept them because of their origin. Such homage does the mind pay to art. In discussing realism, for instance, Rodin declares himself to be an uncompromising naturalist. "I obey Nature in everything," he says: "and I never pretend to command her. My only ambition is to be servilely faithful to her." And when M. Gsell suggested that it was not Nature exactly as it is that he invoked in his work, Rodin replied: "Yes, exactly as it is!" But after further pressure from his interlocutor, without yielding from his original position, he admitted that mere copying was not the ultimate aim of the artist although it must ever be the method. By such a process art caught the spirit of nature accentuating and exaggerating unconsciously for the benefit of greater realism. "The only principle in art is to copy what you see," he says. But seeing for Rodin connotes feeling, it is an operation of eye and heart, and the unity of the two distinguishes the artist from the ordinary man. Thus the naturalism of Rodin becomes something more than mere copying, as those who know his works would agree, despite the hottest protestations of the great sculptor. But even he would help us to agree with him for he admits that the "mediocre man copying nature will never produce a work of art." All of which amounts to saying that the artist not only copies nature but during that act he copies himself into nature for he and nature are one. And from such an angle we can understand Rodin's final word upon realism, that "the artist has only to trust to his eyes," realising that it is at one with our own William Blake's differentiation of seeing *with* and *through* the eye. The artist can afford to trust to mere optical vision because he cannot escape his inner vision. And if such a rendering of Rodin's thought be true, as I think it is, it joins issue with that of those thinkers who look upon art as interpretation of nature rather than exact representation. Later on in this book of conversations Rodin supports this idea when he says:

"Art shows man his *raison d'être*. It reveals to him the meaning of life, it enlightens him upon his destiny, and consequently points him on his way. When Titian painted that marvellously aristocratic society, where each person carries written in his face, imprinted in his gestures and noted in his costume, the pride of intellect, of authority and of wealth, he set before the patricians of Venice the ideal which they wished to realize. When Poussin composed his clear, majestic, orderly landscapes, where Reason seems to reign; when Puget swelled the muscles of his heroes; when Watteau sheltered his charming yet melancholy lovers beneath mysterious shades; when Houdon caused Voltaire to smile, and Diana, the huntress, to run so lightly; when Rude, in carving the *Marseillaise*, called old men and children to his country's aid—these great French masters polished in turn some of the facets of our national soul; this one, order; this one, energy; this one, elegance; this one, wit; this one, heroism; and all, the joy of life and of free action, and they kept alive in their compatriots the distinctive qualities of our race."

But Auguste Rodin does not see the need of art only in the fine arts. He is at one with John Ruskin and William Morris in his recognition of the need for the expression of the artistic spirit in all works. Like them he knows that artists take joy in their work because they are artists and their work is art, and he sees no reason why that joy in work and its resultant art should not follow all occupations. He sees that what is most lacking in the modern world is love of work, though it is not clear that he has any idea of the causes of this lack of interest. Nevertheless he is convinced that the same sort of passion which inspires the artist might and should inspire all who work with like happy results. And he knows also, with the author of "Unto this Last" and our great craftsman who revived so many noble arts and crafts for us, that time was when man possessed in a very large measure the intimacy of hand and soul which produces results equal to the arts, and that what common things have survived to us from those days are beautiful and likeable as well as useful. Thus Rodin in mind, as well as in craft, protests against the divorce of the fine arts from the common arts. He creates not for luxury and aloofness, but for utility and familiarity, and in that he is in the tradition of the great builders of life, the inspired architects of human kind.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

* "Art." By Auguste Rodin. From the French of Paul Gsell. 16s net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MARKINO THE CHILD.*

But, one is inclined to ask, how can a person like Markino speak about the days of childhood as if they were over? He is surely one of those in whom the child has happily survived, so that he looks with wonder on the magic show, whatever it may be, and those in whom the child has vanished gather from his pages a delightful sorrow. In his other books he has expressed himself as children would if there existed not the stupid gate of language; if they could convey to us their thoughts it is most probable that they would often have resemblance to Markino's. This of course, is not meant to allude to his especial, private English, but to what he would convey. His English has been thought to be an affectation, and the more successful he has been the louder grows that horrid chorus which insists that, an he would, he—such a clever fellow—could write the correctest English in the world. As a matter of fact he, even like Disraeli and Meredith, speaks as he writes. That he and they could do otherwise is open to discussion, but as the talk and novels of Disraeli were eminently characteristic, and those of Meredith certainly not less so, thus it is with Markino. If he made the effort he could probably speak and write with the utmost conventionality; he could clothe his thoughts as he arrays his person. Long may the fatal day be in appearing when he will repress his individuality. If we were all as wise as he, we would each have our private English that would give an accurate expression to our sacred thoughts. Yes, so it is; for if we have an individuality, it finds expression in our style. The best style, admittedly, is that which is a mirror of the soul. Therefore let no one say that Yoshio Markino's style is otherwise than excellent. Whatever he may yet become—from his powers of observation it may be that he will still develop until he is Occidental as an author just as he has, with complete absence of affectation, become an Occidental artist. For the time being, however, his thoughts are not as our thoughts and his utterance of them is not as ours would be. Whether he is satisfied, to reach this stage is not a matter that we need discuss. What is most certain is that even if his present writings tickle him as much as they tickle his faithful public, they are not persisted in because he knows that they are popular.

Having thus broken a lance with some of his critics and waved—he in his broken English might have spelled it "waived"—a bamboo at him for pretending that he is a child no longer, we may sit down to enjoy the pleasant years when San Francisco's cruelty was far away. This is, in truth, one of the most tender and most charming books that we have ever read. The pathos and the laughter go, as they should always go, together; and on almost every page one feels as if one's own experience were enriched. Surely it will now be introduced in English families, this mirror of Markino's parents which they held in front of him when he gave way to tears. "I hated," he says, "to see my own face so ugly with the tear-marks, and I immediately began to laugh. Very often when I wanted to cry a little longer I used to scream, 'Oh, don't show me the glass for a few moments!'" His father obviously was uncommon, even in Japan; his wisdom in the matter of the school-books, when he said he was prepared to buy a hundred of the self-same book. "If one can take every word into his heart," said he, "what does it matter to tear the books into pieces?" And the teacher was so much impressed that he apologised to the seven-year-old boy.

The missionary school experiences are extremely, even poignantly, interesting. We cannot discuss them here. Only they make us think it doubtful if one realises of what value are these writings of a Japanese who at the same time is not moved by mere patriotic fervour, as are the majority of his countrymen who would accept any religion which it pleased the Emperor to lay upon them. Page after page of this book shows Markino as a quaint, sagacious child, even as his father was sagacious in the matter of the books.

* "When I was a Child," by Yoshio Markino. 6s. net. (Constable).

Photo by Serrier, Paris. **Mlle. de Lévis-Mirepoix. (Claude Silve).**

It may well remind us of that mediæval Arab who exclaimed:

> "What matter if the book to ruin be addressed,
> When all that therein was is printed in my breast?"

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THREE FRENCH NOVELS.*

Three exceptional contributions to French fiction have recently come within our ken, the first representative of the old French irony and mockery the last two suggestive of new types and new phases of thought in the French mind and the French capital. Anatole France has seldom written anything finer than "Les Dieux ont Soif." We have all probably meditated on the state of Paris under the Reign of Terror, have wondered how we should have comported ourselves among the perils and monsters of that sanguinary and frenzied time, and pictured our surroundings in terms as lurid and as extravagant as those employed by Carlyle or by Dickens in "The Tale of Two Cities." We scarcely reflect that the Jacobin domination lasted for nearly two years, and that the essential character of men and women whose habit of thought has become set cannot be profoundly modified by external changes extending over a considerable period of time. Anatole France sedulously avoids every opportunity of making our flesh creep. He is concerned to show how almost all even of the serious historians of the time have fallen into journalistic forms of exaggeration, how people, under changed outward conditions, went about their usual avocations with much of the ordinary nonchalance of human beings, how they dressed extravagantly, discussed art theories, maligned and perjured each other, went to places of amusement and pursued all kinds of amorous diversion very much in the same spirit that they do these things under the most ordinary circumstances. Gamelin, the hero, with a classical profile and a

* "Les Dieux ont Soif." By Anatole France. (Calmann-Levy.)

"L'Evasion: Histoire d'une femme d'aujourd'hui." By M. L. Alméras (Mrs. David Nutt).

"La Cité des Lampes: Ouvrage Couronné." By Claude Silve. (Calmann-Levy.)

gentle humanitarian spirit is a fanatic in the people's cause. The spell thrown by his countenance, his melancholy, his far-away look, his spiritual earnestness over the fancy of some of the fair intrigantes who fished in the troubled waters of 1792, procured his nomination to a committee of the Revolutionary Tribunal. As in 1650, with us, so in the France of 1792, the "committee" was all powerful. It was composed not of rich or influential persons, but of men of the impecunious and often of the humblest ranks, stern and incorruptible in their spirit of devotion to what they regarded as the most sacred of trusts—the cause of the people. Marat on account of his hypertrophied hate and suspicion was revered by them as a hero, and then worshipped as a martyr. They are supported, not by instant strength, old tradition, or the symbolical force of an organised and widely representative State, but simply by the public opinion of the dominant mob in the capital, convinced still that in continued subversion lies the only hope of an issue from their grievous afflictions, and by the prestige of the distant armies over which they maintain a precarious control. Defensive armies must look to some centre for control and guidance and these determined fanatics alone seemed able to supply what they wanted. Innocent, inoffensive, uxorious in private life, these committee-men were fierce as Hyrcanian tigers where the credit or safety of the Revolution was concerned. No matter what sphere of life the delinquent was in—a note, a word, a suspicion of disloyalty, the least slur upon the honesty or sincerity of the new *régime* was enough to merit death. The sickly sheep, never mind at what sacrifice, must be eliminated from the fold. Hence, the tender-hearted Gamelin is adamant against the appeals of his circle of former acquaintances, careless livers, philosophers, Bohemians, ladies of pleasure. Their characteristic philosophy is disengaged in the course of the narrative. Their circumstances are changed, but not their thoughts. It is extraordinary how little intimidated they are. The rich, the corrupt, the treacherous, are frightened, but they are in most cases far too cunning to fall in the net of such simple fanatics as Gamelin. Copious dust is thrown into his eyes by his own mistress, who trembles with ecstasy at the eloquence, the terrible power, the unfathomable and mystic revolutionary bigotry of her lover. As the tale of victims mounts, and most of his old friends, many denounced through him, have swollen the prisons and ridden on the fatal tumbrils until the mob is exasperated by satiety into a profound indifference, Gamelin is haunted now and again by bad dreams and terrible doubts. But he haunts a new idol now with a dog-like fidelity, and his new idol is Robespierre, with whose grim death the book ends. Of hope for humanity Anatole seems to have little. As an historical philosopher his first and last word is despair. He brings to the exposition of this gloomy view, the subtlest of perceptions, the most plausible of doubts, the most insidious of queries, the most delectable of styles.

Mrs. Nutt's agreeably written "L'Evasion" must seek admirers among a class to whom the wicked smile of Anatole is anathema. She seeks to interest her readers in a new Norah—in her story a charming Alsatienne, by name Pauline, who resolves under the sternest and most repelling conditions not once, but twice, to break away from group-morals and the conventions that surround her, in order that she may create for herself and lead her own life. The break from her people is not wholly unlike that of "Magsie" in Mr. Wells's new novel, but the motive is quite different. Her ideal is to become an artist. On the strength of a promise of £200 for her trousseau in the event of marriage to an unloved suitor, she virtually abstracts that amount from her father's bureau, and on that small capital manages to set up independently on the Riviera. There she meets a young scientist, physiologist and pathologist (a counterpart of Trowbridge). Her independence does not preclude marriage, but it forces her eventually to break with her husband upon grounds not too clearly defined and to terrify him by a great demonstration of moral force into leaving to her the sole charge of the children of the marriage. Here, again, she finds a new call to creation. The social philosophy upon which the story is based appears to be very intensely and earnestly believed in by the writer, but its precise nature remains to us shadowy. The justification of such revolts as those of the heroine from the secular order of things cannot be justified by isolated instances and, even if they could, Mrs. Nutt's expository eloquence is inadequate to the task. Her strength lies in the handling of episodes many of which are described with a power akin to that of the Russian realists. A good story would serve her turn far better than a feminist theory, however strongly she may be convinced of the solemn truth of it.

Mlle. Claude Silve's "La Cité des Lampes" is a more striking example of the emancipation of the young Frenchwoman of to-day. The authoress is said to be no more than twenty-three years of age, yet her short book has been crowned by the Academy, has passed through edition after edition, and has sent religious France into a fury of resentment. It is a series of impressions, not a consecutive story; it is no unfairness to the book to say that it could hardly have seen the light, but for such precursors as "Marie Claire" and "L'Elève Gilles." The subject, she can hardly be called the heroine, of the story, a young girl, Gemma, enters a convent as *retraitante*, with a view peradventure of becoming a novice. Nothing could be tenderer than the reception she receives. Smells, sounds, peeps of the convent garden, the lamps in the sanctuary, the discreet ardour of the nuns—everything excites Gemma to a devout emulation. How those who speak of the apathy and petty spite of the conventual life must have libelled the inmates of the cloister! Gemma describes every changing phase of the life in colours as fresh as they are delicate and sincere. Far from imagination and feeling being depressed, hers is unduly exalted. St. Gertrude, St. Theresa, St. Bernard, are quoted, extraordinary experiences over a waxen effigy of a Pietà in an old lumber room are narrated, and we begin to discern the expectation of the novice that the new spiritual joys will entirely efface the normal physical yearnings of youth and adolescence. High hopes appear to be entertained that these last may be entirely absorbed in a kind of ecstatic spiritual pain, and a field of speculation is just delicately hinted at which one may possibly excuse the professed religious for not regarding as particularly edifying. Gemma, at any rate, is not prepared to pay the cost and emerges from the convent gate a sadder, and perhaps wiser, girl. The French decadent, Huysmans, has penetrated a somewhat similar sphere of exploration. Mr. George Moore in his "Sister Teresa" has adumbrated certain of the supersensuous subtleties of the contemplative life. All those who are interested in the psychology of the cloister will certainly note Claude Silve's remarkable book—if only as a curiosity of the modern French spirit.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

"GIG-MANITY": PAST AND FUTURE.*

"Gig-manity" in particular and humanity in general should be vastly interested in Mr. Straus's fascinating pages. His story takes us back to primitive times, when the first wheel was evolved from the tree-trunk, the raft was succeeded by the sledge, the sledge by the chariot, and so on down to the triumph of the motor car. It has its philological, its literary, its biographical, its social, and its philosophical phases. We are still undetermined about the etymology of such words as coach, sedan, and hammercloth, though it is pretty certain that "hackney" means common, and that the French *fiacre* derived its name from an all-but-forgotten saint. Mr. Straus has ransacked the archives of his ramified subject, extracting rich tribute from poets and dramatists, diarists and historians; and he compares and criticises as well as quotes his authorities. So numerous are the vehicles that come under the caption of coaches

* "Carriages and Coaches: Their History and Their Evolution." By Ralph Straus. Illustrated with Reproductions from Old Prints, Contemporary Drawings, and Photographs. 18s. net. (Martin Secker.)

XUM

"THE BOOKMAN"

Christmas, 1912.

Illustration by DONALD MAXWELL to

"Austria, her People and their Homelands"

by JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S.

Published by JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head.

XUM

and carriages that a fair-sized dictionary might well be devoted to them. This is a matter for the experts and the antiquaries. A sort of parallel study might be made of road-making and carriage-building, for both subjects are intimately related, as Mr. Straus very effectively shows. But when all special technical points are eliminated from the discussion there remains a wide field for the student of social customs to traverse. Not once are we allowed to forget that, while man's ingenuity has been brought into play through the centuries to make the way of the world easier for the warrior and the merchant and the traveller pure and simple, each step in the path of progress has been beset by more or less organized opposition. Full many a protest against innovations in old-time coach and carriage building has its counterpart in the opposition to the automobile. Taylor, the water-poet, declared that:

"Carroaches, Coaches, Jades and Flanders Mares
Do rob us of our shares, our wares, our Fares
Against the ground we stand and knock our heeles,
Whilest all our profit runs away on wheeles."

Coaches were railed at as the beginning of ruinous extravagance, and the tax upon them was bewailed later as an injustice to the poor clergyman. Even the sedan-chair had bitter enemies. Steele referred to the chairmen of his time as "slaves of the rich," who "take up the whole street, while we Peripatetics are very glad to watch an opportunity to whisk across a passage, very thankful that we are not run over for interrupting the machine, that carries in it a person neither more handsome, wise, nor valiant, than the meanest of us." What would the essayist say in these days, when the phrase, "the Quick and the Dead" is used to identify those who can escape from the motor-car and those who are too slow on foot to do so? We are apt to think of the old sedan-chair as a vehicle of luxury; but in doing so we forget the time-honoured vagaries of the English climate, which made of the common chair at all events a very uncomfortable means of conveyance indeed—not far removed from a death-trap. Public coaches were opposed on the ground that they made the vice and luxury of the town too approachable by simple country-folk. Another point touched upon by Mr. Straus shows there was a battle of broad and narrow wheels, just as there was one between the broad and the narrow gauges on the railways. The humour of our subject is not forgotten. Hood had a notable hit at the rude forefather of the motor-bus, the "gay Shillibeer." And when Sir Goldsmith Gurney brought out his steam-carriage in 1827, and a boiler exploded at Glasgow, Hood commemorated the event in the following lines:

"Instead of *journeys*, people now
May go upon a *Gurney*,
With steam to do the horses' work
By power of attorney:

"Tho' with a load it may explode
And you may all be undone;
And find you're going up to Heaven
Instead of up to London."

The future holds the flying-machine in store, perhaps, as a "hackney" vehicle, and it would be easy to prophesy a total extinction of horse-driven vehicles except for purely ornamental purposes.

"Yet," observes Mr. Straus, "I believe that there may be a reaction in favour of a more leisurely means of locomotion. As yet it is impossible to be truly dignified in even the most gorgeously-appointed motor-car. . . . Although it is not probable that any horse-carriages of an entirely new type will be constructed, I imagine that the older forms will persist, at any rate, for the next century or two."

We have only touched the fringe of the subject as it is treated in Mr. Straus's pages, which are lavishly illustrated and contain ample material for many a winter night's entertainment.

THE BIRD OF TIME.*

This is a new volume of poems by the lady whom Mr. Gosse calls "the most accomplished living poet of India.... the most brilliant, the most original, as well as the most correct, of all the natives of Hindustan who have written in English." Mr. Arthur Symons has also praised her, and no one interested in contemporary poetry neglects two such critics when they are in agreement. No one will dispute that Mrs. Naidu is brilliant and correct. The bold colouring, the massive rhythms, the unveiled and unhesitating emotions, of more than half her poems recommend her to the eye more swiftly perhaps than any other living poet, native or not. Mr. Gosse finds her peculiarly and exclusively Eastern. This may be so but only a few foreign words in italics stand between the English reader and an instant and decisive sympathy. No one, for example, will be surprised or disturbed by "An Indian Love Song," written we are told, to an Indian tune, where the man speaks first:

"Lift up the veils that darken the delicate moon of thy glory and grace,
Withhold not, O Love, from the night of my longing the joy of thy luminous face,
Give me a spear of the scented *keora* guarding thy pinioned curls,
Or a silken thread from the fringes that trouble the dream of thy glimmering pearls;
Faint grows my soul with thy tresses' perfume and the song of thy anklets' caprice,
Revive me, I pray, with the magical nectar that dwells in the flower of thy kiss."

Or if the reader be surprised it is at the fulness rather than the novelty of her achievement. She possesses her good qualities in heaped measure. Her boldness of feeling, imagery and expression, for example, is exuberant, superb, and abounding in spacious gestures. She tends to grandiloquence, perhaps, and is not above royally apparelling what is either vague or slight. At her worst she will write:

"Springtime, O Springtime, what is your secret,
The bliss at the core of your magical mirth,
That guidens the pulse of the morning to wonder
And hastens the seeds of all beauty to birth,
That captures the heavens and conquers to blossom
The roots of delight in the heart of the earth?"

But time after time her free and joyous mastery proves that verse to her is as "to hawk and to heron the pride of their wing," while the book as a whole is summed up by the short poem where she connects the nasturtium flower with the immortal women of Sanscrit legend and song:

"Poignant and subtle and bitter perfume,
Exquisite, luminous, passionate bloom,
Your leaves interwoven of fragrance and fire
Are Sivitri's sorrow and Siva's desire,
Draupadi's longing, Damayanti's fears,
And sweetest Sakuntala's magical tears."

Mrs. Naidu enriches contemporary verse by her mastery and her brilliant temperament more than by what is indubitably Oriental in her verses.

E.T.

* "The Bird of Time: Songs of Life, Death and the Spring." By Sarojini Naidu. With Introduction by Edmund Gosse, and Portrait of the Author. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

A PHILOSOPHIC FANTASY.*

When I had read "The Crock of Gold," I noticed that in *The Times* list of new books it was placed with "Books for the Young." At first I was inclined to smile at such a collocation, but on second thoughts it seemed to me to be not so ill-placed after all, for the young are less affected by conventions than the old, and have a special gift of seeing things in the right perspective, a gift often lost in later life. So it is likely enough that this book will be better understanded of the young than by any save the elect of the old.

The more direct and less complicated mind of a child will see no incongruity, will be aware of no anachronism in meeting the gods of the old world, Angus Og, Pan, Sheogs and Leprecauns, side by side with every-day peasants and police, neither will it be puzzled or dismayed by the freakishness and general topsy-turviness of the "Crock of Gold." Mr Stephens uses no such device as Mr. Kipling for reconciling anachronistic anomalies. He presents you with ancient gods and modern men, heroes and pigmies together, with so daring an assurance that you are untroubled

* "The Crock of Gold." By James Stephens. 5s. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

by doubt. It is not easy to place the book, it is so different from anything else in literature. At times the writing somehow recalls Sterne, and again the treatment Mr. Kipling, but the essence is Mr. Stephens's own.

Mr. James Stephens.

In a chapter of singular beauty is told how Caitilin Ni Murrachu, the Shepherd Girl, became conscious of womanhood.

"But very slowly there was growing in her consciousness an unrest, a disquietude to which she had hitherto been a stranger. Sometimes an infinite weariness oppressed her to the earth. A thought was born in her mind, and it had no name. It was growing, and could not be expressed. She had no words wherewith to meet it, to exorcise or greet this stranger who, more and more insistently and pleadingly, tapped upon her doors and begged to be spoken to, admitted and caressed and nourished."

And then she hears the piping of Pan among the bracken, and she went home, her feet tripping to a wayward measure.

"The evening was full of peace and quietude, the mellow dusky sunlight made a path for her feet, and everywhere through the wide fields birds were flashing and singing, and she sang with them a song that had no words and wanted none."

Mr. Stephens has an exquisite sense of humour, and the account of the arrest of the Philosopher by the policemen, and his rescue by the Leprecauns is delightful. Equally effective, in a different way, is the terrible story, overheard in jail by the Philosopher, of the hard-driven clerk who was dismissed by his employer for absence through ill-health.

"The Crock of Gold" is a strange medley, and fascinating as it is strange. It is full of fantastic philosophy, poetry, humour and shrewd observation on the jumble of things which make up what is called Life, and one is left wondering what Mr. Stephens will give us next.

H.A.H.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF WILLIAM MORRIS.*

Of these four latest volumes of the "Collected Works of William Morris," three contain prose—"The House of the Wolfings," "The Glittering Plain," "The Roots of the Mountains," "News from Nowhere," "John Ball," and "A King's Lesson"; the translation of Homer's "Odyssey" fills the other. More than the earlier volumes these four remind us what imperfect justice his written work does to Morris. It never culminates. His powers are never seen, all harmoniously and as one, attaining a difficult goal. If they could have united so, Morris would have had no rivals among his contemporaries. But though these fictions fall short of mastery, both in skill and in natural impulse, and though "The Odyssey of Homer" is a surprising adventure for a busy man, they are dull only to one who cares nothing about Morris. And now his daughter, Miss May Morris, has made dulness impossible by the companion biographical chapters in each volume, which have a charming combination of respect and familiarity. It seemed at first doubtful whether these notes should have appeared bit by bit between the same covers as Morris's own writings, and that, too, at the beginning and not the end. But though I still hope that the chapters may be printed separately for those who cannot afford or do not desire the "Collected Works," I find them perfectly justified.

Few other writers could reasonably be treated in the same way, because their work either reaches artistic independence by success or it is an artistic failure which nothing can redeem. But Morris's greatest poem was his life. The twenty-four volumes of his complete works will exhibit chiefly innumerable rough drafts of that poem. Hence it is that a reader can pass so easily from his poems or tales to his daughter's notes. You read that passage in the twenty-second book of the "Odyssey," where Odysseus has made an end of the suitors:

"But about his house peered Odysseus, if yet a man there were
Who shunning the black doom-day was left a-lurking there;
But adown in the dust and the blood he beheld them all lying about,
Yea, as many as the fishes which the fishers have drawn out
With a net of many meshes from out the hoary sea
Up on to the hollow sea-beach: there heaped up all they be
Cast up upon the sea-sand, desiring the waves of the brine;
But the sun their life is taking with the glory of his shine.
Thus then in heaps the wooers on one another lay."

And you turn from it to the "Introduction," to find him telling his wife that he is wool-gathering, and "must collect my scattered wits by doing some Homer," or that "Homer goes on, and will be out in about a month; but Smith is insisting on paper-hanging so I must do one at least besides those I have in hand." Miss Morris tells us that his "withdrawal into the company of a great poet" was a rest and solace. Again, if you know that in September, 1888, the book which was to be "The House of the Wolfings" went on "merrily," so that Morris added: "I think I shall be rather melancholy when my book is finished. What is the next job to be?"—then you will not be so easily inclined to dismiss the tale as of a thin, flat beauty. Still more interesting is it to turn from that book and read how the poet wanted to alter "written in prose and verse by William Morris" to "written in prose and in verse," in order to "gain the necessary fulness of line." Miss Morris quotes from Mr. Buxton Forman:

"I mildly protested that the former reading was the better sense, and that it should not be sacrificed to avoid a slight excess of white that no one would notice. 'Ha!' said Morris, 'now what would you say if I told you that the verses on the title-page were written just to fill up the great white lower half? Well, that was what happened!'"

It is a pure pleasure, also, after pictures of the warrior "clad in glorious raiment," and the warrior maid "with a wreath of wind-flowers round her head," to come on Morris's letter, written from Hammersmith in August, 1894, to his daughter, ending "Home to Kelmscott on Tuesday, and then Wot Larx," which is followed immediately by this note of Mr. S. C. Cockerell's:

"All day at Kelmscott House. . . . When I went up into the drawing-room to say good-night, W. M. and Mrs. M. were playing at draughts, with large ivory pieces, red and white. Mrs. M. had on a glorious blue gown, and looked like a king and queen in some old manuscript."

It is another kind of pleasure to find the author of "News from Nowhere" moved by "Looking Backward" and its admirers to say: "I wouldn't care to live in such a cockney paradise as he imagines," and that "if they brigaded *him* into a regiment of workers he would just lie on his back and kick." The only thing that Morris accepted with all its imperfections on its head was his own temperament; and it is his imperious efforts of many different kinds to create a real and a pictorial world endurable to that temperament which make him so delightful and amusing. How keen his satisfaction was with a pictorially suitable world we shall perhaps never exactly know. But pictures did satisfy him. It is not altogether the fictitious dream character of "John Ball" which makes him say that he looked at the battle "as on a picture." Miss Morris is careful to say that Merton Abbey was chosen by her father "because it had the two principal necessities for printing and dyeing—good water, and plenty of space for drying grounds;" but she has to add that "if he unconsciously demanded beauty

* "The Collected Works of William Morris." With Introductions by his daughter, May Morris. 24 vols. Vols. XIII., XIV., XV., and XVI. £12 12s. net. (Longmans.)

in his surroundings, that too was practical, really." A certain amount of beautiful detail was necessary to him, and if it had to be artificial, pictorial, carefully cloistered, he did not refuse it; his books, from beginning to end, are never without a cloistered choiceness; and it is their most serious limitation. Miss Morris, as usual, includes, among her illustrations photographs of a large number of choice things connected with his private life—his bed, his library, his painting of Iseult, the cabinet painted for his marriage gift by Burne-Jones, specimens of types, together with his notes on his aims in founding the Kelmscott Press.

EDWARD THOMAS.

"AN INVERTED IDEALIST."*

Only once had I the privilege and pleasure of meeting George Gissing: that was at Mr. H. G. Wells' house at Worcester Park. He sat on a couch after dinner, and I never met a man with a lighter touch than he displayed in conversation with a few literary men and some rather high-spirited young women. His talk was full of easy wit and a most charming humour. And yet the sadness of his face throughout was never for a moment relaxed. It seemed as if sorrow had been so ground into the texture of his being that no inner light could ever shine through. There was always that look of ineffable tragedy behind the smile, always that note of wistful pathos in his laughter. I had the chance of only a few words with him aside, and then he talked rather above my head, assuming in me an erudition that never was and never will be mine. It amazed, and I am afraid disgusted him a little, to find that I was far more interested in life than in books. I had always admired him as a conscientious literary artist, but after I had met him there was some pity mingled with my admiration. I had that sort of feeling toward him that one has toward a sanguine ambitious boy who has tried to do some worthy thing, and failed—he knows not why.

His friend, Morley Roberts, has dubbed him "an inverted idealist. . . . He looks back. It is the more hopeless, the more impossibly vain," says Mr. Roberts. And therein, I think, lies the secret of Gissing's tragedy.

He scorned the title of Realist. No doubt he felt, as most sincere artists feel, that there is no room in art for any 'Ism. A man can only bring his view of life to bear upon life as he sees it, and render that view through the speech and actions of his characters. To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about anything is impossible. The truth can be told in a way that makes a lie of it; on the other hand it is possible to deal with the most improbable fictions in a way that makes them truth indeed. What seems most real to some men to other men would seem an idle vision. When we look at a heathen idol we see only a misshapen, senseless lump of wood or stone, but when the heathen looks at it he sees God. Truth is, as beauty is said to be, in the eye of the beholder. The methods of the confessed realist bear the same relation to truth as a photograph bears to life: it has no depth or colour or movement. George Gissing was right to scorn and discard the label which those would have applied to him who hold that realism and idealism are as the poles asunder; that no realist can be an idealist; that every realist is of necessity a pessimist and every idealist a heaven-born optimist; that the Real is always depressing and unlovely and the Ideal always exhilarating and visionary. As if there were not such real things in the world as mother-love and moonshine, sunshine and the way of a man with a maid, art and music, the call of the sea, friendship, heroism, faith, hope, and charity!

These reflections have been suggested by Mr. Frank Swinnerton's new critical study of George Gissing's work and character, and by several days of casual dipping into a new edition of "Henry Ryecroft,"† a book that I have often read before and always delighted in. These are both fine books, with everything handsome about them, delightful to look at and to handle, and reflecting the greatest credit on their respective publishers. If only some of us poor novelists were published in the chaste style of some of these reprints and *belles lettres*, I believe the public would just have to succumb to our charms. I wonder why it is that we are not!

"Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And these fleas have littler fleas, and so *ad infinitum*!"

To criticise a critic is to feel painfully like one of the littler fleas. But Mr. Frank Swinnerton's book is not mere criticism. Mr. Swinnerton is himself a novelist of considerable achievement, and he brings into play in his latest book those qualities of sympathy and insight and imagination which have made him one of the most promising of our younger writers. One may differ from his opinions and quarrel with his conclusions occasionally; but that is only to say that he provides food for thought. The glib rascal who runs away with us by sheer dint of some airy magic of style or humorous devilry is all very well in his way and a diverting companion; but when I am reading a man's book about a man I want to know something definite about my author as well as all about his subject. I want to feel that he and I understand one another; and how can I understand him if he disguises himself in the cloak of a pontiff and is grimly impersonal? How can I feel *en rapport* with him if he has no natural humanity? The best books are an expression of their author's personality, and thus every book should be a book of revelations.

Mr. Swinnerton fulfils these conditions admirably. He is a man after my own heart. He is not afraid to be obvious when the thing to be said is obvious wisdom. But he can be subtle, too, and even profound, as when he says toward the end of his book: "We have no need to inflate an author's talent after he is dead: before his death let us by all means exalt the good, because we know that the bad will exalt itself," and thus gives his reason for trying "to value Gissing's books without reference to the author's material prosperity." Indeed Mr. Swinnerton's judgment seems to me particularly sound in this concluding chapter in which he sets out to prove that Gissing, all things considered, enjoyed his due meed of recognition during his life, and has received perhaps more than his due meed of posthumous fame. You cannot have your cake and eat it. If you are set on having a good time with your artistic conscience you cannot grumble if that is the only sort of good time you are permitted to have. Material rewards—pleasant enough if they happen to come your way!—are only incidental to the more abiding reward of a fully gratified egotism. George Gissing was a ferocious egotist. It was because he so seldom got out of his own skin into the skins of the people of his novels that he failed so often and so egregiously to win the sympathy of the public. The public is composed mainly of average people, and Gissing, not understanding average people, and not wishing to understand them, almost hating them, in fact, should have been pleased rather than vexed to think that he did not appeal to them. If he had been only a little more just to them they would have been more than just, they would have been generous, to him. All this, if I have read him aright, Mr. Swinnerton brings out clearly in his most penetrating and illuminative book.

EDWIN PUGH.

* "George Gissing: A Critical Study." By Frank Swinnerton. 7s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)

† "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." By George Gissing. A New Edition. 6s. (Constable.)

THE REAL GISSING.*

Mr. Morley Roberts is a fine novelist; and this fascinating book shows him to be a fine friend. For "The Private Life of Henry Maitland" is, with only the most superficial disguises, the story of George Gissing's life by the only person who could have written it. That unique knowledge possessed by Mr. Roberts was in itself enough to give the book extraordinary interest. Mr. Roberts knew Gissing as nobody else knew him; and he was a life-long friend. The book has therefore an authentic value: it is a more valuable

* "The Private Life of Henry Maitland." Dictated by J. H. Edited by Morley Roberts. 6s. (Nash.)

book than "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," because it gives a truer and more pungent impression of a memorable writer.

Gissing's life, from the unquestionable promise of his early years, through the later disasters caused by his temperament and the absence of wise control, to the beginning of his literary career; his second wretched marriage and further tribulations of poverty, unhappiness, and ill-health, are all set down here frankly and delicately. Mr. Roberts cares less for the writer than for the man. The man he loved; the writer—although he praises discriminatingly the works of Gissing that should be praised—seemed always a lesser person than his friend. And that is quite understandable by a reader of Gissing, for Gissing's work was too steadfastly produced, without inspiration, by the over-exacting labour of eight hours a day. For eight hours each day Gissing wrote steadily. Is it any wonder that he had no time for active experience, except the insistent discomforts of poverty and matrimonial misalliance? That of course was what prevented Gissing from realising his best talents. "It seems to me now," says Mr. Roberts, "that all his so-called social work and analysis were in the nature of an alien *tour de force*." "He took his subjects as mere subjects, and putting them on the table, lectured in pathology." For the same reason, Gissing was largely dependent upon himself and Mr. Roberts as types for his male characters, drawing them again and again, and in the end—as Mr. Roberts says—by stress of circumstances, making his friend develop into a villain. On himself, Gissing perpetually drew—for temperament, moods, distastes, and disabilities—but he never stood so clear as he stands in "The Private Life of Henry Maitland." Here he is before us with the warmth of life, a lovable and engaging figure, weak, obstinate, "a moral coward," but human. In his own novels, too often, the weakness was apparent, while the genuine character of the man was drowned in exposition. What Mr. Roberts calls "translated self-pity" was too often the foundation of his work. "It was the fact that he should never have written fiction at all."

Yet putting aside this point, it is certain that some of Gissing's books will survive for their own great qualities; and we are sure that Mr. Roberts's book deserves to survive along with them. It is in the highest degree sympathetic and veracious. Having much to handle that was difficult, Mr. Roberts, by his apparently artless ruse of recording the story of Henry Maitland by the hand of one "J.H.," has been enabled to move easily among his difficulties. He has been able to refer to himself—always a treacherously inviting form of sport—as frankly and unaffectedly as the most troublesome reader could desire. In no single passage does there seem to be any lapse from the high level of disinterestedness which marks the book. It would be impossible, we think, for any unbiassed reader to say that Mr. Roberts has "used Maitland's memory for his own ends," as he fears may be the case. The interest of the narrative throughout, as well as the fine sincerity of the writing, would sufficiently ridicule such an idea. And in addition to these things it must clearly be stated that Mr. Roberts could have done Gissing's memory no better service than by writing this book. Other books may or may not be written about Gissing—that will depend upon the estimation of his work in the future—but we are convinced that no more true and sympathetic account of his life will be written.

Owing to certain disguises of names—nearly all of them, such as "G. H. Rivers" for H. G. Wells, and "The Vortex" for "The Whirlpool," easily decipherable—it is a little difficult to find one's way among the publishers with whom Maitland had dealings. For example, Mr. Roberts may perhaps have given unintentionally a wrong impression about the time of Maitland's desertion of "Miller and Company," which he suggests took place after "The Flower," whereas the separation occurred after "Paternoster Row," although "Bond and Free" intervened. Also, he is surely in error in saying that "Isabel" was the last book published with "Andrews and Company."

FRANK SWINNERTON.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF ART.*

This book is monumental in more senses than one. It is monumental in the sense of being a conspicuously great study of Art in the Eastern World. It is also monumental in the sense of being a posthumous memorial worthy of the distinguished man whose name appears on its title page. For Professor Ernest Fenollosa died before more than the rough draft of his great work was accomplished, and it is to four years of pious and devoted labour on the part of his widow that we owe these two admirable volumes, which no serious student of Art—Art, that is, in its fullest sense—can afford to be without.

Professor Fenollosa played a conspicuous part at a great crisis. He was privileged to preach to a nation what Montaigne preached to the individual when he wrote "La plus grande chose du monde c'est de savoir estre a soy." And he was privileged to know that his sermon fell on attentive ears.

It was in 1878 at the crucial moment in their history when the Japanese found themselves turning from all their old traditions and indulging in a very orgy of foreignism, that this brilliant young American was called to the Chair of Political Economy and Philosophy in the University of Tokio. And few things are to be found in the History of Art more curious and romantic than the fact, which the leaders of Art in Japan are themselves ready to admit, that it was the keen and prophetic eye of this young Westerner that first realized the tragedy which threatened the Eastern Art Movement and his energetic enthusiasm provided the mainspring for a swift and wholesome reaction.

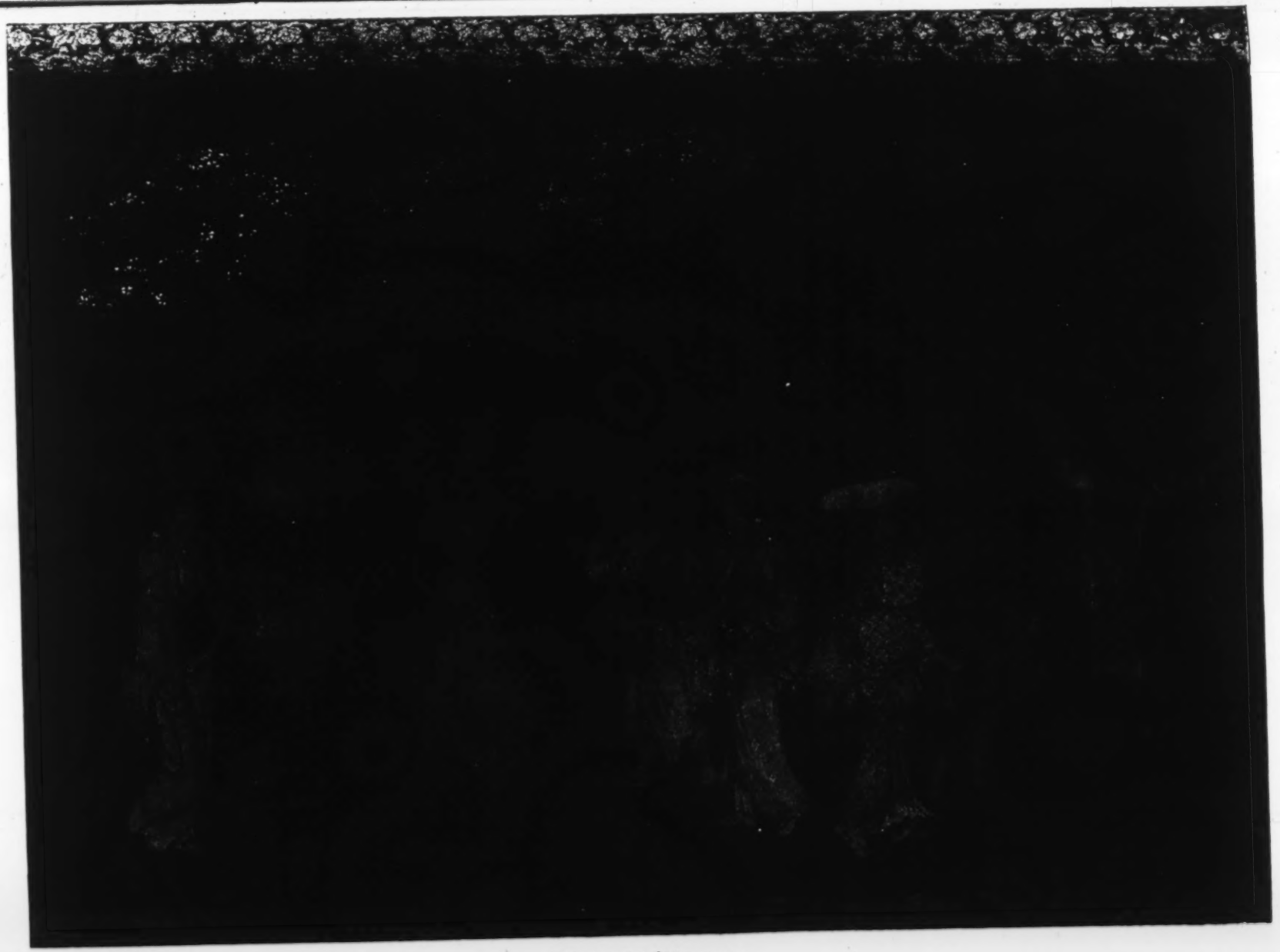
The story is too long to tell in this place. Here, it is enough to say that on the eve of his departure in 1890 he received from the Emperor's own hand "The Order of the Sacred Mirror," the most exalted Order ever up till that moment given to a foreigner, and was dismissed with the following eulogy from the Emperor's own lips: "You have taught my people to know their Art; in going back to your own great country, I charge you to teach them also"; surely a diploma, a certificate of recognition, for which it would be hard to find a parallel. And no one who is privileged to read this fascinating work will deny that Fenollosa more than amply obeyed the royal command.

It would be useless in the space at my disposal even to attempt a *résumé* of the subject here treated with such mastery and knowledge. But it will be useful to attempt to present to the readers of these pages some idea of the author's general aim and scope, and so whet their appetites for an intellectual feast of the first order. The book though planned on a large scale is yet kept within reasonable bounds, both as regards letterpress and avoirdupois (an important matter when the world is in such a desperate hurry and so impatient of anything weighty) and this, notwithstanding the fact that it does not confine itself to one branch of art, painting, sculpture, ceramics, lacquer or what not, but also concerns itself with the spirit of Art which permeates all contemporary Art practices.

Take, for example, the section dealing with Primitive Chinese Art. Here we have cheek by jowl reproductions of such apparently diverse objects as New Zealand Totem poles, Chinese bronzes, long-nosed wooden masks from the Philippines and Japan, frigate bird designs from New Guinea, and an Alaskan blanket, all presented with set purpose to show the universality and interaction of Art waves, and as a protest against the general assumption that national or racial arts are isolated phenomena. True, as we proceed we are presented more liberally with reproductions of Chinese and Japanese paintings, but this rather because the earliest manifestations of Art in flimsy materials have of necessity ceased to exist, as well as because by its nature Art lends itself to more diverse treatment when the material used is graphic as opposed to plastic.

This book must of necessity make its chief appeal to scholars, collectors and general readers interested in Oriental topics, but, paradoxical though it may sound, its chief

* "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art: An Outline History of East Asiatic Design." By Ernest F. Fenollosa. 2 Vols. Illustrated. 36s. net. (Heinemann.)



Painting by Shigemasa.

In the collection of Mr. Charles L. Freer.

From "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art." (Heinemann.)

value seems to me to lie in its wider message of eclecticism. Just as the Turk, notwithstanding his custom of filling his harem with women ravished from foreign countries, has practically retained his type, so Art wheresoever wedded has maintained her constant characteristics. True, these volumes deal specifically with the Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art, or as I should rather put it, " of Art in China and Japan," but it is carefully insistent from beginning to end that the art-works of all the world are but infinite variations in a single kind of social or mental effort ; that there is no sense in artists and writers of different schools flying at one another's throats ; that the sun does not rise on Oriental Art and set on Occidental ; but that it rises and sets on Art one and indivisible, which embraces the whole world, and of which, though there are infinite manifestations, there is but one spirit. That is why Art the moment it becomes a trade ceases to exist. The true spirit of Art refuses to be confined. The real artist is of no country. His appeal is to the Art sense which is as universal, though as rare, as radium. As classification has its uses in the animal world, so it has its uses in the world of Art. But the classification of animals is only a convenience to mark the outstanding variations of the gradually changing but universal manifestation of Life. So with the classification of works or schools of Art. Just as man and amœba have both the same common denominator, so has the Mona Lisa the same as the Alaskan blanket or New Zealand Totem pole. Here, then, seems to me the great value of Professor Fenollosa's work, that he has written a history of Oriental Art from the universal point of view.

Incidentally, by treating Art in China and Japan as a single æsthetic movement, as closely inter-related as Art in Greece and Rome, and denying the very existence of the essential differences insisted upon by schoolmen and pedants, he goes far to remove the shibboleths by which it is attempted to distinguish between Art pictorial and Art decorative, to break down the illogical barriers which have been erected between Art European, Asian and African. In a word he denies that " East is East and West is West, and never the twain can meet." He emphasizes the Universal Brotherhood of Art which speaks in a universal language and has an instinctive Freemasonry of its own.

As I have said, I have not here attempted the impossible, the reviewing of these volumes in the limited space at my command. Rather have I attempted to indicate the spirit of its inception and accomplishment. And if, in the process, I have suggested that this work is only fit for the hard-reading student, let me, in conclusion, rectify that impression.

As a mere picture book it is an amazing feast, stimulating the imagination, satisfying the eye, cultivating the Art sense.

As a romance it is entrancing as a fairy tale.

As history it is that best sort of all which has in it the elements of a great poem.

Certainly Japan owes a great debt of gratitude to Professor Fenollosa, but he would, I believe, have been the first to acknowledge that he owed an equal debt of gratitude to Japan. For it has long been apparent to me that no Westerner can saturate himself, as he did, in Oriental Art, without emerging with a fuller sense of what Art really means, with a more subtle understanding of its universal spirit and purport, than can possibly be attained by the mere study of Art in Europe, whether before or since the Italian Renaissance. Such study seems to add a new sensitiveness to even the most sensitive of Western tastes. Therefore I hope that a large proportion of the readers of THE BOOKMAN will seize the opportunity here offered to them by Mrs. Fenollosa's pious and unstinted completion of her distinguished husband's *magnum opus* and the liberal enterprise of its publisher.

G. S. LAYARD.

THE HOLY FAMILY.*

Queen Victoria, according to her diaries, once asked Lord Melbourne why it was that the Holy Family figured so often in art, and the statesman answered the question with another by asking what was more beautiful than a mother nursing a child. From a worldly old man like Melbourne, who had always been a strong evangelical, if anything, and whose marriage had been a long disillusion, the remark showed a deep fund of human nature. It must have touched a responsive chord in the susceptible heart of his questioner, and it was certainly worth many dissertations on the anthropomorphic tendencies of art and religion and the rest of it. Besides, it condensed into a sentence our feelings concerning the most winning of all the aspects in which we view the Redeemer. And it may fairly represent the mental attitude of a Protestant nation which still keeps the name of the Virgin on many of its parish churches, and recites in them the " Magnificat " every night of the year.

Mrs. Meynell, as might have been expected, takes a much more fervent view of her subject. A Catholic poet with a wonderful vein of prose, and a still profounder knowledge of literature and the arts, she was certain to wear the mantle of the rhapsodist and charm us where she might not always convince. As a matter of fact, she has taken uncommon pains to repel no one in this tribute by a woman of sensibility to the greatest of her sex in history. In her own way she has developed a thought which shines out to perfection in one of Mr. Stopford Brooke's best sermons, the indebtedness of Christ to the meditative, reverential character of His mother. She has been careful not to make the occasion, as so many of the eulogists of Joan of Arc have done, an excuse for a sex crusade. She has sedulously avoided matters of doctrine in a field where doctrine is fundamentally an issue. She has not tried our patience with dead theology about Nestorius and the Council of Ephesus. And she has been wise to put the relevant portions of the Gospels in an initial chapter by themselves as a simple statement of her theme, as well as to quote not from the Douai text favoured by her own Church, but from the Authorised Version endeared so unspeakably to us all.

Even when her self-restraint has been allowed for, it will be seen that the author of this book has had an enormous field from which to draw in the way of tradition and association. Raffaele, who painted fifty Madonnas, is only a unit in a host of Christians (and many of them non-Catholics), who have celebrated the sentimental claims of the subject here treated, and we can all appreciate Mrs. Meynell's moderation in drawing only on the representative few. She has preferred, especially in her chapters on poets and painters, to fuse the general feeling into a strain of imaginative and persuasive thought, coloured by a tone of mysticism here and there, but never far removed from common ground. For such a task we know no one so well qualified, and certainly no book of our time which treats with such delicate tact and perception a theme which has been too far obscured by controversy. Sometimes one could wish that her collaborator, Mr. Anning Bell, had been more uniformly happy in his illustrations. They are a careful blend of his idyllic style and the tense austerity of Puvis de Chavannes. His last plate is spoiled by the crippled effect of the left arm, and his " Presentation in the Temple " looks more like Lear cursing Cordelia than the holy Simeon showering on the Virgin Mother all his prophecy and pity. Still, these colour plates help to round off the perfections of a beautiful book. It does not lack fulness considering its moderate length, and as a piece of workmanship we cannot sufficiently commend it, even bearing in mind the successes of the same press in the past.

* " Mary, the Mother of Jesus." By Alice Meynell. Illustrated by R. Anning Bell. 16s. net. (Lee Warner.)

RECREATIONS OF A TOWN PHYSICIAN.*

This volume might have been called the " Recreations of a Town Physician," though in the Welsh parson's words :

" There is also another device in my prain, which, perad venture, prings goot discretions with it "

* " Another Device." By Stephen Paget. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Paget has found a title for it that carries some of its own flavour. One or two of the contents are semi-professional papers—addresses delivered at the Middlesex Hospital and at Bart's—and not one of them perhaps but reflects the writer's profession. But the physician is here away from his consulting room. In a sense he is a "man in the street," for whom the first and the happiest of his chapters is a suggestive apology.

The street, in Mr. Paget's phrase, is the life of responsibility, and the man in it is fifty if he is a day. He too has dwelt on the mount of contemplation. He too once looked out from first-floor windows upon the crowd to which he now belongs. His place used to be with the young man up there, "apostrophizing time and space, and getting more like Shelley every minute," and gazing down upon the elders with a regret, sometimes wistful, at their indifferences. But, ungraciously, maybe, yielding to the compulsion slowly, he has condescended to the street, among those who have learned to judge and sentence themselves to narrow their plans and pay their way. You cannot imagine him young, or unmarried, or athletic, or fashionable. "It is natural at his age to be rather slow: and his myopia is presbyopia." Middle-age has compelled him to put away those things which are invisible, and look at those which are at his feet. He is tired. But the change is not all loss, though the loss is great. Oh! it is fine to be up there, at the first-floor windows. And the comfortable folk, looking down, think with some pity, how he must envy them. But he does not. This is the gain of being in the street, that it has its own wonders, and that these suffice. The street is busy and it is human, and it has a wisdom unknown to youth and to the old who remain wiseacres. That is the consolation for the man who has stepped down into it when he does lift his eyes to the place he has left.

This gives a taste of Mr. Paget's quality. In the same mood, but regarding his subject at a narrower angle, he writes of the "Influence of Berkeley," "Hora Mortis Nostræ," the "Revival of Phrenology," the "Genius of Pasteur," "Heredity and Life." Genius he recognises to be something more wonderful than is guessed at in the "childish definition" of it as an infinite capacity for taking pains. "Infinite or finite, all capacities must come from somewhere: and genius is where they come from." In Pasteur's case, the signs of it, says Mr. Paget, are the mysterious fulfilment of a plan for his life that seems to have been made for him, not by him, so that he is in himself a better argument from design than any amount of Paley's "Evidences," and next, that, being dead, he still lives in the work of his successors. From this it will be gathered that, in the paper called forth by the fashionable cult of Eugenics, the last word is not Mendel's famous experiments on the crossing of peas. Materiality is not a question of size, and "whether we talk in terms of germ-plasm, or in terms of full-sized adult bodies of men and women, we are talking of that which we do not understand." Life, in fact, is a mystery which we do not solve by invoking the Cell, and considering its ways.

D. S. MELDRUM.

THOMAS HARDY.*

Mr. Abercrombie has written an excellent and challenging study of Thomas Hardy. It is easy to find matter for contention (and keen contention) on almost every page. Moreover, his style is not an attractive one, being too often, it seems, the fault of undigested thinking; of thinking, that is, too much occupied with the intermediate stage of its own cogitation and less concerned with reducing that cogitation to a completer and more lucid order. But these are faults by the way. It is a churlish insolence to dismiss a work by personal standards, that change and progress. For example, in his "Introductory" he takes a perplexed and cogitated (it is permissible to think, even a psychologically fantastic) way of saying that Man is always conscious of a Being greater, far more splendid, than the contradiction of circumstance would assert; and that it is this greater Being of his he wishes to realise in the rituals of Art. Yet the fact is that, however arrived at, this is one of the most neglected things in modern verse or prose; and it is a very excellent thing that Mr. Abercrombie should have laid it down in the forefront of his book.

Its bearing on Thomas Hardy's Art is obvious. Indeed, it is the vindication of that Art in the teeth of its author's philosophy. Though he will not see it himself, Mr. Hardy has envisaged in his Art certain expressions of Beauty, by which indeed it lives, that constantly refute what Mr. Abercrombie calls its metaphysic formation: that constantly challenge its limitations, rather. According to our worthiness, we would rather sink with Tess, terrible discipline though it be, than swim with Alec D'Urberville. That is the moral exercise of the book; anything that might tend to drive in the opposite direction is, in the deepest sense, immoral. Similarly we would rather strive with Jude, though striving be failure, than float in the stream with Arabella. In fact, only in a limited sense can striving be failure; for the only failure, really, is the relinquishing of strife. And this indisputable sympathy of ours, this irrefutable claim to a Being greater than the contradiction of hostile circumstance, is the supreme beauty of Hardy's work, and is at the same time the contradiction of the metaphysic in which it is couched. Thereby we are purified; therein we are exalted. Mr. Abercrombie would have it that our perception of Beauty, our exaltation, arises only from seeing Hardy cast his story, with all its metaphysic implications, into a well-knit form. In fact, he is so deservedly pleased with this idea that he repeats it, with and without changes, persistently every few pages throughout the book. I suggest that this is another half-way house in his thinking. There is a higher than the beauty of craftsmanship; and it is the beauty of idea. The former quickens a sense of gratification and large ease; it is the latter that exalts. And we are profoundly stirred by Hardy's sense of tragedy because in it we instinctively ally ourselves with beauty and worth, we instinctively take rank with a more splendid and less gross Being, even though they may seem to be crushed down by the wheels of circumstance. Which is another way of saying that, in some more significant metaphysic (to hold to Mr. Abercrombie's phrasing), that is even implicit in Hardy's formation, beauty and worth are not failures. Else whence came this instinct, the basis of the purest Art?

We have given detailed attention to this because it is the central idea of Mr. Abercrombie's arresting book. It is one of the causes why the word "formation" (in and out of italics) is given such heavy work to do; and it gives a curiously tantalising limitation to the book. Yet if it be tentative and insecure on its more philosophical side, on the critical side it is as finished as it is just. His division among the novels is particularly happy. Wisely he decries any over-emphasis on artificial and arbitrary definitions; yet in speaking of such novels as "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "The Woodlanders" as being in Dramatic Form, and "Tess" and "Jude the Obscure" as in Epic Form (with his exposition of the advantages of each form), he states a distinction so just and true that it must always be thought of henceforward in dealing with Hardy's novels. The massed grouping of the first series, with the implicit spiritual background, and the continuous narrative of the latter series, with Hardy's own explicit outcry, and the way in which "The Mayor of Casterbridge" leads out from one to the other, is expounded with a clearness of critical perception that well illuminates its subject.

Indeed, Mr. Abercrombie is far happier here than in the chapter on "The Dynasts," though it is evident that he chiefly values the latter. There he scarcely realises his own axiom of a "formative" power in the artist. He fails to make theme follow theme simply and justly; and consequently repeats himself unnecessarily. He does not less

* "Thomas Hardy: A Critical Study." By Lascelles Abercrombie. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

than justice to that very great poem; yet it is not always easy to follow the line of his approach. For example, in declaring it to be "one of the most momentous achievements in modern literature" he surely carries all of us with him. But in saying "This is great *modern* poetry, artistic formation of humanity related with our ultimate conception," he carries us by no means so securely. Why "*modern* poetry," we ask? Did not Æschylus create an artistic formation of humanity related with ultimate conception? Surely it would be truer to say, not that "The Dynasts" is either modern or ancient, but simply that it is great, and therefore outside the interposition of Time.

Mr. Arthur Ransome's useful addition to "critical apparatus" in distinguishing between kinetic and potential poetry, is laid under tribute with excellent effect in this book, particularly in dealing with Hardy's poems. It would be fair to say that Mr. Abercrombie's own style is kinetic rather than potential; unhappily so, even, when one is told that "Tess's tragedy is a specimen syllogism in the cruel reasoning of universal fate." Moreover, on its own lines, his thought is too often fond of perplexities for their own academic sake. Yet when he is less concerned with his often bookish philosophies his thought shines clearly out in some penetrating criticism; and the result is a book that is illuminating in the main, and arresting always.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

THE HABIT OF LETTERS.*

In his latest book Mr. Austin Dobson, with reference to Fielding, speaks of "that natural habit of letters . . . which a cheap criticism is accustomed to stigmatize as pretentious erudition." Whether withered by that criticism or moribund from some other cause, the habit is certainly growing rarer. The disinterested love of literature is not nowadays in high repute as a motive for writing. The man of letters, pure and simple, is almost an extinct species. Critics and essayists we still have in abundance, but they are all busy reconstructing the cosmos, a little regardless of the not impertinent question whether they have the necessary qualifications for that really rather arduous undertaking.

With the death of Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Dobson and Mr. Gosse become almost the last, as they are certainly the most distinguished, survivors of a less ambitious generation. The coupling of their names carries one back to the days when it was the youthful poet's aspiration "to rhyme with Gosse, Dobson and Co.," in the intricacies of ballade and virelai. That fashion is almost forgotten in the hurry of modern changes, and these two books also—"At Prior Park" and "Portraits and Sketches"—have a certain old-time flavour, due far more to their isolation than to any archaism of manner. That this should be so, is a pity, for such books are very desirable. We cannot live on a diet of theories such as the moderns insist on serving us. Let us, if only by way of a change, enjoy things (whether books or men, walks or wines) for their own sake, and not be for ever concerned with an ulterior motive which recedes as we advance. Theories of life are apt to be inhuman, and we turn from them with relief to the records of its practice, whether that practice take the form of fighting battles or of painting pictures. We agree with Mr. Gosse in enjoying what M. Paul Desjardins has called "la cinématographie d'une abeille dans le mystère de la mellification"; and that is what Mr. Dobson and Mr. Gosse are pre-eminently qualified to show us. "At Prior Park," clad in the familiar blue buckram which Messrs. Chatto and Windus reserve for their most distinguished authors (Swinburne, Stevenson, Dobson) is a series of essays in Mr. Dobson's accustomed manner. It deals, that is to say, with various eighteenth century topics of secondary importance, and deals with them with unsurpassable intimacy, erudition and charm. Mr. Dobson really lives in the period of which he writes. Even his immense allusiveness is bounded by its limits or, on the exceptional occasions when he reaches backwards or forwards beyond these, by its spirit. Horace and Thackeray represent his extreme divagations. The eighteenth century, differing so completely from our own, can yet be made peculiarly real to us; partly because of the wealth of lively memoirs in which it is chronicled, but mainly because its society was so homogeneous that its spirit may be imprisoned in a small compass. It is the admirable distinction of Mr. Dobson to be able to express that spirit almost as vividly as Horace Walpole himself. In one of the most delightful studies in his present volume he writes of Carmontelle that "his backgrounds and accessories are always informing and appropriate; and his details of costume minutely studied." No criticism of Mr. Dobson's own "eighteenth century vignettes" could be more aptly phrased, unless it be added that his principal figures are in due proportion to their setting and sufficiently endowed with the circumscribed vitality of their age.

If Mr. Gosse's studies are old-fashioned, it is only by virtue of their catholicity and urbanity. In all other respects they are modern enough. All of his subjects lived in the nineteenth century; most of them died in the twentieth; one of them is still alive; and with all of them has Mr. Gosse had personal acquaintance. The chapter to which most readers will turn with the greatest interest is the first and longest, that dealing with Swinburne. While the poet lived, a proper, but by no means usual, reticence was observed as to his personality and habits. The consequence was that rumour had its way with him. Mr. Gosse's pages are the first portrait, of anything approaching finish, which has appeared; nor is it likely to be surpassed for vitality and tact. Mr. Gosse loves the truth and is not afraid to tell it; but since he has a genuine admiration and understanding of his subject, there is nothing displeasing in his frankness. He shows us the Swinburne he knew, a man of great powers and great limitations, and incidentally he clears away various misconceptions, such as that for which Maupassant was largely responsible in connection with the famous adventure at Etretat. One would like to see a full biography of Swinburne by Mr. Gosse.

The only other writer of a stature equal to Swinburne's dealt with in "Portraits and Studies" is Tennyson, and the pages dealing with him are few and lightly sketched. Some of Mr. Gosse's subjects are forgotten or unfamiliar. Bailey, the author of "Festus," and "Orion" Horne are names and nothing more to all but the curious. Of the latter, whose "farthing epic" was once famous, the record is entertaining reading. How he sat on the floor and played the guitar at Arthur O'Shaughnessy's wedding; how he threw a snowball at Keats; how "suddenly, and desperately determined to marry, he went down to stay with Miss Mitford in Berkshire, and proposed to all the neighbouring heiresses one after another, to the intense indignation of that lady, who declared that he had used her hospitable dining-room, on the same day, to propose to a lady (with £50,000 a year) at lunch, and to another (with £40,000 a year) at tea"; how he professed the art of natation in Australia: these are only a few of the incidents in the career of a remarkable character.

But Bailey and Horne and Aubrey de Vere were old men when Mr. Gosse knew them. He is at his best when writing of contemporaries with whom he has long been acquainted. Perhaps the most interesting study in the book, after the "Swinburne," is that on Mandell Creighton. To many of us the late Bishop of London has been an august ecclesiastic and a historian more erudite than entertaining. For the future he will also be the redoubtable pedestrian who not only walked Mr. Gosse off his legs but insisted on his fording the Coquet in two places and walking bare-foot across an intervening mile of stubble.

But Mr. Gosse goes deeper than mere anecdote. There is a wealth of critical wisdom in his study of Creighton, of Shorthouse "*faciendo il bergamasco*," of Andrew Lang.

* "At Prior Park and other Papers." By Austin Dobson. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)
"Portraits and Sketches." By Edmund Gosse. 6s. net. Heinemann.)

One paragraph concerning the latter should, as a corrective to loose thinking, be underlined :

"When he died, all the newspapers were loud in proclaiming his 'versatility.' But I am not sure that he was not the very opposite of versatile. I take 'versatile' to mean changeable, fickle, constantly ready to alter direction with the weather-cock. The great instance of versatility in literature is Ruskin, who adopted diametrically different views of the same subject at different times of his life, and defended them with equal ardour. To be versatile seems to be unsteady, variable. But Lang was through his long career singularly unaltered ; he never changed his point of view ; what he liked and admired as a youth he liked and admired as an elderly man. It is true that his interests and knowledge were vividly drawn along a surprisingly large number of channels, but while there was abundance there does not seem to me to have been versatility. If a huge body of water boils up from a crater, it may pour down a dozen paths, but these will always be the same ; unless there is an earthquake, new cascades will not form nor old rivulets run dry. In some authors earthquakes do take place—as in Tolstoy, for instance, and in S. T. Coleridge—but nothing of this kind was ever manifest in Lang, who was extraordinarily multiform, yet in his varieties strictly consistent from Oxford to the grave."

Here is one of those obvious truths which only the wise are simple enough to see. But the whole chapter is full of sympathetic and penetrating things.

Perhaps the essay on Carl Snoilsky will not mean very much to those innocent of Swedish, but those dealing respectively with Eugène Melchior de Vogüé and André Gide are most interesting evidences of the sympathy with modern foreign literature which Mr. Gosse has so often shown. The latter is the one living author of whom he writes :

"If the presence of M. André Gide among so many of those who have passed away is objected to," he says charmingly in his preface, "I will say that I like to feel that I take one living friend with me in my round of respectful visits to the dead. His is not a portrait ; it is hardly an outline ; but I wish to delay no longer in recommending to the study of English readers a fascinating writer, still young, who is destined, I believe, to take a place in the very first rank of European writers."

There could be no better proof of the vitality of the critic's mind, of his lasting readiness to extend the range of his sympathy, than this study of a comparatively new writer. Here is the very reverse of that "curious ossification of intellect" which Mr. Gosse notes to have overtaken Swinburne before he had reached his fortieth year. M. Gide has already, one fancies, a small circle of admirers in England. It seems scarcely too much to prophesy that he will find a new adherent in every reader of Mr. Gosse's attractive essay. Most of his books are at present out of the London Library : a practical demonstration, surely, of the potency of Mr. Gosse's pen.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

William Charles Macready.

From "A Century of Great Actors," by Cecil F. Armstrong. (Mills & Boon.)

A CENTURY OF GREAT ACTORS.*

Mr. Cecil F. Armstrong, who, we believe, is a son of Sir Walter Armstrong, the Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, and has been for some time a theatrical manager's reader, has produced in "A Century of Great Actors," a very alert, a very scholarly, and an entirely readable account of fourteen eminent players who flourished between 1750 and 1850. His list is fairly comprehensive, including names as familiar in one's mouth as those of Garrick, Kemble, Edmund Kean and Macready, a great *jeune premier* and lover such as Spranger Barry, lesser tragedians of the rank of Henderson and of Cooke, and such popular comedians as Macklin, Munden, Mathews and Robson. But we could wish that he had extruded Henderson to make room for the distinguished personage who figured as that actor's colleague in the readings which the two men used to give at the Freemasons' Hall—we allude, of course, to the father of the great Richard Brinsley. Thomas Sheridan, the son of Swift's witty but unlucky friend, has never yet received his due. We may call him the Hermann Vezin of his time. A scholar who could boast of having received the honorary M.A. degree from both our older Universities ; a dictionary-maker like Dr. Johnson, and, like Doctor major, a pensioner, too ; a teacher of elocution to the nobility and gentry who thought he had a mission to reform the pronunciation of English ; an actor who was a contemporary of David Garrick's and of Spranger Barry's, and who maintained a professional rivalry with both men ; the husband of the lady who, as the author of "The Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph" and of "Nouijahed," was the most popular woman novelist of her time ; the friend who reconciled James Boswell to his father, Lord Affleck, and lent Bozzy money to pay his gambling debts ; a theatrical manager who suffered in purse and in popularity for his gallant attempt to preserve decency and decorum in the conduct of the leading Dublin playhouse ; a father who on one celebrated occasion drank himself drunk while delivering a lecture on sobriety to that famous future tippler, Richard Brinsley Sheridan ; such a man, a man of pluck, of grit, of personality, a real character—to use the cant phrase, was surely far more worthy of commemoration in a procession of great actors than a brilliant mime like Henderson, or an infant prodigy like Master Betty. Again, we cannot understand why Mr. Armstrong, who rightly devotes the largest space in his book to Edmund Kean, the greatest tragic actor who has appeared on our stage since Betterton retired, should, by the number of pages which he assigns to a description of their respective careers, put Macready, "moral, grave, sublime," as Tennyson hails him, but otherwise essentially mediocre, on the same level with Garrick, the greatest, because the most versatile, player who has ever trodden the boards of an English theatre. Nor can we appreciate the point of view which makes the compiler of this volume dismiss that great and leisurely declaimer, John Philip Kemble, in a chapter no longer than that which he allots to the centenarian character-actor, Charles Macklin. Otherwise we have nothing but praise for "A Century of Great Actors." Mr. Armstrong's attitude is neither that of the actor-lover nor that of the theatrical enthusiast. Knowing the stage both from the front and from behind the scenes, he, of necessity takes a detached view, and he is candid enough to give his readers the benefit of his detachment. The result is a work which is as outspoken in criticism of the

* "A Century of Great Actors." By Cecil F. Armstrong. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

human vanities and weaknesses from which his subjects suffered as it is discriminating in its appraisement of their histrionic merits and demerits. In a word, the author writes of these *cabotins* of yesterday with the air of a man who has studied the genus actor at close quarters, and has pursued his studies with a gentle cynicism, a mingled sense of tolerance and of amusement. But we have one serious complaint to make. What authority has Mr. Armstrong for asserting in his life of Garrick that "Johnson to the last nursed a grievance against" his old friend and scholar in the matter of "Irene"? So far as we know, neither Boswell, Fanny Burney, Hawkins or Murphy affords the slightest evidence for such a declaration. Moreover, *primâ facie*, the Doctor was far too magnanimous a person to cherish a lasting feeling of resentment against an old friend —even though he were a player—in respect of a failure for which that friend was in no wise responsible, and which, indeed, he did his best to avert. Dr. Johnson, as dramatic author, was assuredly not a feeble creature of the stamp of Fanny Burney's friend and adviser, "Daddy" Crisp.

THROUGH INDIAN EYES.*

Time and again Anglo-Indian writers have taken the reading public into their confidence and, in the frankest language, stated their opinions of the educated Indian, or "the Babu," as they style him; but rarely has a native of India been accorded the privilege of returning the compliment by plainly telling just what he thought of the Englishman in Hindostan and at home. In this circumstance, the publication of this volume presenting the ideas of a Bengalee barrister regarding institutions as they exist in Great Britain, the relations of the Mother Country with the Colonies, British rule in India, and the Britons in whose charge it is placed, is of more than passing interest.

The book, the author tells us, is written with the purpose of showing how India "may impart (to Great Britain) the philosophic temperament which, in struggle, success, or failure retains a uniform serenity, without which the capacity for virile effort is marred by undue elation or despondency," and how Great Britain "may communicate (to Hindostan) physical and mental energy, and the spirit of unrest, without which the glory of life and its ideals can not be attained." This is a noble but herculean task, and its accomplishment is likely to take a long time. The "Anglo-Asiatics," as the writer calls them, will question Mr. Manmath Mallik's right and ability to undertake a work of this character, and after a careful perusal of his book, will condemn the way pointed out by him as one leading to perdition. The stay-at-home Briton, if he possesses the virtue of patience *in excelsis*, however, will read with interest the philosophic disquisition which takes up the bulk of the volume, since it reflects the psychology of the British-made Indian. But whether or not he will become a convert to the Bengalee writer's system of reasoning is a moot question, which shall not be answered here, though the reviewer has a definite opinion on the subject.

The latter portion of the book, devoted to a criticism of British institutions, is, no doubt, the part which will appeal to the average Englishman more than the *réchauffé* of idealistic platitudes which is served in the first two chapters. The author admires the limited monarchy, which he likens to the "Aryan conception of Godhead," influencing everything and vitalising every department of State without mixing up with them, and gives it as his opinion that this feature of it constitutes the greatest asset of the nation. England, to his mind, is unsurpassed for originality of thought and boldness of enterprise. The Liberal Party, according to his belief, appeals to all the virile instincts of all sections and races at home and in all parts of the Empire, and enjoys the support of those who are opposed to privilege and who favour equality of opportunity for all British citizens. He believes that the British aristocracy has become degenerate, basing this conclusion upon what he describes as its foolish attempts to usurp authority over the representatives of the people in finance as well as in legislation, this degeneracy being indicated by the language in which some of its members openly indulge. While he believes that trade unions and combinations may be necessary in order to check the selfishness of capital, he exhorts the Labour leaders to beware lest they sink in the mire of selfish greed, and advises the executive ruthlessly to put down all excesses of democracy. Mr. Mallik is not favourably impressed with the manners of English tradesmen and shop assistants, but thinks well of London on account of its excellent sanitation, the comforts of life and scientific and educational facilities which it provides, and the true Imperial spirit prevalent amongst all classes, which makes no distinction of race, nationality, or place of birth, and is tolerant of religious differences. He admires English women, declaring that they generally have a more intellectual type of countenance than their Continental sisters. He considers the women of Great Britain to be generally business-like and well able to take care of themselves, less prone than other women of Europe to waste time and thought on frivolous affairs of the heart, and he believes that some of them should be given the vote.

The Bengalee author has a very poor opinion of Anglo-Indians, and declares it to be his belief that they return from India so saturated with self-importance and contempt for others that they are degenerating the manners of Britons. He pooh-poohs their knowledge of Hindostan, and says their claim of omniscience is based merely upon the fact of a long residence in the Peninsula, during which the only natives they came in real contact with were their servants.

Mr. Mallik dislikes the British Colonials even more than the Anglo-Indians, asserting that hitherto they have shown little consideration for British trade and other interests. The word Empire, according to his conception of its meaning, ought not to be applied to British dominions which can pass any laws they like without fear of veto, and impose duties on British manufactures. The term, in his opinion, is strictly applicable only to the connection between Great Britain and India, and he refers to the native Indians as "Britons," throughout the volume.

The author finds serious flaws in the Government of India, describing it as a hotch-potch of good intentions and helplessness, and declaring it to be wholly opposed to British instincts and traditions and so openly displaying fondness for Mongol methods that it can "scarcely be designated as British merely because it is administered by natives of Britain." As to the claim that the present Administration of India is better than previous *régimes*, the writer points out that it is no great compliment to Great Britain to say that it is better able to govern than its predecessors, who have been described by responsible men as semi-savages, and directs attention to the fact that British-Indian rule cannot even claim to give the lead to progressive Asian governments. Unless the British are willing to let the natives have some "control over taxation, some safeguard against official vagaries, some method of prevention of the growth of bureaucratic infallibility," Mr. Mallik does not hesitate to say that the system cannot truthfully claim to be British, or even as far advanced as the purely Asiatic government of Japan.

As to what he wants in the future, the author, after making it clear that India should not part company with Great Britain, pleads for the recognition of the Dependency as a vital part of the Empire; for Indian representation in both Houses of Parliament; for the removal of partiality in the administration of justice between Europeans and Indians; for the cessation of personal ill-treatment to which Indians of all classes are subjected whenever they come in contact with any European on the railways or at other public places; and for the discontinuance of racial distinction in the civil, military, and naval services; and urges that the Government shall be so carried on that the people of the Peninsula may feel that it is really their own rather than a foreign domination superimposed from the outside.

S. N. S.

* "A Study in Ideals: Great Britain and India." By Manmath C. Mallik. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Servant. Find what names the writing person hath here writ.
I must to the learned.

Specimen Illustration from
Shakespeare's Tragedy of "ROMEO AND JULIET"
Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.
[illegible] LONDON

The Native Village.

From "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal," (Heinemann).

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF THE PANAMA CANAL.*

"In another place" [as the old House of Commons phrase had it] Mr. Pennell has spoken of the inspiration to the artist that the work of his own time has always been, from Rembrandt who drew the mills and dykes of Holland, to Meunier, who found his subjects in the coal mines and furnaces of Belgium. Mr. Pennell went out to see if the stupendous work of the Panama Canal could give him motives of pictorial value, for, he says, to-day the greatest works are in progress that man has ever undertaken, and he believes "great work means great decoration." He describes how he found one of his pictures; the time being at the dinner-hour, when the workmen were coming to the surface from the bottom of a great lock they were building on the canal. "I looked into a yawning gulf, the bottom filled with crowds of tiny men and tiny trains—all in a maze of work. Overhead huge iron buckets flew to and fro, great cranes raised or lowered masses of material. As I looked, a bell rang, the men dropped their tools, the engines whistled, everything stopped instantly save that from the depths a long chain came quickly up, and clinging to the end of it, as Cellini would have grouped them, were a dozen men—a living design—the most decorative motive I have ever seen in the Wonder of Work." Mr. Pennell's pictures are lithographs, and it is unnecessary to say they are masterly, for we all know and all admire his work; but the originality of the subjects may daunt some of his admirers who would prefer pictures of the mountains, crowned with strange trees, long level lines of cloud that hang motionless before the hills, the impenetrable jungle and native villages the artist speaks of but does not draw. A hint of the jungle we have in the drawing of "The Old Railroad," a picture so full of atmosphere that it seems to suggest stories of the Spanish Main in its view of the islands and a distant shore. But generally the drawings are of engineering feats, lock gates and railroads, a record of that wonder of work the artist made a journey of 15,000 miles, he says, to see, in an enterprise he congratulates himself upon. With this result before us, he must allow us to say it was an enterprise everyone else will congratulate him upon also.

SCOTT.†

When a writer tells us that Scott is overrated, or grown old-fashioned, and that nobody reads him nowadays, you cannot safely take it to mean more than that that particular writer was never under his spell, or is not so much under it now as he used to be—perhaps because he is himself the nobody who no longer reads him. Of course there are all manner of faults to be found with Scott, as there are indeed with the universe: he is careless, even slipshod in style; he took large liberties with historical facts and personages; he is sometimes verbose; his dialogue is sometimes too stilted and formal; he amplified his novels with prefaces that many of us like better even than the novels themselves and many of us do not like at all. Carlyle gave him a black mark because he had no message; but more modern criticism counts that among his virtues, for we have learned that the novelist burdened with a message is invariably overburdened by it. What we want from the great novelist is a great story, and I doubt whether Scott or any other teller of tales could wish for a higher or more satisfying testimony than that of Coleridge, who said: "When I am very ill indeed I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I *can* then read."

It is by those qualities in him that appealed to Coleridge that Scott still lives and will go on living. Personally, I have found that those of his stories which I read as a boy disappointed me a little when I re-read them in maturer years; but I know that was only because I am too sophisticated ever again to recapture my intense boyish rapture and absorbed interest in them; and I am always glad that I left some of them unread, for these have given me an after-taste of that first luxury of delight, and there are still one or two that I am keeping for the future, in case no new Scott emerges to provide for my old age. I am assured that "The Pirate," "Peveril of the Peak," and "The Black Dwarf," are three of his worst novels. I only know that I read them when I was very young, and that if any man published now a novel that I thought would give me half the pleasure that they did I would buy it with my own money. I doubt if I shall ever read them or "Count Robert of Paris" again, but when people who are easily bored assure me they are dull I, with my memories of them, find it quite impossible to believe it. I confess I thought less of "Waverley;" and if I was enraptured with "The Fortunes of Nigel" it may have been because it is so largely about old London and places in it that were very familiar to me. "Rob Roy," had first place in my later affections until I read "Ivanhoe;" and at present I am not certain whether his greatest work is in "The Heart of Midlothian" or in "The Bride of Lammermoor," and do not especially care: it is enough for me that they are great novels, both.

No one who can enjoy Scott wants to criticise him. He delves into Scottish history for such books as "Waverley," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Antiquary;" into English history for "Woodstock," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Peveril of the Peak," "Kenilworth;" into French history for "Quentin Durward," and what does it matter to you or me whether his history is good or bad? We go to him for a good story and he gives it to us, and those who ask for more have no business to be reading novels at all. He is the true successor of those old bards who "held children from their play and old men from the fireside" whilst they sang or said their tales to spellbound audiences in the halls and courtyards of an earlier day. And it is because he is the primitive, natural story-teller at his highest that I am never comfortable with his books when they appear in library editions. He is not for the library so much as for the ingle-nook, the seat in the garden, the resting-place somewhere in the open air, and his books have their appropriate form in some such handy, pleasant editions as this that Mr. Frowde has just issued. Well and clearly printed; neatly and tastefully bound; enriched with a numerous selection of the old illustrations; light to handle and not too large for the pocket withal: these volumes produce Scott exactly as he ought to be produced

* "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal." 5s. net. (Heinemann).

† The Novels of Sir Walter Scott. 24 volumes. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. net each. (Henry Frowde: Oxford Press.)

I am not sure that it was not rather a mistake to gild the top edges; but in spite of that this is an ideal edition of the work of the world's greatest teller of tales; the very sight of it tempts you to write no more of them, but to take your pick and settle down with a volume in the arm-chair and employ yourself more profitably, dreaming through again one of the Wizard's glorious dreams.

S. J.

FRANCE, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN.*

These two books—both of them by writers who have unusual qualifications for handling their respective subjects—present a piquant contrast, not only with one another, but with the current view of the Middle Ages and the popular notions of the modern Frenchman and Frenchwoman. Instead of the splendours of knightly prowess and chivalry, and gallant courtesy, the Sorbonne professor offers us the sordid picture of a civilization overrun by violence, rapine, and famine, where the mass of men led an existence of almost unbelievable misery, and where women were in a condition of extreme wretchedness and degradation. And instead of the elegant, trifling, brilliant but unstable Frenchman of our imaginations, with his companion, the vivacious, witty, doll-like, volatile Frenchwoman, Madame de Pratz shows us a nation of industrious workers, whose men are motived by thrift, prudence, and foresight, and whose women hold their own with the men in every department of practical life as well as in intellectual affairs.

M. Luchaire, whose death before this book was ready for publication caused a serious loss to historical research, was one of the leading authorities on mediæval France, and the present volume is a comprehensive account of the state of the country at the beginning of the thirteenth century, a period that has suffered more than most from hasty and unfounded idealisations. It was, as M. Luchaire paints it, one of the darkest periods in French history. Security for person or property did not exist; petty feudal tyrants exploited and oppressed the poor, and harried one another with every circumstance of rapine and cruelty; robber bands infested the country; famine and pestilence were habitual visitors; religion had become a childish and degraded superstition, finding expression in a "ritual magic" such as we usually associate with tribes sunk in the depths of barbarism. Yet "in this human society, excited by daily sufferings and terrors, living in the midst of hallucinations and visions," as M. Luchaire says, "everything happened, even the improbable." The Children's Crusade, for example, is so improbable that some historians have denied its existence, but the couple of pages devoted to it in the present volume enable us to see something of the glamour and horror of that astounding episode.

But the value of M. Luchaire's book does not lie in any picturesque details, but in his account of the daily life of prince and noble, priest and peasant, as far as materials exist for an accurate picture of these. We are given chapters on the noble at war and the noble in time of peace, and their perusal leads one to doubt which state was preferable for the unhappy peasants.

"To the knight or baron," writes M. Luchaire, "the peasant, serf or free, was only a source of revenue, of income: in time of peace they oppressed him at home as much as they could with imposts and corvées; in time of war in foreign territories they pillaged, murdered, burnt, trampled upon him, in order to inflict the greatest possible destruction upon the adversary. It was of this that war consisted. . . . Disdain, even disgust, on the part of the proprietor and seignior for the cultivator and artisan whose work supported him, is one of the most characteristic features of the middle age."

To even the most advanced thinker of the period of which M. Luchaire writes, such an apparition as Madame Claire de Pratz would have been a portent far more marvellous than the wonders in which he freely believed. The status of women is a good test of civilisation, and the rise in that status is one of the most significant things in the progress of the past seven centuries. Madame de Pratz is something of a feminist, and her most interesting chapters are those in which she writes of the triumphs of her sex. Indeed, the development of woman's work in France is astounding. Teaching is a profession in which women excel, and in the Lycée Racine, where Madame de Pratz was a professor, there are forty married women teachers, earning salaries twice as large as their husbands, many of whom are clerks in Government offices. Then in Paris there are women barristers, women doctors, dentists, oculists and chemists, doing admirable work and winning the favour of increasing numbers of clients. In the business world, an acquaintance of Madame de Pratz has established a shop that brings in 40,000 francs a year, the proprietor's husband being employed as cashier at an annual salary of £100.

"There are fifty women owners or editors of papers, gazettes, reviews or magazines, and considerably more engaged in journalism. According to the lists published by the Société des Gens de Lettres, there are over two hundred writers in France earning from 4,000 to 20,000 francs a year. There are 117,000 women *fonctionnaires* in France altogether, including the Post Office and Telephonic contingent. The primary educational schools employ 60,000, the secondary schools between 1,500 and 2,000. The Assistance Publique employs 4,000 women, and there are now twenty inspectresses and more at the Ministry of Commerce.

"There is no material or intellectual work in France in which women have no part Out of the 14,381,462 female population, there are 6,381,658 women employed in some kind of remunerative professional work, which makes an average of nearly half the women of France. There are 7,728,854 married women in France, and of these 2,685,796 are wage-earners as well as wives. In no country in the world are there so many professional workers amongst married women as in France."

And, our author notes, the rapid growth of feminist ideals in France has been less the work of leagues and groups than of the "quiet, concentrated, unanimous effort of all Frenchwomen, each for her own individual affranchisement. . . . Each is convincing her own men as well as the other men around her," with the result that, without any clamour, changes are being made in the Code Napoleon, and this social and economic feminism is making itself felt in the political sphere.

Many other aspects of contemporary French life are pleasantly treated in Madame de Pratz's pages, but this is the one on which she lays most stress. One of her anecdotes, illustrating the democratic spirit that welds together Frenchmen of all grades of society, deserves to be quoted, if only for the contrast it presents to the mediæval temper which M. Luchaire describes. In one of Madame de Pratz's classes at the Lycée Racine there were two little girls—Jeanne and Louise—who had become close friends. As they went home one day with their respective escorts, they discovered that they both lived in the same building, that part of the Palace of the Louvre which is occupied by the Ministry of Finance.

"Do you mean to say that you live here?" asked Jeanne of Louise.

"Yes, my papa is the usher to the Minister," said Louise, in the most simple manner possible, and without the slightest confusion.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jeanne, "how funny! My papa is the Minister!"

The next morning the Minister stopped his usher in the antechamber, and said:

"I hear that your daughter and mine attend the same *lycée*. It might save your wife two journeys a day, if the maid who accompanies my little girl brought yours back with mine. Mention it to your wife, and let it be arranged in that way."

A. W. EVANS.

* "Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus." By Achille Luchaire. Translated by E. B. Krehbiel. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

"France From Within." By Claire de Pratz. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MR. MAX BEERBOHM AS "A SEDULOUS APE."*

What would be your sensations, if you bought a ticket for a Paderewski concert and found, when you got to the hall, the stage littered with all sorts of musical instruments, and the Master, instead of offering you a sonata of

* "A Christmas Garland." Woven by Max Beerbohm. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

Beethoven, a nocturne of Chopin, and a rhapsody of Liszt, in his inimitable manner on the piano, presenting you with an imitation of Kubelik on the violin, of Pablo Casalo on the 'cello, Sir Frederick Bridge on the organ, and Yvette Guilbert on the human voice? Would you be disappointed or would you be well pleased? Personally I should be grievously disappointed; but then I happen to be one of those persons who would rather see Miss Cissie Loftus playing Peter Pan, than see her mimicking, however cleverly, other actresses playing other parts.

All of which is a prelude to saying that those who would like to see Mr. Max Beerbohm masquerading in the literary guise of his contemporaries will welcome his "Christmas Garland," whilst those who prefer to see him garbed in his own dainty cap and bells will be a wee bit disappointed, at moments perhaps a little resentful. For it will, I think, be admitted that parody must of necessity have in it the element of disrespect, and, however much we may regard the eccentricities of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. George Moore, Mr. Chesterton, or even Mr. Kipling as fair game for the caricaturist, we are hardly disposed at this time of day to take too kindly fun poked at George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Henry James. It may be that I am old-fashioned, but I prefer not to laugh at sacred subjects.

Which being said by way of qualification, I can otherwise heartily recommend to those who like this sort of thing Mr. Max Beerbohm in his assumption of the character of "the sedulous ape." Certainly he catches his victims to the life. Here are two passages taken almost at random.

"There was a man came to an inn by night, and after he had called three times they should open him the door—though why three times, and not three times three, nor thirty times thirty, which is the number of the little stone devils that make mows at St. Alœsius of Ledera over against the marshes Gué la-Nuce to this day, nor three times three hundred (which is a bestial number), nor three thousand times three-and-thirty, upon my soul I know not, and nor do you—when, then, this jolly fellow had three times cried out, shouted, yelled, holloa'd, loudly besought, caterwauled, brayed, sung out, and roared, he did by the same token set himself to beat, hammer, bang, pummel, and knock at the door," etc.

"My roving thoughts were caught back to the divine score which Arnold Dolmetoch was reading to me. How well placed they were, those semibreves! Could anyone but Palestrina have placed them so nicely? I wondered what girl Palestrina was courting when he conceived them. She must have been blonde, surely, and with narrow flanks. . . . There are moments when one does not think of girls, are there not, dear reader? And I swear to you that such a moment came to me while Dolmetoch mumbled the last two bars of that Mass. . . ."

Delightful, are they not, and unmistakable? Indeed, I can imagine few more amusing games than taking this clever "Christmas Garland" of Mr. Beerbohm's in a circle of literary and sympathetic friends, reading out passages taken like these at haphazard and seeing which of the circle could quickest recognise the clever mimicry. That there would be plenty of laughter I am sure, for laughter is infectious, and I can pay this rare tribute to Mr. Beerbohm, that he has made me laugh aloud in the solitude of my own study.

G. S. LAYARD.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES.*

In the last of the essays which go to make up this collection Mr. Galsworthy remarks that much criticism of late has been converted "from judgment pronounced into impression recorded." The method is eminently suitable in the present case. Mr. Galsworthy has himself supplied a rough and ready classification of the two main headings under which these studies naturally fall by labelling them "Concerning Life" and "Concerning Letters" respectively, but this classification does not carry us very far and the territory of "Life" is continually being invaded by marauding expeditions from the country of "Letters." A better classification, perhaps, (if classification there must be) would have separated those essays which show Mr. Galsworthy in an introspective mood from those which reveal him as the artist describing his impressions unembroidered to any real extent by his reflections. But the point will not bear undue elaboration, and it is made mainly to show that any "pronounced judgment"—beyond that of praise and admiration—is impossible upon a book of which the component parts are so various and so disconnected.

And yet one may trace, perhaps, a certain underlying coherence in the thoughts which inspire many of these studies and say that the general impression produced is that of a plea for tolerance. This plea, addressed to all people who are sufficiently educated, and so constituted naturally as to be able to see two sides of a question, is the very soul of the opening essay from which the book takes its title. Wandering through a wild and beautiful Italian countryside, Mr. Galsworthy comes upon an inn with the legend "Osteria di Tranquillitatà" upon which Progress has already laid her hand. Out of the olive grove which grew to its very doors a skittle alley had been formed, and the owner of the hotel, standing in that alley with his ugly modern clothes, blandly announces between the puffs of his full-flavoured cigar that he is about to call his inn the "Anglo-American Hotel." The incongruous presence of the man "within one short flight of a cuckoo from this home of Pan" (an exquisite Hesiodic touch) plunged Mr. Galsworthy into meditation from which he emerged with the conviction that, if everything in the universe which has an individual shape is a fit expression of the separate moods of a great underlying Mood, perfectly adjusted and everlasting, then

"we are all little bits of continuity, and if we are all little bits of continuity, it is ridiculous for one of us to despise another."

The same philosophy is at the bottom of his description of "Sheep-Shearing" with its vignette of the unsophisticated postman:

"In that little misunderstanding between me and the postman was all the essence of the difference between that state of civilization in which sheep could prompt a sentiment, and that state in which sheep could not."

The postman's lack of perception, we are left to infer, brought sympathetic compassion, indeed, into the heart of his interlocutor, but no sense of contempt.

But how, Mr. Galsworthy asks, about such as do not feel it ridiculous to despise, whose temperaments and religions show them all things so plainly that they know they are right? In this class is the old College chum, now a clergyman, with whom he discusses the ethics of marriage and divorce. To this problem also Mr. Galsworthy furnishes his own answer. Such people, he says, are right to feel contempt, it being natural to them, for they are "the expressions of contemptuous moods (of the great Mood), having religions and so forth suitable to these moods." And so, though he cannot claim that these thoughts are new (and, indeed, Nietzsche has expressed much the same thing) he at least feels that they have given him some feelings of tranquillity.

But the philosopher is not always insistent. There is the sheer artist in the study "Magpie Over the Hill" with its beautful descriptions of Nature and its simple picture of the little boy torn between his two young mistresses. As an example of skill in writing the sketch is supreme. Mr. Galsworthy can say in a few lines what other writers cannot express in as many pages. There is not a superfluous word, and each word is chosen with a sureness that leaves nothing at which to cavil. Another excellent sketch, though of a very different type, is "Quality." No words are wasted in otiose commiseration of the poor old bootmaker who falls a victim to the very thoroughness and excellence with which he prosecutes his calling. The plain facts are set forth in the simplest style, and it is not because we are prompted by any moralizings that we feel as exquisitely as we do all the pathos of that humble tragedy.

Those studies, to which reference has been made, all occur in the portion which is labelled "Concerning Life." What Mr. Galsworthy has here to say "Concerning Letters" is not, perhaps, equally important. His essays "About Censorship" and "Some Platitudes about Drama" contain an undue proportion of the obvious, and "Wanted—

* "The Inn of Tranquillity." By John Galsworthy. 6s. Heinemann.)

Schooling," while it starts in his best vein, shows a sad falling-off. But if in his "Vague Thoughts on Art" and "Meditation on Finality" Mr. Galsworthy does much to make amends, it is, undoubtedly, in the first part of the book that we get that "flower of author" which he himself finds in the pages of all great writers, and which is certainly not absent from his own best work.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

LEARNING IN LITTLE.*

Those who to-day hunger and thirst after knowledge have certainly no ground of complaint against the enterprising publisher if they remain unsatisfied. It is a point for consideration whether we yet fully realise the meaning of the present enormous output of books, small, cheap, and generally adequate, on nearly all the subjects of the cyclopædia. The standing puzzle regarding the consumption of the novels which swarm from the printing press meets us again here. Such activity in the popularization of knowledge is manifestly a sign of the times. It may be taken for granted that the publishers who are most active in the enterprise contrive to make it pay. There must therefore be a public, presumably a large public, for the volumes they produce. But what sort of public? How wide a circulation do these books attain? Who buys and reads them? Do the same people devour everything that is offered, from summaries of biology to treatises on art? Or do particular works appeal to particular classes of students only? And what kind of subject—science, say, or history, or philosophy, or letters—is found to be most popular? To these questions it would be interesting to get authoritative answers.

I have before me twenty-seven new issues in three of the collections which appear to be gaining, as they certainly deserve, special success in this democratic field: Messrs. Williams & Norgate's "Home University Library of Modern Knowledge" at a shilling a volume; Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's "Useful Knowledge Series," also at a shilling; and Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack's sixpenny series, "The People's Books." The extent of ground covered by these volumes collectively is remarkable; and even more remarkable is the general standard of excellence maintained in them throughout. They are well printed and bound. The title-pages show that the publishers have usually been able to enlist the best talent. In nearly every case the subject has been treated by one who obviously, is a master of it, and who moreover has the happy faculty of presenting it to the uninitiated in a clear and attractive way. The books vary indeed, as general principles would led us to expect, more under the latter than under the former head. But speaking broadly, the two conditions of good popular exposition are commonly fulfilled: the work is sound, and, so far as limits permit, thorough; and the requirements of the general reader are met. It is not usual for a critic to parade his ignorance, still less to base his judgment upon it, but in a matter of this kind there is a real advantage in being able to take up the point of view, not of the expert, but of the ordinary layman. Knowing little or nothing to begin with of some of the subjects handled in these libraries —aviation, for instance—I have been able to identify myself with those who go to them in search of elementary instruction; and usually, where I have imposed this test, the results have been satisfactory.

I have said that among the questions which these libraries naturally suggest is that of the relative popularity of the different departments of study. I do not of course allege that any final answer can be found in the make-up of these twenty-seven volumes, for the general programme of each series would have to be taken into account. But as they stand, they lead one to infer that the greatest demand is for the various branches of science, that philosophy, religion, and social topics hold their own, and that a comparatively small place in public attention is occupied by literature and even by history; and this I am inclined to think is a fair index of the current taste. In the present issue, indeed, literature is very poorly represented by two volumes only—Mr. Maclean Watt's rather thin and disappointing study of Carlyle, in "The People's Books," and a clear and readable sketch of "The Great Writers of America," by Professors Trent and Erskine, in the "Home University Library." In the former case, our enjoyment in reading is not increased by such unhappy remarks as—"Jeffrey and his kind could not understand mysticism, confusing it with misty-ism," and Carlyle "is not a milk-and-water theorist, giving jujubes to the discontented to keep them silent while they are sucking sweets." If this sort of thing is introduced in the interests of "popularity," I think the writer has mistaken his means and his public. The joint work of the two professors, on the other hand, is irreproachable in manner, and is fortunately almost entirely free from that patriotic twist which mars most American criticism of American literature.

History fares somewhat better with an excellent outline of Oliver Cromwell's life and career by Miss Hilda Johnstone, in "The People's Books," a work well packed with facts, sympathetic, and sound in judgment; and two volumes of great freshness of interest in the "Home University Library"—"Warfare in England" by Mr. Belloc, and "Master Mariners," by Mr. John R. Spears. Mr. Belloc deals with the campaigns which have been conducted and the battles which have been fought on English soil from the time of the Roman conquest, and as a study of military operations and strategy his essay should prove specially valuable to those students who (like the present writer) usually find such matters the least interesting part of history. Mr. Spears' book (the title of which seems to me to be rather unfortunate) contains a fascinating record of maritime exploration and discovery, from the days of the Phœnicians down to our own time, and concurrently traces the evolution of the ship. The story is well told, and everyone who has any feeling for the romance of sea adventure will read it with pleasure.

In the domain of philosophy it is interesting to find the past and present linked by the names of Aristotle and Eucken. Dr. A. E. Taylor's outline (in "The People's Books") of the principles of the great "master of those who know," is quite a model of its kind. It would indeed be difficult to condense more than he has done into the space of under a hundred pages, and his expositions are wonderfully lucid. This does not of course mean that his book is easy reading. In the nature of things any epitome of Aristotle's theories, however simplified, must make large demands upon the student. But anyone who goes patiently and carefully through this little volume will close it with a clear idea of the fundamentals of the peripatetic philosophy and of the place that it occupies in the history of thought, while the appended bibliography will guide the English reader into further researches on his own account. Dr. Abel Jones's "Rudolf Eucken" (in the same series) is also an excellent little treatise, and may be cordially recommended to those who, as the author says, "cannot find time to make a thorough study" of Eucken's works, and yet very properly desire "to know something of the man and his teachings."

In social science a distinctly modern note is struck. Professor Chapman's "Political Economy" and Mr. G. E. Moore's "Ethics" (both in the "Home University Library") are alike thoroughly modern in method and outlook, and those who turn to them for information on their respective subjects may be assured that they are in the hands of teachers fully abreast of the latest thought and speculation of the time. Mr. J. H. Harley's essay on "Syndicalism," in "The People's Books," is manifestly opportune, and cannot fail to prove useful to the many readers, who, recognising with the author that syndicalism is at least a "significant movement," are anxious to clarify their ideas regarding its origin, aims, and bearings. Messrs.

* "Useful Knowledge Series." Five Volumes. 1s. a vol. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Home University Library of Modern Knowledge." Ten Volumes. 1s. a vol. net. (Williams & Norgate.)—"The People's Books." Twelve Volumes. 6d. a vol. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

"WHEN THE CRESCENT OF THE NEW MOON SHONE."

From "THE STORY OF MY HEART"
By RICHARD JEFFERIES
Illustrated by EDWARD W. WAITE
DUCKWORTH AND CO.

Jack also provide a serviceable little manual on a most practical subject in Mr. W. A. Robertson's "Insurance as a means of Investment."

It is perhaps worth while to note that the three books of the present issue dealing with religion happen to represent three distinct lines of interest:—Mrs. Besant's "Theosophy," in "The People's Books," which may doubtless be regarded as an authoritative statement of a subject concerning which there is a great deal of public curiosity; Mrs. Creighton's excellent account of "Missions: Their Rise and Development," in the "Home University Library," and, in the same collection, "The Making of the New Testament," by Professor Bacon of Yale. This last-named work seems to me to be one of quite outstanding importance, for it provides the general reader with a compact summary of the latest results of New Testament criticism as they are accepted by advanced theologians. From a perusal of its illuminating pages we learn how far and in what directions such criticism has travelled since the time of Baur and his early followers in the Tübingen school. Dr. Bacon sets out by noting the striking paradox that the New Testament is a body of literature "born of protest against the tyranny of a canon, yet ultimately canonised itself through an increasing demand for external authority," and he proceeds to a searching examination of origins and development. He brings out strongly the fundamental distinction between the two leading schools of early Christian thought—the Pauline, or "Greek-Christian gospel *about* Jesus," and the Apostolic, or "Jewish-Christian gospel *of* Jesus"—the "Gospel of the Spirit" and the "Gospel of Authority," and he lays stress upon the fact that, arising as it did as the product of conflicting forces, "the unity of the New Testament is a unity in diversity." His underlying principle is that of historical interpretation: "the literature of the New Testament must be understood historically if understood at all."

The remaining volumes are concerned with various aspects of science, natural or practical. Five belong to the admirable "Useful Knowledge Series"—Mr. Chambers' "The Story of Eclipses," Mr. E. A. Martin's "A Piece of Coal," the late Grant Allen's "Plant Life," Mr. Rodway's "Forest and Stream," and Professor Henslow's "Wild Flowers." Three belong to the "Home University Library"—Professor Gregory's "The Making of the Earth," Professor Keith's "The Human Body," and Professor Kapp's "Electricity." In Messrs. Jack's series Mr. Macpherson writes on "Practical Astronomy with the Unaided Eye," Mr. Goodrich on "Evolution," Dr. Leighton on "Embryology," Dr. Price on "Diatetics," and Mr. Sydney Walker on "Aviation." We have here indeed—the hackneyed quotation is unavoidable—"infinite riches in a little room."

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

TWO FRIENDS AND A WOMAN.*

As a novelist Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is somewhat uncertain. At times he is a man of cultivated talent: at times a man of original genius. At his best he has a fine, whimsical, tender power of imagination, but it needs a strong under-current of emotion to set it working with full energy; and the only thing that inspires Sir Arthur with this necessary emotion is his half humorous and yet intense love for Cornwall. When his foot is on his native heath and his name is "Q.", he is one of the most delightful writers in the world. He can stand comparison with the finest masters of the short story or the long novel. The little Cornish town to which he gives the name of Troy is his grand source of inspiration. His slightest sketch of its ways, people and traditions is touched with genius.

In "Hocken and Hunken, a Tale of Troy," we have "Q." in his happiest mood. By turns he is cynical and tender, humorous and serious, and always delightful. The work is composed of the quintessence of all the qualities of his veritable genius. If he had not placed the tale among his own people, it might have been as harsh a study of a mischief-making minx of a woman as Thackeray and Mr. Thomas Hardy have done. For there is something of Becky Sharp and Barbara of "Far from the Madding Crowd," in Mrs. Bosenna of Rilla Farm on the outskirts of Troy. Having married an old man for the sake of his wealth, even as Becky might have done, she has the pleasure of inheriting his money and land just when she is in the flower of her age and beauty. Intelligent and sensuous, half in sport and half in earnest, she makes advances to a well-to-do sea-faring man, Captain Caius Hocken, a native of Troy, who settles there, after a life of adventure, with his friend Captain Tobias Hunken. Hunken is a bigger, sterner man than his chum, and the pretty widow woos him while she is carrying on with the sweeter-natured and more companionable Hocken. The result is the two friends fall out and astonish and entertain the whole of Troy with their fierce, bitter and open quarrel for the hand of Mrs. Bosenna. Still living together, but taking their meals separately and only meeting in the streets, the two men turn every public affair in Troy in the year of the Diamond Jubilee, into a personal contest. They put up against each other at elections, turn both agricultural shows and regattas into pathetic, ridiculous scenes of rivalry, till at last Hunken loses all the money he has saved, and Hocken's deep feelings of friendship return and he renounces the fascinating widow. Not to be outdone in generosity, Hunken, on recovering his fortune, tells his old friend that he will leave the field open for him. In the end they both refuse Mrs. Bosenna's subtle and picturesque offer of marriage, and friendship thus triumphs over love. The book is really a fine and touching study of comradeship; but it is so lightened by humour and whimsy, and so crowded with strange, quaint and memorable characters, that it is a pure delight. Perhaps it is the richness of background in "Q.'s" tales of Troy that chiefly distinguishes them from his other works. In painting it his imagination is able to draw on his memory, and his memory is so irradiated and quickened by his Greek-like intensity of local patriotism that it gives to his work the strange vividness of conception which is rather wanting in his stories of alien scenes.

E. W.

* "Hocken and Hunken." By "Q." 6s. (Blackwood.)

THE FASCINATION OF BOOKS.*

Probably no one in London has a longer or fuller knowledge of the bookselling trade than Mr. Joseph Shaylor; he has been engaged in the handling of books practically all his life, and this familiarity has so far from bred contempt in him that he still treats them and thinks and speaks of them as Izaak Walton behaved towards his worms—as if he loved them. The elder Disraeli would have rejoiced in the curious and interesting information that Mr. Shaylor has gathered in here from literary byways. There is an excellent chapter on the beginnings and development of the Christmas book; it is amazing to learn that the once popular Annuals yielded in one year a profit of ten thousand pounds to their publishers, thirty thousand to the retail booksellers, and six thousand between their authors and editors. It is very interesting to trace the rise and decline of these annuals; the appearance of Dickens' and Thackeray's Christmas books, and the coming of the Christmas volumes of later years. Not less interesting are the chapters on Booksellers and Bookselling; on Some Old Libraries; on the Life and Death of Books; Bookselling and the Public; Bookselling and Some of its Humours; Hymns, Hymn Writers and Hymn Books. On Nineteenth Century Book Distributing; on the Selling of Books, and on Publishing Mr. Shaylor writes as an expert; he gives you an inside history of the growth of the business of bookselling from the middle of last century, when publishing and bookselling first became separate trades; he explains the old methods of publishing, and the present system; discusses publishers' agreements and gives sound, practical advice

* "The Fascination of Books." With other Papers on Books and Bookselling. By Joseph Shaylor. 6s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Mr. Joseph Shaylor.

to the inexperienced author. From the first chapter, on "The Fascination of Books," to the last, on "Reprints and Their Readers," this is one of the most genial and pleasantly gossipy books about books that we have ever read.

A WANDERER IN FLORENCE.*

According to its publisher's notice, this is an "impressionistic travel-book," in which the author "follows his accustomed line, blending latter-day impressions with historical lore, and recording minutely the sensations of pleasure produced by the beauties of art, architecture and natural scenery." The critic is thus, in some sort, disarmed at the outset; for who shall dare to deny to anyone, and least of all to so well-known and accomplished an author as Mr. Lucas, the liberty to record his impressions? And how can one criticize anything so subjective and unsubstantial as an impression? Let us hasten to add that Mr. Lucas' "impressions" of Florence are interesting and very pleasantly recorded. Indeed, the traveller will find in his book not only a stimulating companion to the arid if indispensable Baedeker, but a means of reviving his own memories of the fascinating city, after he has returned home. The enjoyment of a visit to Florence depends so largely on the possession of some knowledge of its long and complicated history that we asked ourselves with some curiosity how this important feature was to be treated from the "impressionistic" standpoint. Mr. Lucas evidently realizes that there is indeed a difficulty here, and modestly disclaims any attempt to trespass on the domain of the historians, to whom he refers his readers (p. 51). He contrives, however, to give vivid biographical details about many of the numerous personages whom he has occasion to mention as well as a brief and spirited, if not always meticulously accurate, sketch of the Medicean supremacy. In his references to the earlier political system he is less felicitous. His account (p. 96) of the Guilds, the Priors and the "Gonfalonier of Florence" (by which title he seems to indicate the official known as the *Gonfaloniere di Giustizia*, added to the Signoria in 1293) is singularly misleading; while, on p. 184 he appears to regard the *Capitano del Popolo* and the *Podestà* as identical. This is "impressionistic" history with a vengeance and we trust that, in another edition, these things will be "straightened out," to use Mr. Lucas' own expression.

Starting with the Cathedral, Mr. Lucas leads his reader successively through the principal places of interest in Florence, and the traveller who puts himself under his guidance will miss little or nothing that is worth seeing. His account of the Uffizi Gallery, and indeed of the paintings and sculpture in Florence generally, is excellent. His attitude towards Ruskin illustrates the sanity and catholicity of his taste; that great art-critic is, indeed, a guide to be followed, but not to be followed blindly: Mr. Lucas can find room in his Pantheon for Ghirlandaio as well as for Giotto, for Bronzino as well as for Botticelli. The tourist will find in this book many noteworthy counsels which will be useful to him, and not in Florence only. Thus Mr. Lucas remarks (p. 114) that "one should never forget in any gallery of Florence to look out of the windows." Again (p. 117) he bids his readers remember that the great works of art in the galleries were not painted in order to be exhibited there; and he exhorts the visitor not to overlook the predellas of such paintings as have them, for there "the artist often throws off formality and allows his feelings to have play." Elsewhere, he notes, very justly, that "nothing is easier than to overlook ceilings." More than once he makes merry over the squabbles of the experts about the attribution of pictures to this master and to that, and sensibly observes (p. 360) that "the untutored visitor in the presence of so much scientific variance will be wise to enact the part of the lawyer in the old caricature of the litigants and the cow, who, while they pull, one at the head and the other at the tail, fills his bucket with milk. In other words, the plain duty of the ordinary person is to enjoy the picture."

Some minor blemishes need correction: On p. 209, we read that the most famous of all the Franciscan churches, that at Assisi, was begun while St. Francis was living; whereas the site for its erection was only conveyed to Friar Elias on behalf of Pope Gregory IX. nearly a year and a half after the Saint's death; on p. 271, the puzzle about Zacharias is solved by Luke i. 63, and Henry VIII. did not become Defender of the Faith after throwing off the shackles of Rome (p. 335) but before. The mention of "holograph relics" in connection with Dante (p. 177) might lead the reader to suppose that there are autographs of the poet in the Laurentian Library. Unfortunately, every scrap of his writing has perished.

The illustrations call for high praise; the photographs are well chosen, and the coloured reproductions of Mr. Morley's drawings are delightful. "Evening at the Piazzale Michelangelo" and the "Ponte Vecchio" are among the most beautiful and characteristic; but one would hardly realize from the representation of the Palazzo Vecchio, facing p. 90, that it is, as Mr. Lucas says it is: "One of the most resolute and independent buildings in the world."

W. H.

* "A Wanderer in Florence." By E. V. Lucas. With sixteen Illustrations in Colour by Harry Morley, and thirty-eight Photographs from Paintings and Sculpture. 6s. (Methuen.)

THE MIND OF MR. BALFOUR.*

Mr. Short was private secretary to Mr. Balfour for some years, and he has thought it would be interesting to present his chief's non-political views "in a convenient and permanent form." "Non-political" does not exclude, fortunately, the characteristic and apt tributes paid in the House of Commons to Mr. Gladstone, the Marquis of Salisbury, and the Duke of Devonshire. In speaking of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour observes that his difficulty was to restrain, not to find, epigrams, and that his literary gift was natural and great. This is not a reflection which will occur to the reader of the Balfour anthology. The

* "Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker: A Collection of the more important and interesting passages in his non-political writings, speeches, and addresses (1879–1912)." By Wilfrid M. Short. With Portrait. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

pages of this large, carefully arranged, and comprehensive book are not studded with epigrams, and their literary quality, though larger on the whole than Mr. Gladstone's letters and essays, is not the outstanding feature. It is the easy play of intellect upon all sorts of subjects, from golf to eugenics, the application of a highly cultured mind, with singular powers of penetration, to topics like philosophy and music and science, which is the real interest and value of these pages. The selections contain a considerable amount of scattered wisdom, and they certainly display a versatility of mind, which in this case is something more than the power of a public man to speak at random upon all sorts and conditions of subjects. There are not more than two other first-class politicians, whose non-political utterances could furnish material for a book like this.

"Matter grows under our hands," said Sterne, "let no man say, 'Come—I'll write a duodecimo.'" If Mr. Short ever said this to himself, he quickly changed his mind. The matter seems to have grown under his hand, and the result is a thick volume of over 500 pages. Some of the extracts, especially those in small print, could have been spared. Thus Mr. Balfour's address at the St. Andrews University Quincentenary was not a success to hear, and it does not improve upon reading. Neither was it worth while to reprint this casual remark on marriage:—

"I think all will agree that if matrimony is to succeed, good manners should be adopted on both sides. Everybody will admit that a relation not always easy to keep smooth can only be kept smooth if there is mutual consideration and mutual respect. . . . That is a moral which I recommend to all husbands and to all wives. I recommend it from the serene platform of the confirmed bachelor."

Mr. Short might have assumed that "The Pleasures of Life" and "How to be Happy Though Married" are still in circulation. But it is really serviceable to get sections of the "Defence of Philosophic Doubt" reprinted, as that volume has been inaccessible for some time. For this, among other things, we can forgive Mr. Short's inability to confine himself to a duodecimo volume of Mr. Balfour's wit and wisdom.

In point of general interest, the things one turns to most readily are not the writer's set essays, but his opinions on the by-ways of life, or his opinions in undress on the high-ways. These are not always easy to find, but they are worth looking for. Things like these, for example, to choose almost at random.

"Most of the pictures we look at in galleries never were intended to be looked at in galleries at all; they were painted to be enjoyed under very different conditions."

"The movement of population is as continuous from Scotland to the outer world as is the stream of ocean from the Euxine Sea through the Bosphorus into the wider ocean. There is no return current, except, indeed, when Scotchmen have made their fortunes."

"I give the public notice that if any speech of mine appears with Latin quotations in it these quotations are due to the reporter, and are not due to me."

"A book which is read for examination purposes is a book which has been read wrongly. Every student ought to read a book, not to answer the questions of somebody else, but to answer his own questions."

And so on.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D.; D.Litt.

MR. CONRAD AT HIS BEST.*

The most remarkable quality of Mr. Joseph Conrad's new set of long-short stories, "Twixt Land and Sea," is the ease and simplicity of the language. Mr. Conrad is as intense, curious and subtle a student of human nature in action as he was in that early masterpiece of his, "The Heart of Darkness," but his manner of tackling a subject is now extraordinarily fine. He used to be a melancholious amateur of the picturesquely violent side of life vainly trying to masquerade as a simple seaman. His point of view was essentially literary, and all kinds of literary influences were apparent in it—Zola's, Maupassant's, and that of the Russian school of abnormal-psychological novelists. The striking originality of his exotic themes and the inspiring zest for the adventurous side of life that mingled curiously with his rather morbid interest in the derangements of the human machine, saved him from being a mere importer of the latest Continental fashions in literature. Yet his authenticity of imagination was somewhat over-laid by the various evidences of his literary apprenticeship. In "Lord Jim" he became his own master: yet one still felt he was a literary man studying a case of conscience rather than a sailor who had gone to sea from the love of adventure. Even that splendid vigorous sketch, "Youth," was the tale of a literary pilgrimage: it might have been written by Pater, had it been possible for that amateur of curious emotions to make a voyage to the Orient in search of new sensations. The rich and heavily loaded diction, with its search for strange and telling epithets, and its laboured though effective studies of picturesque effects, gave too literary an air to the narrative.

In his new set of stories of seafaring in Eastern Seas Mr. Conrad retains all his old subtlety, intensity and disquieting, brooding imaginativeness. But instead of displaying his literary power, he conceals it. He comes forward as an ordinary retired master-mariner in a mood for telling in simple, easy, artless speech, some yarns about life in the Indian Ocean and off the coast of Siam. He leaves out important bits of his narrative, and has to interrupt his tale later on in order to bring them in and make clear what he is leading up to. Not only is the dialogue colloquial, but much of the description is the talk of a middle-aged skipper repeating himself at times and using little tricks of speech of a commonplace sort. Yet, with this loose and apparently unlaboured way of writing, Mr. Conrad gets a wonderful power of expression. He does not now go in search of sensations and emotions, strange, subtle, exotic and tragical. They happen to him—a simple-minded unadventurous skipper of a windjammer engaged in carrying sugar and potatoes, grand pianos and other chance cargoes, from island to island. He begins with an extraordinary love affair, the character drawing in which is one of the finest things he has ever done Poe and Baudelaire, and someone with a sense of humour they did not possess, might have written it in collaboration. The next tale is about a murderer, whom the skipper helps to escape; and the last is a study of love and jealousy and death. Each of them represents Mr. Conrad as an incomparable master of the longish-short story. His art now owes nothing to anybody: it is distinct, incisive, and yet suggestive of a thousand things left unsaid, while in appearance it is easy to the point of slipshodness. Each tale, we think, is likely to stick for ever in the memory of the reader; and we are sure we shall never forget Jacobus, the chief character in the first tale, ironically entitled "A Smile of Fortune."

E. W.

* "'Twixt Land and Sea." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Dent & Sons.)

MACREADY'S DIARIES.*

By the members of his own craft William Charles Macready was never beloved, and the tradition of him which still persists in theatrical circles is of an actor no doubt great in his way, but unsociable to the last degree, ashamed of his stage-surroundings, morose and arrogant towards his colleagues, jealous of any and every rival, and generally snobbish and egotistical. For his own part he did his best, not always intentionally, to earn his fellow-players' dislike. The language he used of them in private—"these wretches," "these creatures," "these insects,"—was, we may be sure, repeated by him in public places and must have been canvassed in pot-house and green-room. It was notorious that his early retirement from the playhouse was due to his disgust with the vulgarity and disreputable morals of its rank and file, and he had never concealed his impatience of the habits, speech and manners of the stage-Bohemia of his time. No wonder the easy-going mummers dubbed him a prig and objected to his airs of superiority and disdain.

* "The Diaries of William Charles Macready, 1833–51." Edited by Wm. Toynbee. 2 Vols. 32s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

But there is an easy explanation alike of Macready's aloofness and of the resentment which it provoked. Caste-feeling was on both sides the cause of ill-will. Macready belongs to a type of player common enough in these days, when the stage is so largely recruited from the universities and our professional and upper-class families, but almost unique eighty years ago. A public-school boy, dreaming at Rugby of glory to be gained at the bar, he was called upon to sacrifice his ambitions and to resign himself at seventeen to the atmosphere of a miserable provincial theatre and its company of uneducated and probably drunken and foul-mouthed actors. His father had to be rescued from bankruptcy and the lad put his shoulder to the wheel. Young prodigies even then could secure a vogue in theatre or concert-room, and the boy Romeo won favour and set the elder Macready on his feet again. But in saving his father he condemned himself to a species of servitude and exile. If he had his ideal—and a very lofty ideal—of the profession he thus perforce embraced, he never grew used to or tolerant of its practitioners, and the nausea which the fastidious youngster must have felt as he contrasted the accent and behaviour of his stage-associates with those of his Rugby school friends was never forgotten, and seems to have affected permanently his relations with actors of the old school. Their slang, their illiterateness, their weakness for alcohol, their improvidence, their stupidity in their own work, got on the nerves of this student and Puritan who could not see the touch of kindliness that so nearly excused their vices. To this excess of sensitiveness he added an irascibility which found vent in the wildest invective. Macready had always got a grievance against somebody and was always making or inventing for himself enemies. At the same time his demands on his friends were far too extravagant, with the result that he was constantly being disappointed and embittered. His resource in the case of foes fancied or real, or of "false" friends, was the free indulgence of his tongue. He railed against these sinners at his club, and the victims of his abuse were not long left uninformed. Critics and brother-players were often attacked; what wonder that they "conspired" together to thwart Macready's hopes of self-advancement. The slowness of his rise to fame is to no small extent to be accounted for by the antagonisms he aroused. His fits of anger, too, had their bad effects on his peace of mind and his art. An explosion was always followed by worrying moods of repentance and he never acted his best if his thoughts were distracted or his emotions in a turmoil. An unhappy man, as he must on the whole be described, he with his suspiciousness and irritability, was himself the author of much of his unhappiness.

We see the man for what he really was, we see his good side as well as his external faultiness, in his diaries already printed in part by Sir Frederick Pollock along with the "Reminiscences" and that editor's continuation of Macready's autobiography, but now for the first time published in Messrs. Chapman & Hall's two handsome volumes, more or less in their entirety. No more remarkable and complete revelation has ever been penned by an actor. Incidentally these diaries provide us with most valuable sidelights on the social life of the time, for there were few contemporaries of mark with whom Macready did not rub shoulders, and these file as it were in procession through the pages of his journals. But of far more vital significance is the portrait which all unconsciously the diarist paints of himself. From first to last we discover him actuated by two great passions, the one, professional ambition, the other anxiety to secure the ease of his wife and children. Always he is studying and re-studying his parts; never had he to face even among the pressmen he denounced as "vermin" and "filth of the world," so severe a critic as he himself was of his own performances. Always, too, he is thinking how he can add to the comfort and provide for the future of his family, and sees in his home the haven wherein he can throw aside every anxiety and annoyance; storm as he might out-of-doors, he sought and found peace there, and quite the most charming feature of his diaries is the tenderness and loyalty which inform his every allusion to his children and their mother. Like most actor-managers he had his temptations to infidelity, but love-sick girls got no encouragement from him—there was never a more constant husband. Warring against these passions were the contrary instincts of pride and ill-temper. He was conscious of *mauvaise honte* in his social and business dealings, yet he could never cure himself of the fault. Again and again, in his diaries he makes confession of ridiculous surrenders to bursts of anger and earnestly vows to make a change. Yet within a short while there comes a fresh record of offending and remorse, and resolutions are made once more only to be broken. His unrestraint, as he knew quite well, had its most serious side in the fact that it not merely jeopardised his professional position but also his family's prospects. Yet even the thought of these could not prevent his assaulting his own manager, Bunn of Drury Lane, to pay off old scores of persecution and insult. Only when the affair was over could he contemplate the consequences; then he passed a sleepless night in agony and bemoaned his folly. If sometimes he could not control his fists he could rarely put a bridle on his speech. The man who could denounce a whole people, the Americans, as "a nation of blackguards," was not likely to be merciful to individuals. So Talfourd came in for censure as having what we should call, nowadays, a swelled head. Browning became "an insect" and a "puppy," because when, smarting under the failure of "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," he met Macready one day he showed signs of embarrassment. Dickens though once voted "conceited," could live up to the actor's ideal of friendship and so was "dear Dickens" to the last, just as Carlyle pleased somehow even in his "exceptious moods." But other authors, Bulwer excepted, were not so fortunate, much less actors. It is a tell-tale fact that Macready has hardly a good word to say for any rival player of his day, from Edmund Kean to Charles Mathews; at every one he carps and gibes. Even Helen Faucit, whom he championed so handsomely during a phase of undeserved scandal, is spoken of as "silly" on occasions and is described as "generous in her requisitions." The touchiest of men, Macready seems to have let all sorts of imaginary wrongs sour his feelings and prompt him to reprisals. And so he went on manufacturing miseries for himself. Pity is the sentiment his own account of his career inspires. And yet he had his consolations. He conquered success. He had the refuges of his God and his home.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE NEW LIFE OF BYRON.*

It was high time for a new "Life of Byron"; for, as Miss Mayne reminds us, there has been no "full-length" Life and Letters of the poet compiled in English since Moore's authorized biography was published in 1830. During the interval of eighty-two years much valuable material has been made public, of which I need specify only the Recollections of Lady Blessington (1834), of the Countess Guiccioli (1869), and of Lord Broughton, published two or three years ago; the Letters and Journals, edited by Mr. Rowland Prothero, and, last and perhaps most important, the "Astarte" of the late Lord Lovelace (1905). Of the new matter furnished in these volumes, the authoress of the new "Life" has made fullest use, and hence it may be fearlessly asserted from the outset that for the present Miss Mayne's "Life" holds the field. For those who read but one Life of Byron, her work has superseded all others. Not that it is to be understood that the book is faultless. Miss Mayne has not always arranged her facts with due regard to perfect ease in reading; nor is her literary style, at least at the outset, always perfectly clear and simple. She is not happy when she quotes, with apparent approval, (p. 87) a description of Cambridge as "a mere receptacle for youth," or characterizes Henry Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," (p. 108) as a "rather foolish book," or John Galt (p. 160) as "author of two

* "Byron." By Ethel Colburn Mayne. 2 Vols With Eighteen Illustrations. (Methuen.)

novels whose names still survive." In her next edition such slips as *Canænæ* (p. 269), *pacim* (p. 270), Monteith for Monreith, may fitly be amended. But these are the merest details. What is of infinitely more importance is that her book is characterized throughout by full information and by a generous and unflagging, yet not uncritical, enthusiasm for her subject.

In her chapter on Byron, "The Man's Man," Miss Mayne quotes the saying of a recent writer not named, that a "Life of Byron" is in reality little more than an account of Byron's love-affairs, which she proceeds to characterize as "perhaps the most foolish and shallow of the many judgments in that sort which have been delivered upon him." None the less, I must confess that to myself the most interesting part of her book is its discussion of the love episodes. For, in the first place, she writes of these from the feminine point of view, which in itself is interesting; and secondly, from that of one who unites a woman's innate sympathy and delicacy of feeling with a breadth of mind and a knowledge of the world which are less generally characteristic of the sex. Nor is she prudishly reserved. As will be gathered, then, from what has been already said, she rises above the triviality of "taking sides," whether for or against her own sex, studying each successive problem on its merits, and bringing to bear thereon the sympathetic insight, as it were, of a dramatic poet.

Of Byron's childhood, school and college life, there is now nothing fresh to be told. Nor does Miss Mayne add to our information regarding the "Girl of Cadiz" and "Maid of Athens" amourettes. But she is probably right in surmising that the influence on Byron's after-life of his school-boy passion for Mary Chaworth has hitherto been exaggerated. His later feeling for her was at most the constancy of the inconstant. Mr. Edgcumbe's theory that Medora Leigh was Mary's child by Byron* is justly dismissed, after examination, as surmise wholly unsupported by evidence.

It is scarcely until 1812, then, that the love-drama of Byron's life begins in earnest. This was the year of the "Byron Fever," when, following the publication of the first half of "Childe Harold," "language could hardly exaggerate the folly that prevailed." The first victim was Caroline Lamb, the story of whose relations with the poet begins romantically and closes sordidly. Already a wife and mother, though still very young, she was then at the height of her social success—a success of freshness, originality, daring impulse and "spoiled childishness." "That beautiful pale face is my fate," she wrote, after her first meeting with Byron, and her immediate impulse was to flee from him. But she quickly thought better, or rather *worse*, of it, and paid the penalty with her reputation, reason, and perhaps life. Had that been all, she would have remained at least a romantic figure. But, alas! her ill-regulated impulses had ere this betrayed her into hysteria or ill-breeding. Nor is it easy to avoid imputing to her the rumours which, four years later, led to Byron's social ostracism. The Countess of Oxford, that mature voluptuary, who succeeded Lady Caroline as Byron's mistress, seems to have appealed to him as calm after storm, for to her alone of all his loves did he profess gratitude.

The truth regarding the separation of Lord and Lady Byron, which, long familiar in the form of rumour, was imparted to a limited circle by the late Lord Lovelace's "Astarte," is here for the first time made public property. By Miss Mayne's skilled investigation of this delicate and painful matter a tardy act of justice is done to Lady Byron, who emerges from the ordeal in her true character—as a woman of narrow mind, perhaps, but of unswerving rectitude of conduct and of almost superhuman powers of self-control and of keeping her own counsel. "Annabella"

* *See* "Byron; The Last Phase." By Richard Edgcumbe.

Byron, 1813-14.

From the engraving by C. Turner after the painting by R. Westall, R.A.

From "Byron," by Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Methuen).

Byron never invited sympathy, nor craved to be understood; but, stoic as she was, one cannot doubt that she must often have longed for both. The indiscretion, to put it temperately, of the most egregious advocate ever vouchsafed to prisoner at the bar did her cause incalculable wrong. But she has now at last triumphed over this, and is henceforth beyond reach of injustice. One question now alone remains unanswered: To what degree did she love her husband? Another point which must occur to every masculine reader is, Why in the name of common-sense did not she ask her sister-in-law to leave No. 13 Piccadilly Terrace? It is true that in 1815 wrong done was already a thing of the past; true, also, that Annabella's suspicions were still far short of confirmation. But there can be no doubt that the situation would have been much simplified, the moral strain very much relieved, by Mrs. Leigh's departure. Miss Mayne's book is, I believe, the first to publish an authentic portrait of Lady Byron.

In the episode of Jane Clairmont, Miss Mayne reveals "Claire" as recklessly throwing herself at Byron's head, in a manner wholly unsuspected by readers of Professor Dowden's "Shelley." For her assignation with Byron seems to have been contrived by herself and consented to by him. Certainly to none of his mistresses, so far as is known, did Byron, the most chivalrous of men, behave with greater harshness than to Claire. The subsequent Venetian period, during which Marianna Segati and Margarita Cogni reigned conjointly over his heart, marks the radii of his career. For four years after this Countess Guiccioli saved him from himself; but she accomplished this at the expense of ennui and satiety, and of what looks very like an attempt at blackmail on the part of a complaisant husband. It says much for Miss Mayne's enthusiasm that she is able to follow Byron's devious course without losing a jot of her admiration for what was essentially noble, generous, miraculous in him.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Novel Notes.

THE ROCK OF THE RAVENS: A ROMANCE. By John A. Steuart. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Steuart has chosen for his theme the old-world one of a brave man beset by treachery and blindly bent on wreaking vengeance on the heads of those most faithful to him. The scene is in the Highlands, and the period that in which the clans were divided by feuds no less than distinguished by their tartans. The Macdonalds, under the redoubtable Drumskead of Drumskead Castle, are at bitter enmity with the Mackintoshes. Their chief is growing old, and, when the story opens, banishes Conall the seer, and hands over the gallant Ranald Glenranald to the charge of the young man's enemy and rival, Mungo Dearg. How Mungo is eventually involved in the meshes of his own toils, and Ranald and the chief's beautiful daughter Mona are united, must be left to the author to tell. Suffice it that there is ample excitement for the most excitement-loving of readers to enjoy ere the coils of the serpent are set straight and the just and the unjust come to their own.

BUNCH GRASS: A Chronicle of Life on a Cattle Ranch. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. (Murray.)

As a novelist Mr. Vachell has scored so many successes that a new volume from his pen cannot fail to excite the curiosity, and confident anticipations of goodly entertainment, of many readers. But Mr. Vachell is also known as the author of a delightful volume dealing with life and sport on the Pacific Slope of California, and therefore this volume has as it were a double claim on our attention. And it may be said at once that which ever may be the earlier interest which moves a reader to take up "Bunch Grass" he will have no occasion for disappointment. Whether the score of stories are read as fiction or for their vivid pen-pictures of Californian life around and about a cattle ranch thirty years ago they are quite absorbingly attractive. Mr. Vachell points out in a preface that "in a modest way he may claim to be a historian, not forgetting that the original signification of the word was a narrator of fables founded upon facts." The history which he presents is of the circumstances that attended the transmuting of "the Land of Yesterday" into "the Golden State of To-day—and To-morrow" and in the course of it he shows us something of the comedy and tragedy which attended the transmutation. He begins with an account of the way in which "Alethea-Belle" the first "school-marm," of the village of Paradise fought down the weaker side of her own nature, and how she mastered single-handed the refractory youth of the neighbourhood; he tells of the "holding up" of the stage-coaches in the lawless days, and of the whipping out of revolvers and shooting "on sight"; of the Chinese Riots when the "Coon Dogs" hunted out and tortured the Celestials, and of how a Chinaman cook, "Mary" was saved from these ruffians by his master's coolness and resourcefulness; and in the closing story he gives a remarkable account of the way in which a wife-beater and torturer of the "under-dog" came by his end. The stories are at once vigorous in character and incident, and vivid in their descriptions of a past that is recent when measured by years but far distant if measured by the changes that have taken place in the country described.

THE MYSTERY OF 31 NEW INN. By R. Austin Freeman. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To those critics that have grown weary of the modern detective and his cheap melodramatic dives into the troublous sea of present-day crime, we would recommend an acquaintance with Dr. Thorndyke, the central character in this novel. It is easy to gather the sympathy and skill that have gone to the creation, and the justification, of Mr. Austin Freeman's detective hero. "The Mystery of 31 New Inn" has not been written in the usual style of detective fiction—that is from the end backward, with an irritating explanation clumsily fitted to a series of more or less unconvincing mysteries. The writer has honestly grappled with two apparently insoluble problems in London's criminal life. On the one side, he has confronted us with the pathetic figure of an old man in a lonely house in Kennington, one who is being obviously poisoned by morphia by a mysterious German and his housekeeper, both of whom pretend that their charge is dying from sleeping sickness. On the other, he places the sudden and unexpected death of a comparatively wealthy man in New Inn, who has made two wills within a brief period and in practically the same terms, and yet, by his latter act, has diverted £30,000 from its legitimate destination. It is easy to see that Mr. Freeman has been born with the mind of a writer of first class detective stories, for he has an eye for every detail that matters, a most entertaining style and method, and an extraordinary patience in the adjustment of details. This new story with its brilliant climax should certainly establish him as a recognised English Gaboriau.

THE CELESTIAL CRITIC. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

In his latest story the author of "A Magdalen's Husband" has given us a remarkable study of the mind of a workingman. It contains just those elements that might have made a really notable work of fiction. Mr. Brown, however, disappoints us, though he provides several strong situations which are cleverly treated. Real dramatic power is shown in the passages which describe John Brood's discovery of his wife's infidelity, and much, we think, might have been made of his acquaintance with the "wonderful creature" who appeared to him "like a woman out of Shelley's poetry. For a time she proves to be an interesting mystery, and talks with Brood, who is "a man of theories," of the great things of life. But she does not long remain on her pedestal. Brood hears that his brother, a drunken soldier, is to marry this "herald of his dawn," and he suddenly realizes that he has been worshipping an image of clay. And in the end it is the little cripple, "The Celestial Critic," to whom he turns, finding peace in her simple religion. It is an uncommon and readable story, and one of unusual merit despite its disappointing features.

THE SECOND CITY. By W. J. Eccott. 6s. (Blackwood.)

There has been a brief and passionate episode in the past of Sheriff-Substitute Dunluce, which has made him the father of an illegitimate son, of whose very existence for a long time he is unaware. When the blow falls he is happily married—for the second time—to a devoted and very charming wife—an attractive and admirably-drawn character. Mrs. Dunluce is in reality the Sheriff's erstwhile mistress, fearing that the revelation would involve the loss of her husband's affection and respect. The situation is further complicated by the fact that in Scotland the subsequent marriage of parents legalises their offspring. On these foundations Mr. Eccott has built up an altogether admirable novel, which presents several unusual features. "The Second City," however, is primarily noteworthy as a sympathetic and suggestive study of life in modern Glasgow. In this respect, indeed, the novel appears to be of considerable value. In any case it will add to Mr. Eccott's reputation.

COMMONERS' RIGHTS. By Constance Smedley. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is a book that leaves you congratulating yourself that you did not miss it. "The most perplexing factor in the marriage question is the inevitable growth of the human soul," says Miss Constance Smedley in her preface." It is to be hoped that some day wives and husbands will be viewed in the same light as ordinary individuals, and their service to each other estimated by the genuine growth in good which their mutual influence effects, not only individually, but in relation to the community in which they live." The "perplexing factor" and the great problem of the people's rights provides the theme of an uncommonly fine

story. Miss Smedley attacks her subject in a straight, clear-sighted, sympathetic way, and draws for us with great skill and quiet humour a group of characters absolutely true to life. The book is admirably illustrated by Mr. Maxwell Armfield. "Commoners' Rights" concludes a trology of novels by Miss Smedley (each complete in itself) dealing with the same big question—the family life in its relation to the individual and to the community.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MORNING. By Hugh de Selincourt. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Constance Howard, a young lady of some twenty-five summers, awoke one morning unusually early and was annoyed to find that she could not go to sleep again. She was at a loss to know how to occupy the time before breakfast; she had a horror of thinking about such elementary questions as her own life and her own body. Such matters were considered morbid in her respectable household, and Constance distrusted "morbidness." Eventually she jumped out of bed and gazed out of her window, and then fell on her knees to pray that she might be made "a daughter of the morning." She was not quite sure what she meant by the phrase, but it remained in her mind. Constance's prayer is answered, and the steps of her development are cunningly portrayed by means of two threads in the story. Smith, the gardener in Constance's home, has an invalid wife, who is so devoted to her husband that his happiness is her only joy. Hence an illicit connection with Lucy, Constance's maid, merely causes the good lady gratefully to sing her "*Nunc dimittis*." Before Constance could gain spiritual insight, however, it was necessary for her to fall in love with a man who was already married, and who only withdrew from an alliance on the ground that if one lives in the world one must conform to its standards. It was impossible for the story (as conceived by the author) to proceed on anything but unpleasant lines, and we are sorry that his great gifts should not have been displayed to better advantage.

WINDFRINT VIRGIN. By Wilkinson Sherren. 6s. (Ham-Smith.)

Mr. Wilkinson Sherren breaks new ground in his new novel; he does not this time write in the tragic vein, nor does he lay his scenes in the glamorous atmosphere of Wessex. For the most part, his story passes in London, and is a brightly written, very entertaining sentimental comedy. Windfrint Virgin is a charming little country maiden who comes to London bent on seeing life and earning her own living. She calls with a letter of introduction at the office of Mr. Wentworth Williams who has recently opened a Friend-in-Need-Bureau and set up to give advice on all subjects to any who need it—for a consideration. He finds Windfrint is delightfully unqualified to act as a clerk but partly out of sympathy with her, partly attracted by her pretty face and happy ingenuous manner, and partly persuaded by the letter of introduction, he engages her, and in her capacity of assistant to the proprietor of the Bureau she presently begins to enter upon adventures, and upon one that alters the whole course of her career. Timothy Squebb, who falls in love with her and with whom she falls in love does not strike you as being good enough for her; good man in his way though he may be. Williams for all his flippancies is a far more pleasing and attractive personality; he is moreover something of an idealist, and his knightly behaviour towards Windfrint when her guardians shut her out after midnight is a charming romantic episode. And Williams, too, falls in love with her, and somehow in spite of appearances at the end you cannot help suspecting that she really loved Williams the better of the two men though she did not know it herself. It is a brisk and lively tale, so thoroughly modern that the Suffrage Movement plays a part in it, and told so deftly and with such skill in characterisation that one is as keenly interested in its men and women as in the romance that is woven about them.

HONEY, MY HONEY. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

This is a fresh, sweet, wholesome tale of youth and love, with a stately English home for its setting, and a cosmopolitan atmosphere. The de Crepignys live in Rose Hall, an old mansion on a hill just outside the village of Hartwell. Down in the valley lies a beautiful old Elizabethan house—"Frant," which originally belonged to the de Crepignys but which passed out of their hands some generations back. The latest occupant has been Honey's godfather, Sir John Barton. It was known that he intended leaving Frant to Honey so that the old house might be restored to its rightful owners; but Sir John dies suddenly, just before Honey's nineteenth birthday, without leaving a will, and so Frant passes on to fresh hands. The de Crepignys are too poor to buy it when it is put on the market, and it is finally bought up by an American family, the Fairbrothers. The village is thrown into agitation by the unconventional ways of the new owners of Frant. Lucinda Fairbrother is delicious with her fascinating chatter and her manner of looking after her Poppa and Momma. Poor Momma can never get used to having all her work done for her and longs sometimes to "hustle round" herself, and Poppa can never recognise social distinctions and is always being brought to order by his Bunty-like daughter. Honey, prepared to hate these people for desecrating Frant, grows to like them and their simple, unaffected ways immensely; indeed she grows to more than like the tall young son of the house, Denis, and this although she is already engaged to a middle-aged, courteous gentleman of her parent's choosing. The plot develops easily, naturally, holding the reader's interest from first to last. Each character in the story portrays the sympathy and insight for which Miss Tynan is famous, and the story of Honey will add yet one more name to its author's long list of deservedly successful books.

THE BANDBOX. By Louis Joseph Vance. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Although the picture on the wrapper of this book shows a mammoth liner, and one of the chapters is entitled "Ismay?" it has nothing whatever to do with the *Titanic* disaster. It is, in fact, one of those delightful stories which Mr. Vance knows so well how to produce. He has a light touch, a sprightly wit, and gives us a succession of absorbing incidents which never allow the interest to flag from beginning to end. Two bandboxes—identical twins—two characters—identical in appearance—a Cadogan collar worth a king's ransom, a beautiful actress, a jealous lover—these are the ingredients which go to make up an ingenious story which is sure to attain wide popularity. The actress finds that the necklace mysteriously vanishes from her state-room on the *Autocratic*, and a Mr. Iff, a most laughable passenger, who is suspected of the theft, disappears just as strangely when the ship reaches New York. The subsequent chapters are full of adventure, telling how the twin bandboxes reach the wrong owners, and how Mr. Iff's double is frequently thought to be Mr. Iff himself, and altogether there are complications of a most exciting and amusing character. It would spoil the reading of this capital story to even indicate how Mr. Vance eventually unravels the amazing tangle.

VARICK'S LEGACY. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Varick's Legacy" takes the form of three young literary men, "left" to him by the dying Terson, who has befriended them. It is fortunate for Kesteven, Isaacs, and Benne that Varick is starting a new monthly magazine, on the staff of which he promptly enrols them. Although no longer in danger of actual starvation, it must not be supposed that the three friends find their way altogether clear and smooth before them. Not the least of their difficulties is that there are only two heroines to divide between them. But you may always rely upon Mr. Burgin to bring to pass a happy, yet withal natural, ending, and he certainly has

not failed in his latest novel. The story is good, as a story, but we are inclined to think that the book will attract more particularly by reason of the admirable pictures of the light and shade of London literary life which it affords. In this respect the book is really admirable, unstrained, yet effective, natural and truthful. It possesses also several of those quaint and humorous minor characters with the treatment of whom the author has many times proved himself to be adept. In fact, "Varick's Legacy" is quite one of the best books Mr. Burgin has written.

THE MAKESHIFT MARRIAGE. By Baillie Reynolds. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has a remarkable ability for placing her characters in the most hopelessly complicated circumstances, then unravelling the entanglement easily and reducing the discord to perfect harmony. Her latest book, "The Makeshift Marriage," displays to great advantage her talent in this direction. It is an interesting book because of its convincing naturalness, and it is told in the author's usual absorbing, unaffected style. It is the story of a man who, too weak to face his first real disappointment with courage, and jilted by the girl he has loved, is piqued and jealous and immediately marries somebody else. The strong, ably realised characters of the man's wife and his mother are drawn with striking truthfulness and sympathy. And the makeshift marriage which might have, and almost did succeed in ruining three lives, despite difficulties and apparent failure, proves to be the pathway to happiness after all.

THE STREET OF THE FLUTE-PLAYER. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Murray.)

One feature of the author's consummate skill, proved in other fields, is that he can throw the veil of romance over the Athens of Socrates, the contemplative critical Athens, the city, too, of pettifoggers and demagogues. We may feel inclined to condemn the passion of the hero and heroine as an anachronism, but the adoration of the fisher-boy for the hero is pure Greek, Greek romance. But apart from all this there is endless romance, for all who have our author's eyes, in the sunrise and sunset which the fisher-boy sees at the beginning and end of the book: "the stars were all shivering away and dissolving," "he noticed that dusk and night do not fall from the sky which is eternal, but rise from the earth which is mutable." As "Sea-ballads" might have foretold to us, Mr. de Vere Stacpoole creeps farthest into the romantic heart of old Athens, when he gets on board the ship and shows us the romance of trade. "The perfume of old cargoes still clung to her, spice and wool and oil." She sets sail "to the tune of a flute, the slatting of canvas, and the rhup-pa-pai of the hauling chorus: haunted by the tune of Proteus blowing his conch to the flocks of ocean." The rescue of the heroine from this ship is a brilliant piece of conception and expression. We glory in her rescuer, the fisher-boy, even as he glories in Diomed. We suffer agonies when the brutal Egyptian pursues him round the pond. His survival reconciles us to the Romeo and Juliet tragedy.

THE GOODLY FELLOWSHIP. By Rachel Capen Schauffler. 6s. (Macmillan.)

"You don't seem to know much about Christianity. I should think you were a Moslem or something just as niggerent. When we read round at prayers the other day, you looked for John in the Old Testament. I saw you. Mary Freyer thinks we ought to pray for you to be converted." This is how the heroine, a wealthy young American girl, is addressed by one of the children of an American missionary in Persia. Jean Stuart has to take refuge with her fellow countrymen and women for a winter, and though she has no sympathy with their creed, she learns to appreciate most of them, and in the end to marry a sort of Rochester, a gruff antipathetic man, who proves too strong for her. Miss Schauffler has not fallen into the common mistake of novelists who make capital out of foreign missions. She can write a romantic story of love, adventure, and the little intrigues which go on even in a mission community, but the thing is done without undue sentiment on the one hand and without the affectation of superiority which spoils many novels of this class. The characters are vividly drawn, there is a strong romantic interest, and above all there is a humour in this book which makes it singularly pleasant. Persia has an attraction for us at present, and although the authoress does not give lessons on Persian policy she will throw a number of side-lights on life in that country, for the readers of her delightful story.

CHARLES THE GREAT. By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Penrose has not, perhaps, chosen the happiest title in the world for her new novel. To many minds "Charles the Great" will suggest a study in historical romance, and many case-hardened readers nowadays will tell you that they are tired of all forms of "period" stories. It would be a pity, however, if the public neglected the delightful modern comedy that figures under this disappointing title.

"Charles the Great" is really a Great Creation, and he deserves to be known, not for his virtues, but for vices. These are the common property of many self-indulgent and easy-living bachelors who make a pretence of a culture and genius which they do not possess, and who, for a time, at all events, invariably succeed in imposing their own views of their importance upon their friends. Mrs. Penrose herself would not pretend, we imagine, that the pivot, upon which she has based this full-length study of a petty rural tyrant, has any remarkable novelty of conception. As a matter of fact, the idea of a man getting a poor and needy author to write a book for him, and then sending this spurious novel forth as his own production, has been used many times. Mr. Anstey, for example, did it with sardonic effect in "The Giant's Robe"; but Mrs. Penrose has a more delicate touch, and we are not stretched on the rack for a period covered by three hundred pages before we are satisfied that the impostor will be unmasked by the people who matter to the scheme of her book. Mrs. Penrose has distinct gifts of humour and literary charm.

THE WEAVING OF THE SHUTTLE. By C. Holmes Cautley. 6s. (Duckworth.)

As the title implies, this is a story with a mill as the mainspring of its plot. It is by no means a new idea, and there is nothing peculiarly arresting about the treatment. But the book, though it could have been briefer with advantage, is of sufficient interest to demand one's entire attention. Michael Esholt was the owner of Barsland Mills. He had one daughter, and one son who had spent enough time at Oxford to make it difficult for him to settle down to work in a Yorkshire mill. Esholt's works manager was Mathias Tempest, whose daughter Zillah, by reason of her good looks and superior education, was the belle of the village. Stephen, of course, falls in love with her, and on his father's discovery of the fact is forbidden to pursue matters to their natural conclusion. Michael Esholt sends his son away temporarily and advises Mathias to do the same with his daughter, but in the best chapter of the book Mathias refuses to acknowledge his master's control over his private affairs. The climax is reached when Mathias gives his master notice, after serving him all his life. Mathias Tempest sets up a rival concern, which by drawing off the spring-water from the other mill has the effect of bringing Esholt to the verge of ruin. It would be unwise to reveal the happy conclusion of the book. It only remains for us to congratulate the author on a good piece of honest, unsensational workmanship.

ONE CROWNING HOUR. By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Owing to a highly-developed sense of right and wrong, Geoffrey Carrick has been placed in an invidious position towards his command in the Indian Army (of the East

India Company). He has made himself awkward to the Government, and the Queen has dispensed with his services. He adds to his troubles by a misunderstanding with his fiancée, Geraldine, and his engagement is broken off. A disappointed man—and, to tell the truth, rather a sulky one too—he is looking for trouble wherever he can find it. Opportunely enough, there comes to him a meeting with Leeson, a journalist and acquaintance, who has some knowledge of the intentions of Garibaldi. And thus it is that Carrick becomes a member of the historic Thousand who invaded Sicily and paved the way for a united Italy. At the same time Geraldine pays a lengthy visit to her alarming and aristocratic aunt in Naples, in whose house she is kept in the utmost seclusion while an attempt is made to marry her off to a highly unattractive Neapolitan. With such materials as this for a beginning, you may be quite sure that Miss Grier's story is readable and dramatic. It is also something more—an extraordinarily well-realized and many-sided picture of the times. The book contains many admirably presented types, and the figure of Garibaldi is invested with the glamour that the devotion and enthusiasm of his followers have given him. "One Crowning Hour" is a fine historical novel, full of fire and vigour, and it will rank as one of the best books that Miss Grier has written.

THE HERO OF HERAT: A FRONTIER BIOGRAPHY IN ROMANTIC FORM. By Maud Diver. 6s. (Constable.)

Anglo-Indian records contain few more thrilling chapters, apart from the Mutiny, than those relating to Lord Auckland's policy towards Afghanistan and the men to whose lot it fell to carry out that policy along the North-West frontier. The bare facts are romantic in themselves, and Mrs. Diver, who has studied them closely, marshals them with consummate skill into a narrative that will command the deepest interest of everyone in whose heart the voice of duty, raised against the specious pleas of mere self-interest, is capable of awakening a sympathetic chord. Her chief authorities are Sir John Kaye, Sir Henry Durand, and Captain Trotter; but she has gone beyond these, to every available source, in her endeavour to make this record of a brave man's career as complete and as truthful as possible. Her hero is Eldred Pottinger, scion of a notable Irish family that has given of its best to the Empire, and a man whose upright dealing, simple faith, and sterling courage were sorely tried by Simla and its satellites no less than by the duplicity of Shah Kamran and his uncannily gifted Wazir, Yar Mahomed; but who was as beloved of the common people of the hills as his memory must be dear to every lover of his country. Eldred Pottinger is shown to us as explorer, soldier, and soldier-political, in a story that takes us from the spring of 1837 through the long siege of Herat, the fatal supersession of Dost Mahomed by Shah Shujah, the recall of Eldred Pottinger, and the failure of Major Todd, his successor at Herat, to succeed where Eldred Pottinger failed—failed, that is, to achieve the impossible. The characters of such men as Stoddart, Burnes, Conolly, Keane, Fane, Nott, Cotton, and Macnaghten are limned with a sure and graphic touch, which is just as sure in sifting the good from the bad in the men against whom their respective wits were pitted. The tortuous course of Oriental diplomacy and intrigue is followed as clearly and surely as are the idealism and the subterfuge of the Simla Cabinet. In fact, the attention of the reader is held in thrall throughout; but the finish is unfortunately postponed. For this one has to await the appearance of a second volume, to be entitled "Retribution." And this is the only disappointment of the book.

COME RACK! COME ROPE! By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Father Benson has written a noble and uplifting romance, in which the evolution of character is set high above merely transitory happiness. The plot unfolds by means of the Babington conspiracy and the story incidentally includes a careful study of Anthony Babington and a brilliantly attractive portrait of Father Campion, as well as a priestly interview with Mary Stuart, a passing vision of Elizabeth in her barge of state. It reaches its culminating moment at the time of the Spanish Armada and closes with a terribly realistic description of the brutally devised torture and death endured by a young Catholic martyr, and his spiritual victory. In his last moments, having commended himself to the outstretched arms of the Crucified, he becomes aware of the suppliant agony of a recusant kinsman to whose unwilling means he owes his death, and whom with his dying effort he absolves—aware too of another presence, the brave and tender woman he had once desired to make his wife, but who had loved him so divinely as to care supremely for what she believed his highest good, even though it led away from all earthly fulfilment of their youthful dream and pierced her with a very anguish of renouncement. Their story uplifts with salutary clearness in these days of erotic paganism that immortal ideal of love which Plato shadowed forth and the Christian Church, when true to her divine mysteries, has ever cherished—a love which can renounce all except what is most Godlike in the beloved, if such be the command of Love Himself. The contrast between the deep heather-scented quietude of Derbyshire uplands, in which we hear the bees and the sheep-bells, and the tragic horror of the closing scene, emphasizes the wide range of Father Benson's power.

The Bookman's Table.

THE LOVE-SEEKER. By Maud Churton Braby. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Mrs. Braby has undertaken a most difficult task in "The Love-Seekers," and has accomplished it with conspicuous success. She is not afraid to make the admission, which some very advanced people would have us believe is old-fashioned, that "woman's great fundamental need

Mrs. Churton Braby.

is for love"; she takes the world and its men and women as she finds them, knows that the scorn of love is as much a pretence as the sentiment and romance of love often turns out to be, but realises that for men and women alike without love a human life cannot be altogether happy, and that "there is much more need for love-making after marriage than before it." Her outlook is everywhere broad, practical, eminently sane. She has some frank and true things to say of man's selfishness in love and woman's unselfishness; and writes shrewdly of the little matters that lead to a "falling in love," and the equally little matters that bring about an estrangement. There are chapters on the difficulty of finding the right mate; on how to please men, and how to please women; and one of the best chapters is that on how to keep love when one has gained it. It is a very interesting, sympathetic and wise little book, with much of excellent counsel in it for those who are happy, and of comfort for those who are sad.

A TRAMP'S SKETCHES. By Stephen Graham. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

The reader may consider Mr. Graham's book in two lights: either as a volume of remarkably interesting reminiscences of life on the open road, or as a powerful appeal to the modern world to forsake the worship of the golden calf. The author's tramp was along the Caucasian and Crimean shores of the Black Sea, and eventually to the Heavenly City in the company of Russian pilgrims. His pen paints delicate little portraits of the simple and loveable Russian peasant; it describes, too, with striking vividness, nights spent in strange cities and in lonely shacks. "I slept with the bare world as my house, the sky as my roof, and God as host," he writes, and, lest an incautious reader should exclaim "how lovely," we hasten to add that, like the Apostle Paul, Mr. Graham was often in perils of waters, in perils in the city, and constantly in weariness and painfulness. But the author expressly states that his book is more concerned with the tramp than with Russia. "It is the life of the wanderer and seeker, the walking hermit, the rebel against modern conditions and commercialism who has gone out into the wilderness." Commercialism, he says, is at present the great enemy of the individual man, and the only hope for salvation is first of all for a few to live their lives out to the full in order that all others may live their lives completely. Mr. Graham seems conscious as he writes that he is a prophet crying in the wilderness, and even if some of his readers may consider that he is imagining a vain thing, they will be constrained to admit that the pursuit of this ideal has one great merit, so far as Mr. Graham is concerned—the delightful record of his vagabondage.

LAFCADIO HEARN. By Edward Thomas. 1s. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Thomas has achieved a *tour de force*. By skilfully linking together Hearn's own words, he has constructed, after the manner of a mosaic, a just, precise and adequate picture of the man and the artist. Never was critic more dispassionate. Rarely did a book spring so entirely from the brain. It is an absolutely heartless piece of work. This is at once its virtue and its condemnation. As we once before pointed out in these pages, Hearn's position is peculiar. Since his death he has been belauded by a number of persons who have in the main taken up the pen especially for that purpose, not being naturally addicted to criticism. The consequence is that he has assumed a position which the reputation of his works, either among the many or among the few, hardly warrants. We expressed an opinion that the considered verdict of some less partial and more practised judge would be of interest. Mr. Thomas gives us that verdict, and it is in effect unfavourable. Mr. Thomas's love of the simple and fresh in literature is well known. He was the first to insist on the qualities of Mr. W. H. Davies, who is one of the finest living writers both in prose and in verse, but the very antithesis of Lafcadio Hearn. The elaboration of the author of "Some Chinese Ghosts" would scarcely be likely to arouse his enthusiasm. As a matter of fact, they leave him entirely cold. We thoroughly sympathise with him. Hearn was a skilled juggler with phrases, though not so clever as Gautier, whose influence he never shook off. That he was only this we do not assert. He is said to have understood Japan better than any other Westerner. But he himself confessed that this was very little. Naturally, he could only make us understand a tithe of what he himself understood. Such partial interpretation is scarcely sufficient to place him in the hierarchy of English letters. Hearn is emphatically not "of the centre." Not only did he love the unfamiliar, but he fled the familiar. His work gives us a nostalgia for simplicity. All this Mr. Thomas brings out most admirably, but in doing so condemns his book. It is one of a series of "Modern Biographies," to be concerned presumably only with people of importance. If Mr. Thomas's estimate of Hearn is just, Hearn does not deserve to be included in the series. If, on the other hand, Hearn's claim is admitted, then Mr. Thomas was the wrong person to whose care to assign him.

IN PATRIA: An Exposition of Dante's "Paradiso." By John S. Carroll, M.A., D.D. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dr. Carroll is to be congratulated heartily upon the completion of the task to which he set his hand nine years ago. To "Exiles of Eternity" and "Prisoners of Hope" his readers can now add this exposition of the Paradiso; the title is Latin, but in all other respects the book corresponds to the plan and method of its predecessors, and crowns the series with an exposition, canto by canto, which enables the ordinary reader to grasp the poet's symbolism and enter intelligently into the somewhat remote world of his conceptions. Many years ago Mr. A. J. Butler observed that "probably no great writer has given occasion for so much writing on the part of lesser men." If he knew the bibliography of the Pauline epistles he might qualify that verdict. Still Dante-literature, even in English, has attained formidable proportions, and Dr. Carroll, with a scholar's modesty, has evidently felt occasional qualms about adding another volume to those on the Paradiso. Anyone who has read Mr. E. G. Gardner's study will understand these qualms, but he will also appreciate the fresh line which Dr. Carroll has followed. "It had been easy to rhapsodize over the poetic beauty; but I have generally found that such rhapsody is in inverse ratio to the writer's knowledge of the actual thought in the poet's mind." The object of "In Patria" is to unbare that thought. Even after Dr. Carroll's patient and very careful analysis, most of his readers will probably retain the early conviction, or prejudice, that the Paradiso is less interesting than its predecessors. But at least they will understand better the theological substructure of the poem and the elaborate intricacies of thought and dogma which the poet has taken over from Aquinas and Bernard. On p. 519 the author changes the interpretation of a difficult passage in the Inferno (ix. 64ff) which he held in his earlier volume. He now suggests—and makes out an ingenious case for the suggestion that the heavenly messenger who rebukes the fallen angels is not Michael but Gabriel, and that the rod he carries is the *virga* which symbolized the Virgin Mary. On this theory Gabriel "represents some intervention of the Virgin's grace to save Dante from the fiends of doubt that held the gate of the City of the Heretics."—The book deepens the impression, made by its predecessors, that the author knows his Dante through and through, and that he possesses the knowledge without which, as he remarks, no real enjoyment of the poem is possible. He has further the ability to convey this knowledge clearly and concisely. There is a vein of quiet humour and human interest in his solid work which is singularly attractive. But most of all it is his width of reading and independence of judgment which lend a special value to the book, and which deserve to win for it, as well as for its predecessors, a place on the crowded shelf of the best Dante literature.

FAR OFF FIELDS. By JOSEPH WHITTAKER. 1s. net. (Dartford: Thomas W. Jenkins.)

One fine quality that takes you at once in Mr. Whittaker's poems is their absolute sincerity; following the wise and simple way of Wither, he looks into his own heart and writes, and so there is a human note in all his verse that appeals to the inner life and experience of his readers. He has no traffic in the eccentricities and pretty artificialities that make so much new poetry dreadfully mortal and even wearisome; you would say he had suffered too much and seen too much of real sorrow to be able to play daintily with simulated regrets and imaginary woes; there is a touch of intimacy, a depth and feeling of reality in whatever of sadness gets into his song, and withal a strong, indomitable spirit of hope that arises out of his darkest moods and sees that for all its hardship and pain and injustice life is a good thing and the world is still turning always towards the sunrise; that it is not only

"the years that once have been,
Whose far off fields are green,"

but that fields as green as they lie far off also in the future. There is pathos in such poems as "Reverie," "To My Mother at Rest," in "Sweet Lavender" (one of the most delightful lyrics in the book), and it touches you by its utter naturalness, its utter simplicity, and there is poetry in them too both of feeling and of utterance. A passionate pity for the poor and the unhappy, a quick, intense sympathy with broken lives and those whom the world has wronged inspire much of Mr. Whittaker's poetry, but he finds inspiration also in his home happiness and his love of children—nothing could be more wholly charming than the birthday verses "Ten Times"—for if he has walked through the valley of the shadow, he has climbed to the hilltops if he has wearied of a close city life, he has felt the wind of the open country in his face, has gloried in seeing the heath afire with gorse-bloom, and perhaps more than all he has learned among the children something of

"all the lessons the fairies teach in the garden that no man knows,
And all that the birds have tried to tell in song since the birth of time,
—These were the dower of the baby flower that stole like a visible chime
Into our day from the Faraway and Once upon a Time."

One may say of him, as he says here of Eugene Field, he has "the heart that knoweth the heart of a child," which is the only sort of heart that really knows likewise the heart of a man; and out of this knowledge he has written a little book that is veined with the true gold of poetry. We can say nothing higher in praise of it than that it makes one desirous of reading those other volumes that we gather from the title page Mr. Whittaker has written.

THE INNER LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT. By Charles Gardner, M.A. 5s. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

Lovers of George Eliot will peruse with interest and sympathy Mr. Gardner's study in the mental and spiritual development of that author. Though not a set biography, it gives a fairly complete view of her career. Very early in her life he traces some secret root of sorrow. In "Daniel Deronda" she wrote of "an entailed disadvantage—the deformed foot, doubtfully hidden by a shoe, which makes a restlessly active spiritual yeast, and easily turns a self-centred unloving nature into an Ishmaelite. But in the rarer sort, who presently see their own frustrated claim as one among a myriad, the inexorable sorrow takes the form of fellowship and makes imagination tender." It is part of Mr. Gardner's theory that there was something in George Eliot's make-up equivalent to "the deformed foot." As she has not revealed what it was it would be impertinent to be over-curious; but, adds Mr. Gardner, it was the beginning of her wide tolerance, and it brought her to the conviction, which grew ever stronger as life advanced, that fellowship was the heart of all morality. Pursuing this train of thought, he dates the great advance in George Eliot's religious position from the time when her interest in Judaism was aroused. Her view of art was part of her religious life; she cared little for art that did not enlarge the human sympathies. Yet Mr. Gardner arrives at the view that in "Daniel Deronda," which he places as her highest achievement as a work of art, the moralist does not eat up the artist. While admitting no sign that she ever regarded her union with Lewes as in itself immoral, he acknowledges that in the end she envied the simple faith of her unlearned relatives in Warwickshire, and would have given all to be able to change her past. The conclusion of the whole matter is that George Eliot's life was not in agreement with her inner convictions, else, like Mordecai, she might have stood, "a master spirit carrying the rich inheritance of the past into the future, fashioning new forms to hold the life-giving things of the Spirit." "Because she failed to reach her own highest conception of morality, she just failed to accomplish the world's highest conception of art."

THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Bacon told us that "travel is a part of education," but "The Royal Visit to India," the Hon. John Fortescue's narrative of Their Majesties' tour last year, provides a liberal educative feast on matters pertaining to India for those whom circumstances keep at home. Mr. Fortescue commences his work with an interesting *résumé* of historical events leading up to the position of India at this juncture. His narrative is exceedingly attractive and an invaluable chronicle. The brilliant scenes of the landing at Bombay were excelled only in splendour by the gatherings at Delhi. Here His Majesty announced the revision of the partition of Bengal, and if anything further were needed to ameliorate the Bengali, we can confidently hope that the Royal visit to the three hundred million odd subjects of the Indian Empire must surely be the greatest peace-making action. Mr. Fortescue remarks the somewhat surprising fact that the King-Emperor entered Delhi unrecognised by those who had so long and eagerly awaited his coming. December 13th was the day of days when the King's Proclamation was read, and, after being repeated in *Urdu*, the massed bands played the National Anthem, followed by the firing of thirty-four salvos from north to west, and afterwards came "a faint sound as of rending paper, which died away into a faint mutter and swelled again into an angry snarl as the *feu de joie* of the troops that lined the roads sped away for three miles from the amphitheatre to the King's Camp, and rushed back from thence to the amphitheatre again." It was the present writer's privilege to see the State functions pictured in perhaps the most remote part of the British Empire from the scenes of their origin, and the tremendous enthusiasm shown by the spectators could not but inspire the hope that the day may not be far distant when Australia, Canada, and the whole of this vast Empire, will share the honour India has just received in the Royal visit, which Mr. Fortescue has so ably recorded.

INTERPRETATION IN SONG. By Harry Plunket Greene. **The Musician's Library.** 6s. net. (Macmillan & Co., and Stainer & Bell.)

This is the fifth of the ten books by experts, each of the first rank in his particular phase of the art of music, which are planned under the series entitled "The Musician's Library." Some time ago Mr. Plunket Greene lectured on "Interpretation in Song," and both those who then had the privilege of listening to his own racy delivery of maxims which are the fruit of a lifelong experience of singing, teaching and judging vocal competitions on his part, and those who missed it, will be delighted to find them all here, pickled (if one may emulate the author's adroit use of metaphor) in the brine of his native wit. Salt has a certain mordant quality, and if any preparation of it is strong enough to bite into the envelope of self-complacency which surrounds the average "steady and stolid-y" concert-singer of the bad old school, here it is. For the intelligent young singer already well-grounded in technique (the book is avowedly not written for the beginner) whose career lies plastic in his

own hands, this treatise bodies forth a model, perfect in its proportions, exquisite in its details, which should fire his noblest aspirations. He is made to realise in the clearest fashion that the mere physical efficiency of his vocal muscles and their control are to him but as the mallet and chisel of the sculptor: tools and nothing more. So far does the author press this point that he actually recommends his students not to know too much about the muscles and how they do their work—so long as they do it. His greater concern is with those delicate affairs of brain, temperament, magnetism, sense of atmosphere and sympathy which must guide the tools if a work of art is to result. The trenchant chapter on Purity of Diction cannot be too strongly recommended; nevertheless, its distilled common sense is merely such as pervades the entire work. The hints on Programme-making, the Singing of Folk-Songs, and above all, on How to Study a Song—in which three songs, by Schubert, Schumann and Stanford, are dealt with line by line and word by word—add greatly to the intrinsic value of this exposition of the complete art of singing.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

It is clear from Mr. Harold Simpson's **Rambles in Norway** (6s.) that there are not many parts of Norway, south of Trondhjem, which Mr. Simpson has left unvisited. His unpretentious, pleasing little book will be a useful guide to those who have not yet seen Norway; they could do much worse than follow in his steps. While those who know their "gamle Norge" will like to have the illustrations. Mr. Simpson tells us nothing very new or startling—except when he describes the motor services, which did not desecrate those lovely roads when we were last in Norway. Neither does he give us any picturesque Borrovian conversations with outlandish fellows or romantic ones. He obviously writes what happened to him, nothing else, and is that not excessive honesty? While he was driving the long miles—he was not base enough to patronize the motors—did he not, by some chance word from his attendant, see a story fit for us? The scenery, of course, is thoroughly described, and literary matters are remembered. He visits Ibsen's grave, and gives us pleasant tales of Björnson. We ourselves were fortunate enough to speak to both of these great men, and to encounter Grieg at Vossevangen, where the tourists pressed against each other at the windows of the best hotel, to watch the fragile, little, white-haired genius eat his supper. What this book might profitably have included is a map, on which the author's route and the alternative ones, both by fjord and land, could have been marked. To ramble as this author did is probably the best way, for the distances forbid a walking-tour, unless only a small portion of the country is the traveller's object, and to bicycle is very arduous. It is surprising that the Romsdal did not find much favour with Mr. Simpson; but he had heard so much about it and he was determined not to let himself be led by the nose. Yet one cannot say that, like Iago, he is "nothing if not critical," and judging from this book he is a pleasant man to travel with. He has a good deal yet to see in Norway; especially some of the more secluded spots, and one of them alongside of a lake in which a water-sprite is said to live. If he will please in his next volume on this country not to be quite so matter-of-fact and full of good advice and kindly gossip, if he will be more like the delightful creature of that lake we shall have pleasure in revealing to him where it may be found.

The publishers of Miss Maude Annesley's new book, **My Parisian Year** (10s. 6d. net), fairly take the wind out of our sails by describing the work as "fascinating," "very amusing," and "most delightful." It is a tribute to the author's skill that, having read the book, we are left without any of our natural desire to quarrel with the publisher's description of it. The work is obviously the result of a long acquaintance with her subject; and Miss Annesley everywhere makes good her claim to possess "a good memory, a keen observation, and complete honesty." The topics discussed are remarkably varied, and may be said to cover the subject as far as is possible within the limits of a single volume. Children, servants, students, theatres, halls, shops and restaurants, are some of the topics on which Miss Annesley writes with a whole-hearted enjoyment that she succeeds in communicating to her readers. To the modest list of qualifications that she claims she had every right to add a refreshing sanity of outlook, which displays itself in much subtle criticism, as well as in much valuable information. The intending visitor to Paris should not miss this book; it will greatly whet the appetite, and undoubtedly reduce expenses, by its valuable instruction on the best methods of countering the tricks of the wily *garçon*. Split infinitives and a superfluity of "of courses" are a few of the sacrifices that Miss Annesley makes to the Graces.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Mr. Sabatini has been aptly described as a writer of cloak and dagger novels. In **The Justice of the Duke** (6s.) we have an exciting and well-told tale, with Cæsar Borgia as hero. Mr. Sabatini has already published a long and careful life of Cæsar Borgia, so that he knows his period well, and has rightly seen that it forms excellent material for a romantic, historical novel. The atmosphere of excitement and the villainy of the times is well portrayed. The excitement of the plot is well sustained, and we read on continually anxious to know what will happen next. We do not get—nor do we expect in a novel of this sort—much subtle psychology, nor are we particularly interested in the actual individuals. But Cæsar Borgia does stand out. We can see that he is a great man, and we are impressed by his ruthless personality; he seems a veritable superman, not cruel for the sake of cruelty, but quite merciless in the means he uses to gain his ends. We feel that he was not altogether an unbenevolent despot. The most thrilling chapter in the book is "The Lust of Conquest," in which Monna Panthasilea uses all in vain her woman's wiles, and is herself taken captive.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

An unfailing interest clings about any first-hand record of the tragic events of the Indian Mutiny, and in **China Jim**, by Major-General J. T. Harris (3s. 6d. net), we have not only a description by an eye-witness, but an account by a soldier who took part in the quelling of the mutineers. "China Jim" tells of his march to Umballa, and on to Delhi in those terrible early days of the massacres; he tells of his work at the famous Flagstaff Tower, and of his part in the taking of the Ridge. His style is not particularly inspired, but his concise, plain statements are not without their impressiveness. The reason for the book's title, which might be puzzling to the uninformed, is that General Harris passed from active service in India to active service in China, where his deeds, and his "acquisition of property" earned him the name which has since stuck to him. Apart from the big events with which the author was concerned, the volume is a chronicle of minor personal matters, with here and there a mild anecdote. Minor personal matters can, however, sometimes shed a sidelight on larger affairs, and the General's experiences touch on some rights and wrongs of Army life, which do not usually appear on the surface. These are the recollections of a soldier of close on eighty years of age, and they are published at "the oft-repeated request of many friends and acquaintances."

MESSRS. GEORGE ALLEN & SON.

Basil Verely: A Study in Charterhouse Life, by Archibald K. Ingram (3s. 6d.), is one of the best books for boys that we have met for a long time. Although it makes a special appeal to present and former Carthusians, it will be eagerly devoured by every youngster who loves a good yarn. Mr. Ingram has not only a wonderful knowledge of the thoughts and aspirations of boys, but he also knows what will interest them. In this story he gives the career of Basil Verely at Charterhouse. We first meet him as a year-old baby left on a doorstep and adopted by a kind-hearted old lady; next he becomes a "new bug," determined to have a jolly time and enjoy himself to the full. The incidents and exciting adventures of his school life are faithfully recorded, and it is evident the author has an intimate acquaintance with the Charterhouse. Basil, one of the most popular boys at the famous school, meets his father, a broken-down actor and drunkard, under extraordinary circumstances and has a sad awakening. The boy is suspected of the theft of a valuable diamond, and runs away. The sequel tells how he overcame the difficulties which suddenly beset him, and how he determined to undertake a noble and worthy work.

SUNRISE PUBLISHING COMPANY, WARRINGTON.

Luke Hamilton Talbot, whose **Poems** (3s. 6d. net) have been collected by Mr. Arthur Bennett, was by turns actor, policeman, detective, and had been for some time Chief Constable of Warrington before he died by his own hand at Cairo in 1907. In a long and very interesting Introduction Mr. Bennett tells the story of Talbot's life, and the poems themselves amply justify the care he has taken to give them something of permanent form. They were evidently written under many influences, and, as their editor admits, one may hear in some of them echoes of Keats, of Poe, of Wilde, of Kipling, but always there is in them too that individual note that saves them from being echoes only. The moods, feelings, experiences they embody are the poet's own. There is a pathos of real regret in "Lost Bohemia," and power as well as pathos in "A Slum Dweller to the Sea." Some of the poems have flowered out of poignant incidents that Mr. Talbot must have encountered in his everyday working life among the poor, the outcast and the lawless sinners of Warrington; on the other hand there are love songs and thoughtful lyrics that are full of charm and fancy and delicacy of sentiment and music. It is clear from Mr. Bennett's sympathetic memoir that Talbot was no ordinary man; and his work has in it qualities of strength and beauty that lift it above that of the ordinary minor poet. This is a book that the lover of poetry will thank us for bringing to his notice.

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ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

It is little or no use arguing on questions of taste. Some of us are in the way of affecting an appreciation of what is admittedly great in art and literature, simply because we have not the courage to acknowledge that it does not appeal to us. We may dispute boldly enough as to whether the work of this old master is or is not greater than the work of that, but if we really thought the books or paintings of one or other of them were inferior to what had been done by some quite new and practically unrecognised genius, we should be too discreet to say so out loud.

Well, I don't think I am a critic of that sort—none of us do. But then I am never much disposed to draw comparisons. When I go through a gallery, or a parcel of books, I am not so keen to criticise and find fault with Cruikshank, say, because he did not rival Rembrandt, or with Tom Moore because he was a lesser poet than Milton, as I am to enjoy myself. Therefore, when I sit down with a stack of new illustrated volumes on the table before me, I do not open them with any intention of showing how clever I am by belauding this artist or belittling that, but in a comfortable, catholic frame of mind, prepared to be interested in whatever is interesting and to be pleased with whatever is beautiful, no matter what form it may take. The Venus de Medici is more beautiful, touches a higher perfection of art than Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, but Peter Pan is very beautiful sculpture nevertheless.

From **Ballads Weird and Wonderful** (*Lane*). TAMLANE.

I shall start then, with "The Uffizi Gallery,"[1] because I can enjoy all the pictures in it, and praise them freely without risk of bringing my artistic taste into disrepute. Here we have a collection of old masters whose work the suffrages of many generations have justly stamped with their approval. There are other and less known paintings in the famous Italian gallery that Mr. P. G. Konody and Mr. T. Leman Hare have not included in their book, and of these I shall say nothing—partly because that is nearly as much as I know of many of them—but the fifty they have reproduced are beyond criticism. They include some of the finest work of Sandro Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Andrea del Castagno, Fra Filippo Lippi, Domenico Ghirlandaio, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michaelangelo, Andrea del Sarto, Carpaccio, Giovanni Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Rubens, Albrecht Dürer, the younger Hans Holbein, and many another of those greatest of great painters who were neither for any one age nor any one country, but for all time and for all the world. The pictures are most admirably reproduced in colour, and Mr. P. G. Konody writes of them and of their painters ably and with fulness of knowledge. He traces skilfully and very interestingly the rise and passing of the various potent schools of painting from the earliest evolutionary stages of Italian art down to the younger years of last century. The attractive and sumptuous appearance of the book is in every way worthy of its contents.

In "The Van Eycks and Their Art,"[2] Mr. W. James Weale, with the co-operation of Mr. Maurice W. Brockwell, gives a sufficient biography of Hubert and John Van

[1] "The Uffizi Gallery." By P. G. Konody. Edited by T. Leman Hare. With 50 Plates in Colour. 21s. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

[2] "The Van Eycks and their Art." By W. H. James Weale; with the Co-operation of Maurice W. Brockwell. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Eyck, and biographical notes concerning other members of their family. They reproduce in black and white and deal in detail with twenty-four authentic paintings by the Van Eycks, and furnish in an appendix a list of four hundred other of their pictures; there is an exhaustive catalogue raisonné, and concise chapters on their last paintings, their drawings, and a chapter on those characteristics of their work that enable one to decide on their authenticity and date. It is a well-arranged, carefully written book, and one that students will find invaluable.

Two very adequate and pleasantly written handbooks to the Louvre[1] and our own National Gallery,[2] have been written by E. E. Richards and J. E. Crawford Flitch, in Mr. Grant Richards' daintily produced "National Treasure" series. They tell how these two great collections came to be formed, and give ample accounts of the paintings, sculpture, antique pottery, and miscellaneous artistic treasure that is enshrined in them; each being illustrated with thirty-one beautiful reproductions of representative work. From Mr. Grant Richards, too, comes a handsome volume of "The Engravings of William Blake,"[3] with a critical study and a catalogue raisonné by Archibald G. B. Russell. It is as easy to run into extravagance in praising Blake as in depreciating him. To me it has always seemed that the thought, the symbolism, the rich imaginative suggestiveness of most of his paintings and engravings are finer, more majestic than the pictures themselves. He seldom drew a really beautiful face, though he drew many that were impressive and full of pathos or cloudy grandeur. His angels are too solid; too sinewy and muscular; his old men are too often hairily grotesque when he means them to be clothed in majesty and terror. Again and again you are charmed and thrilled by the exquisite grace and sweeping freedom of his lines, to be badly shocked by the crudely-drawn features or strained, wooden, impossible attitude of some central figure in his design. The masculine figure, the eagerness and alert, vigorous life of it, in "Glad Day" is all a wonder and a glory, and there is the right ecstasy shining in the eyes, but the simpering mouth and clumsy nose hurt you where all else is so fine. But it is no use saying such things—Blake's work is far too great for the flaws in it to leave it other than splendid. Turn over these leaves and marvel at the dreadful energy and might expressed in his engraving of "Death! Great Proprietor of All!"—a grim, monstrous creature ruthlessly trampling a crowned king under his feet, flourishing a great dart in one hand, and with the other tearing the sun down out of the heavens. There is something of strange, quaint beauty in "When the Morning Stars Sang Together," though the scheme is too bizarre; it is too literal in its interpretation; in a sense it is too simple, but in a higher and deeper sense

From **Ballads Weird and Wonderful** (*Lane*). HUGH OF LINCOLN.

[1] "The Louvre." By E. E. Richards. Illustrated. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)

[2] "The National Gallery." By J. E. Crawford Flitch. Illustrated. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)

[3] "The Engravings of William Blake." By Archibald G. B. Russell. Illustrated. 25s. net. (Grant Richards.)

it is not simple, not spiritual enough. Nevertheless, you turn back to it, curiously fascinated, touched and pleased with the grace and abandon of those singing stars in human shape; the noble-featured, ineffably ancient god dominating the centre of the picture, the day and the night riding forth to left and right of him, his foot planted on a too tightly curled substantial cloud that forms an arch from under which a group of mortals kneel, gazing up in worship. But I still think Blake's finest engraving—the simplest in idea and yet one of the most profoundly significant—is the "Death's Door," and it says much for the soundness of the often despised public taste that it is also the most popular. That, also, is one of the thirty-two excellent examples of Blake's prints with which this book is illustrated. Mr. Russell has written a good and concise biography, and pays just and discriminating tribute to the genius of "the only great master of original engraving whom England has produced." This is a book of unique interest, and will be regarded as the standard work for collectors.

Puvis de Chavannes,[1] the subject of M. André Michel's monograph in Mr. Heinemann's "French Artists of To-day" series, died only some fourteen years ago, and is beginning to win that due recognition in our country which has long been accorded to him in his own. He was an idealist; he was uninfluenced by the teachings of the realists and the impressionists and, working in the classical tradition, conjured on to his canvases those "luminously lovely visions that restored French art to the empire of idealism." M. Michel's biographical and critical study of this great latter-day painter is enriched with forty-eight engravings of his pictures.

Art—it may not be necessary to say this, but there is no actual necessity for leaving it unsaid—art fulfils itself in

[1] "Puvis de Chavannes." By André Michel. Notes by J. Laran. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

From The Louvre (*Grant Richards*). LOUISE BRONGNIART (P), BY HOUDON. Photo., Giraudou.

From Animal Life in Italian Painting (*Allen*).

many ways: in the building of a church or a house, no less than in the painting or drawing of a picture; in making furniture, glass, pottery, arms and armour, no less than in carving a statue, and among the books that still wait on my table are some containing manifestations of art in all these divers kinds. Here are four containing paintings by four distinguished living artists, and I take "Parsifal"[2] first because it chances to be uppermost. This is the glorious story of the Holy Grail not modelled on the Wagner opera, but retold from ancient sources by T. W. Rolleston, and illustrated in colour and in black and white by Willy Pogány. The text is printed on a soft grey paper, and a series of delicately-wrought decorative designs beautify each printed page. In the illustrations I think I am almost as much taken with Mr. Pogány's remarkable black and white effects as with his gracious and exquisitely finished colour harmonies. The book is, as Mr. Rolleston suggests in his preface, "an artistic whole"—his scholarly, sensuous, jewelled verses and Mr. Pogány's brilliantly imaginative drawings and paintings are the complement of each other, and between them they present the matchless old legend of "Parsifal" worthily, as a thing of splendour and haunting sadness, fashioned out of mortal clay and the divine stuff of dreams:

> "The human tale of sin and woe,
> Of strife and victory, that long ago
> Was rhymed and written of the Cup
> and Spear
> By many a golden pen."

What a contrast between this work in "Parsifal" and this in "She Stoops to Conquer,"[3] and the very sharpness

[2] "Parsifal." By T. W. Rolleston. Presented by Willy Pogany. 15s. net. (Harrap.)

[3] "She Stoops to Conquer." Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MADONNA AND CHILD.

From Famous Paintings (*Cassell*).

From **Mediæval Figure-Sculpture in England.** *(Cambridge University Press).*

EXETER. WEST FRONT. THE STATUES OF THE UPPER TIER. "JOHN," "JAMES," AND "SIMON," c. 1380.

of the contrast helps you to a keener appreciation of the widely differing merits of both. It is with "Parsifal" as somebody said it was with "Paradise Lost"—you almost want to sit and listen to a solemn organ music before you turn to the reading of it. But you need no such preparation for Goldsmith's jolly comedy "She Stoops to Conquer." You have only to say his name to yourself, and look at the first of Hugh Thomson's colour drawings in this charming edition of the play to be in tune with its humour—and what a buoyant, happy humour it is, and how mellow and rich it is with its old-world modes and manners, and who but Hugh Thomson could so nicely, so easily and naturally have caught the whole spirit of eighteenth-century gaiety as it breathes through Goldsmith's lines and shadowed it forth in the faces, dresses, figures, attitudes of the men and women, and the quaint furnishings of the pleasant rooms he has painted into his pictures. His jovial Tony Lumpkin, his gracious, dignified Hardcastle, his portly, complacent Mrs. Hardcastle, and his delightfully pretty damsels and servant wenches—these are the very characters that Goldsmith drew, rising out of his written words in the very shape and colour of life itself.

The popularity of Kingsley's "Heroes"[1] seems to be perennial—those stories of the old Greek fairy tales that he wrote for the entertainment of his own three children are revived in some new form or other as sure as each Christmas comes round, and this Christmas they come to us in a sumptuous new edition enriched with colour plates after drawings by W. Russell Flint, that in style and tone are sensitively in harmony with the glamorous old classical tales that they illustrate.

A comparatively new-comer into the world of Christmas books is Edgar Allan Poe.[2] Scarcely any writer is more difficult to illustrate; I can recall several illustrated English editions of his poems, but not one that has been illustrated adequately until now. His eerie, weird, grisly, terrible imaginings are such vast, evasive, scarcely-realisable things of the mind that to give them definite expression with brush or pencil has seemed well-nigh beyond the capacity of the artist. Those impalpable, dreadful, ghoulish souls that haunt the steeple and the echoing air of "The Bells"; all the dark, dream-peopled immensity that lies behind the sombre musings of the poet in "The Raven"; the nameless horrors of "The Haunted Palace"; the unearthly twilight of "Ulalume"; the tragic gruesomeness of "The Conqueror Worm"—the bodying of such things pictorially calls for almost as vivid and burning an imagination in the artist as their creator himself had. It is

From **Mediæval Figure-Sculpture in England.** *(Cambridge University Press)*

IPSWICH. ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, c. 1450.

[1] "The Heroes." By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by W. Russell Flint. £2 12s. 6d. net. Limp vellum, £3 3s. net. (Lee Warner.)

[2] "The Bells and other Poems." By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

high praise to say that Edmund Dulac has pictured these visionary creations, these marvellous allegories and unrealities, with a skill and vigour and imaginative daring that no artist who has preceded him in this difficult enterprise has ever surpassed. And he has been as successful with the quiet, marmoreal beauty of such lyrics as "To Helen," the elusive loveliness of "Fairy-Land," the Oriental splendour and passion of "Tamerlane."

I have no more colour-books. Next in my bundle comes a book of a very different order—the "Antiques and Curios in Our Homes"[1] of Grace M. Vallois, which offers some delightful illustrations of old furniture, old china, pottery and glass, and antique silver, with a lucidly and pleasantly written account of all such "nice old things," as the author calls them, which should prove of the greatest service to the amateur collector in particular. A larger, statelier tome, as befits its theme, is "The Armourer and His Craft," by Charles Ffoulkes,[2] with its perfect reproduction of Brueghel and Van Balen's "Venus at the Forge of Vulcan" by way of frontispiece, its thirty-one other plates illustrating varieties of armour worn in various ages and countries, and numerous smaller diagrams and sketches in the text. This is a learned and curiously interesting book dealing exhaustively with the making and the use of armour, supplemented with a glossary of words, a list of armourers, and with what is not the least interesting section of it, a series of short biographies of notable armourers.

[1] "Antiques and Curios in our Homes." By Grace M. Vallois. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

[2] "The Armourer and his Craft." By Charles Ffoulkes. Illustrated. £2 2s. net. (Methuen.)

From Mediæval Figure-Sculpture in England (*Cambridge University Press*).

WESTMINSTER. HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL, c. 1510. THE CONFESSOR. ST. PETER. ST. EDMUND.

From Mediæval Figure-Sculpture in England (*Cambridge University Press*).

WALSOKEN (NORFOLK). FONT OF 1544.

Ruskin said there were only two fine arts possible to men, and they were painting and sculpture, and that architecture was merely the association of these arts in noble masses or the placing them in fit places, and perhaps Canterbury Cathedral offers, as Mr. Woodruff and Canon Danks suggest in their "Memorials of Canterbury Cathedral,"[3] the finest and fullest illustration of the evolution and development of Gothic architecture in this country, and the completest illustration, too, of what Ruskin meant when he said that the twin arts of sculpture and painting were blended in architectural design. The authors of this book have set themselves to supply "a trustworthy, readable and compendious account of the Cathedral from the earliest time to the present day," and they have carried out their intention carefully, completely and with marked ability. The numerous plans and sketches add appreciably to the attractiveness and the value of their work. In "Byzantine Churches in Constantinople,"[4] Mr. Alexander Van Millingen traces the history of a very different type of architecture—the Byzantine—as it may be found in such churches of that kind in Stamboul as survive in whole or in part from the fifth century. Comparatively few now remain of the many churches of that type which once filled the city, but these—some twenty or so in all—are dealt with most exhaustively in detail, care being taken to distinguish the original parts of each building from any alteration made in Byzantine days or since the Turkish conquest. Mr. Millingen makes it abundantly clear that there is no

[3] "Memorials of Canterbury Cathedral." By C. Eveleigh Woodruff and William Danks. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

[4] "Byzantine Churches in Constantinople." By Alexander Van Millingen. Illustrated. 31s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

foundation for the general idea that Byzantine ecclesiastical art is a stereotyped, lifeless type, and has been able to furnish a great deal of valuable new information concerning both the architecture and the history of these ancient churches.

To the student of architecture and to the general reader we can strongly recommend Mr. Reginald Blomfield's "Architectural Drawing and Draughtsmanship"[1]—it studies the evolution of architectural drawing through the work of the master draughtsmen from mediæval times to the present day, including in its survey the greatest draughtsmen of France and Italy as well as of England. It is copiously illustrated and written in an agreeable, non-technical fashion that makes it readily intelligible to the veriest beginner.

A.

From **Mediæval Art** (*Duckworth*).

CHARTRES CATHEDRAL. SCULPTURES OF THE WESTERN DOORS.

POETRY AND BELLES-LETTRES.

"Francis Thompson, the Preston-born Poet"[2] is by another Prestonian, but not a relative. The brief outline of Thompson's life contains a few slight additions to what is generally known about the poet, especially with regard to the house where he was born:—a photograph of this is among the illustrations. There follow a number of enthusiastic appreciations abundantly fortified by extracts from all sorts and conditions of celebrities. Other enthusiasts who wish to have everything that has been written about Thompson should possess the volume. Everyone will be glad to see the portraits of Thompson at the age of fifteen and thirty-four.

[1] "Architectural Drawing and Draughtsmanship." By Reginald Blomfield. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.).

[2] "Francis Thompson." By John Thomson. 2s. 6d. net (Preston: Alfred Halewood.)

From **Leopards of England and other Essays on Heraldry** (*Constable*).

THE KING'S DRAGON AND THE QUEEN'S PANTHER.

"The Four Gardens"[3] consists of four fond and graceful prose studies, where nothing is said or done out of harmony with the verse from Jean Ingelow which is prefixed to "The Old-fashioned Garden":

> "A brave old house! a garden full of bees,
> Large dropping poppies, and queen hollyhocks,
> With butterflies for crown—tree peonies,
> And pinks and goldilocks."

The gardens are peopled with flowers, children, a millionaire, a Scotch gardener and a most gentle ghost, and others; for one garden is haunted, another old-fashioned, the third a poor man's, the fourth a rich man's. Mr. Charles Robinson's coloured pictures and line drawings are as pretty and dainty as possible, and always appropriate.

Blake's "Songs of Innocence"[4] is now almost as constant at Christmas as rain and fog, but until now it has not been illustrated by Mr. Charles Robinson. His collaboration with Miss Mary A. Robinson has made a very suitable Christmas book. The illustrations are suggested by "On a Cloud I saw a Child," "Little Lamb," "The birds are silent in their nest and I must seek for mine," "That an emmet lost its way," "The Lily White," and "Tiger, tiger." The last is a charming evasion of difficulty; for the tiger is in a picture book which a child has opened in an old garden by a sundial.

Matthew Arnold's "Scholar Gypsy and Thyrsis"[5] have been illustrated before now, and Mr. Russell Flint's ten coloured pictures

[3] "The Four Gardens." By Handaysde. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

[4] "Songs of Innocence." Illustrated by Charles Robinson and Mary A. Robinson. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

[5] "The Scholar Gypsy and Thyrsis." Illustrated by W. Russell Flint. 3s. 6d. net. (Lee Warner.)

appeared in 1910 in a large quarto edition. They are now reduced so that the book fits the pocket of the pilgrim to Childsworth Farm, Bablock-hithe, Godstone Bridge, and Cumnor Hurst. He may also compare notes with Mr. Flint as to his vision of the "shy traffickers, the dark Iberians," the "grave Tyrian trader," the "groups under the dreaming garden-trees," and Demeter who "herself had trod Sicilian fields." As end-papers Mr. E. H. New has contributed picturesque maps of a piece of the Oxford country, about nine miles by eight, but marking, with appropriate lack of proportion, Childsworth (or Chilswell) Farm and "The Tree." It is difficult to imagine that these two poems could be given a form more suitable for a gift book.

From Mediæval Art (*Duchworth*).

CHARTRES CATHEDRAL. JAMBS OF THE LEFT-HAND AND CENTRAL DOORS OF SOUTH PORCH, ST. GEORGE, ETC.

It will be a long time before Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin"[1] has exhausted the imagination and invention of illustrators. The lover of rats, the lover of children, above all the lover of pipers, each has his chance, and the man who best combines in his vast comprehension all three loves will be the best accompanist to Browning. In the meantime it is no little thing to have one love and to be inspired by it. Miss Margaret W. Tarrant probably prefers rats. At the same time she has most loyally attended various moods of the Piper, and has watched children running out of school. Her illustration to "Licked the soup from the cook's own ladles" ought to hang in the state apartments of the King of the Rats.

Miss Glazier's "Field-Flowers' Lore"[2] is an attempt to tell again, in verse and in pictures, various legends connected with flowers, to explain why the aspen quivers, why sainfoin signifies "holy hay," and how the speedwell noted St. Veronica wiping the face of the fallen Saviour, etc. Thus she tells "why the cowslip bore the name of Herb Peter":

"St. Peter's emblem
—Heaven's keys
That cause its gates
to open swing,
The cowslip bells,
resembling these,
Unlock the golden
doors of Spring."

"Green Days and Blue Days"[3] is intentionally amusing from beginning to end. Mr. Chalmers is one of those who find Pan everywhere:

Find him, in fact, in the Park when the first crocus cowers;
Cockney is he when it suits him, I know that he knocks his
Crook at my window at times o'er sixpenn'orth of flowers,
Gives me his blessing anew with my fresh window-boxes!

He writes of town and country, of ladies, dogs, fish, fox cubs and "the neolithic loves in a neolithic June." His verses are neat, light, never pointless, always stingless.

From Leopards of England and other Essays on Heraldry (*Constable*).

THE KING'S LEOPARD AND THE QUEEN'S UNICORN.

"Songs from the Forests of Tane"[4] is a little book containing a dozen pages of verse relating to personal emotions and New Zealand, together with a portrait of a handsome Maori, Mr. Chamberlin Chamberlin's adopted son, who has translated one of the poems into his own tongue. The poems express with some grace and simplicity the love of man and nature.

Mr. Walter Phelps Dodge's "King Charles I.: a Study"[5] has evidently been a labour of love. He is a happy victim to the charm of that "world of romance, of loyalty, of

[1] "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." Illustrated by Margaret W. Tarrant. 2s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

[2] "The Field-Flowers' Lore." Legends re-written and illustrated with wood cuts by Louise M. Glazier. 1s. 6d. net. (Mathews.)

[3] "Green Days and Blue Days." By Patrick R. Chalmers. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel & Co.).

[4] "Songs from the Forests of Tane." By J. Chamberlin Chamberlin. 2s. 6d. net. (Mathews.)

[5] "King Charles I.: A Study." By Walter Phelps Dodge. 1s. 6d. net. (Long).

faithfulness unto death" which "belongs to those words 'The Stuarts.'" By his enthusiasm he hopes to counterbalance "the average historian" who "is accurate but uninteresting." The result is a small but tender monument of loyalty to "the most tragic king in history," illustrated by the portrait in Middle Temple Hall.

It is now seventeen years since Ernest Dowson's "Dilemmas"[1] was first and last published. These short stories are interesting in themselves, and also from their connection with Dowson and with his epoch. No one who studies that distinct and not very fertile period can ignore them. They bear witness to the writer's tastes in literature and life, and to his theory of style. They are of course experiments, but the experiments of a man like Dowson are not to be neglected; and they are but five.

E. T.

COUNTY CHURCHES: SUFFOLK.

By T. Hugh Bryant. In 2 Vols. With 42 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net each vol. (Allen.)

For architectural interest and beauty of design, the churches of Suffolk are probably only equalled by those of the neighbouring county of Norfolk, and the inclusion of Suffolk in the County Churches series was inevitable. Mr. Bryant, who has made excellent use of his opportunities both from an artistic and an historical point of view, is a painstaking and accurate worker, with a full sense of the value of brevity, for into two small volumes he has compressed brief accounts of every church in the county. The little books are well illustrated and form a pleasant addition to the series in which they are included.

MEDIAEVAL ART: FROM THE PEACE OF THE CHURCH TO THE EVE OF THE RENAISSANCE, 312 to 1350.

By W. R. Lethaby. With 68 Plates and 124 Text Illustrations. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

We have little doubt that the reading public will welcome a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Lethaby's authoritative work on Mediæval Architecture. Having originally appeared in 1904 the book has now attained the dignity of a third edition, revised and corrected. The art of the period treated by Mr. Lethaby is principally, if not entirely, architectural and sculptural, and the volume contains a very large number of excellent photographs and line drawings of interest to the student of the history of art. It is a wonderful book at the price.

From The Armourer and his Craft (*Methuen*).

ARMOUR OF SIGISMOND OF TIROL, 1427-96.
Waffensammlung, Vienna, No. 41.

BALLADS, WEIRD AND WONDERFUL.

With 25 Drawings by Vernon Hill. 21s. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Vernon Hill has already made a big reputation for his extraordinary art by the publication of his illustrations to "The Arcadian Calendar" and "The New Inferno," but we believe it will be admitted that he has never done better or more effective work than in "Ballads, Weird and Wonderful." Here, of course, we have a subject which the artist has made peculiarly his own, and the supernatural, even the monstrous, in the ballads unquestionably inspires Mr. Hill to some of his most remarkable imaginative efforts. In the course of a short note it is quite impossible adequately to appreciate these illustrations, but we believe we have said enough to warn the ordinary book-collector that in "Ballads, Weird and Wonderful" he may expect no prettinesses or sentiment. Whether or not he will care for the drawings depends upon his own personal predilections. For ourselves, we admire them very much indeed.

THE CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES OF ROME AND SOUTHERN ITALY

By T. Francis Bumpus. 16s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Francis Bumpus has already, in other volumes of this "Cathedral Series," shown us the great churches of Northern and Central Italy, England and Wales, Northern Germany, Scandinavia, and Northern France; and now, with his ripe experience, he takes us to Rome itself, and thence to Naples, Capua, and other cities less known to British pilgrims. A pleasant and trustworty guide is Mr. Francis Bumpus. No one seeking the Eternal City for the first time could have a better. Nay, though many visits have been paid, we should still welcome appreciatively the information of our author, and be tolerably certain that he

[1] "Dilemmas." By Ernest Dowson. 2s. 6d. net. (Mathews.)

could tell us something that would increase our enduring joy when we wander and worship in St. Peter's and its neighbouring Christian temples. For those whom fortune denies entrance to Italy this really beautiful book, it may well be, will be even more acceptable. Possessing it, these glorious churches are open to us, and the photographs (forty-two in number) reveal to our eyes the wonders discoursed of by travellers. All lovers of Europe's most sacred buildings are under lasting obligation to Mr. Francis Bumpus for his conscientious work.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLISH KINGS.

By THOMAS CARTER. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

As the author says in the preface to this volume, it is inevitable, in any attempt to retell Shakespeare to the children, not to recall the names of Charles and Mary Lamb. "These gifted authors," he says, "are associated immortally with Shakespeare, and their 'Tales' must remain a classic for youthful readers, to whom a simple prose rendering is of great value as an introduction to the genius of our greatest poet." Since, however, the Lambs did not retell the story of Shakespeare's *historical* plays, the present volume should be very welcome as fulfilling, to use the familiar phrase, a "much felt need." It should be especially welcome in that the author does not obtrude his own personality, but allows the poet, wherever his verse is simple enough to be appreciated by children, to speak for himself. Indeed, the author's work is in the nature of connecting notes between the many passages quoted direct from the plays; and by this means the youthful reader has prepared for him a very attractive mixture of history and poetry. The author's style is not always quite so simple as might be desired; he is unfailingly picturesque and has a vivid narrative gift, but is sometimes fond of the long word where the short would suffice. Nevertheless, an intelligent child should not find it beyond him, while a child of any age or intelligence will revel in the many admirable coloured pictures by Gertrude Hammond, with which this very handsome volume is embellished.

From The Armourer and his Craft (*Methuen*).

ARMOUR OF KURFÜRST MORITZ. By Matthäus Frauenpreis, 1548. Königl. Hist. Museum, Dresden, G. 39.

METALWORK AND ENAMELLING.

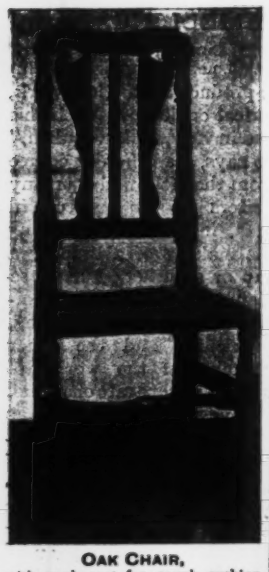
By HERBERT MARYON. With 333 Line Drawings by Cyril Pearce, and other Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Maryon's aim has been to produce a practical work, rather a piece of artistic or historical criticism. With this end in view, "I have taken," he says, "a different course from that followed by many writers on the subject, in that, instead of describing the making of a brooch, a cup or a casket, I have so planned the book that soldering, raising, stone-setting, enamelling and the other branches of the work are treated in separate chapters. I have tried to describe as simply and definitely as possible each process. . . ." The book appears to us to be very simply and efficiently written, and it seems likely to prove an extremely useful handbook and introduction to its subject.

SHERATON AND CHIPPENDALE.

Little Books about Furniture. Vol. III. Chippendale and His School. By J. P. BLAKE.—Vol. IV. The Sheraton Period. By A. E. REVEIRS HOPKINS. 2s. 6d. net each. (Heinemann.)

These two little volumes are admirable in their scope and their manner; they are excellent both for what they tell and what they omit. As an introduction to a fuller study of the eighteenth century furniture they could hardly be improved. Most people nowadays like to potter about with an eye for a possible bargain in the way of a chair, a settee, an old four-poster, but most of these most people really know very little about these things. They are easily persuaded or else over-suspicious simply for want of knowing. But these little books will tell such folk enough to make them intelligent and usefully discriminating. Each is illustrated with a great many plates giving typical or supreme examples of pieces of every kind. One very pleasant thing about both books is that they are written in a very easy style, and full of details that help one to understand the life of the time, and are not merely catalogue information about tables and chairs. They are meant chiefly for the amateur collector, rather than for the very wealthy person who buys regardless, and we can recommend them cordially. It is a small thing, but why does the name Reveirs Hopkins appear spelled differently on the title page and as signature to the preface of the Sheraton volume?

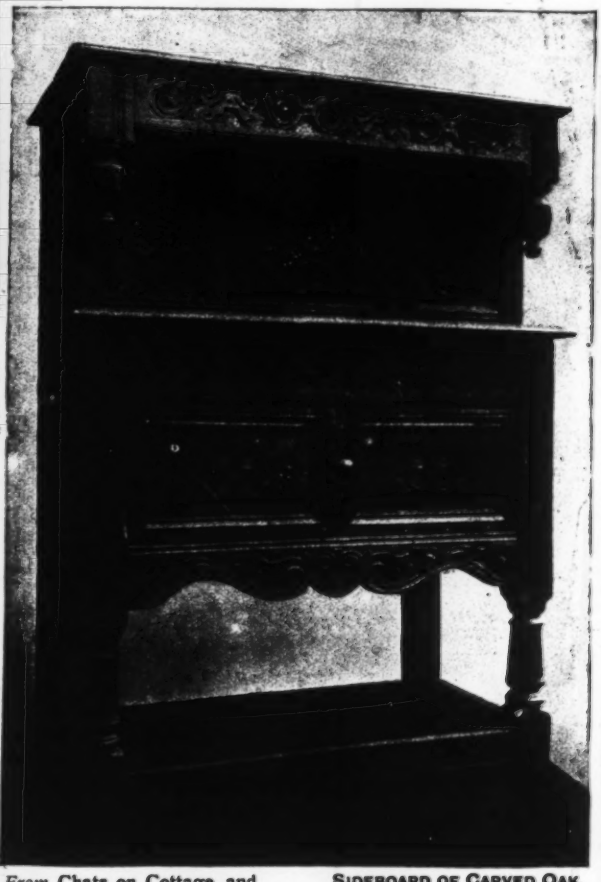


OAK CHAIR,
with sunk seat for squab cushion turned uprights and legs and curious back, showing transition from lath back to splat back.
From **Chats on Cottage and Farmhouse Furniture** (*Unwin*).

CHATS ON COTTAGE AND FARMHOUSE FURNITURE.

By ARTHUR HAYDEN. With a Chapter on Old English Chintzes. By HUGH PHILLIPS. With 73 Plates. 5s. net. (Unwin.)

Mr. Arthur Hayden is an authority on collecting, and he has already put his special knowledge to effective use in a number of volumes for Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Chats," series. So far as the generality of collectors is concerned, old cottage and farmhouse furniture is the most accessible to a narrow purse. It seems to us perfectly clear that what the author does not know about it is not worth knowing. But he possesses also the faculty of embodying his hints in pleasant, readable English, with the result that his work is of unusual interest and value. An unusual topic has been dealt with by Mr. Hugh Phillips in his chapter on Old English Chintzes. The volume is made the more attractive by its numerous illustrations, and it is in every way a worthy addition to a popular series.



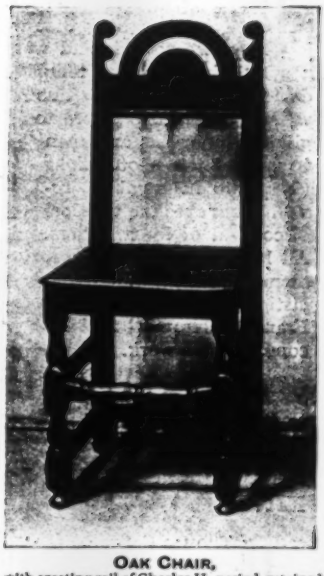
From **Chats on Cottage and Farmhouse Furniture** (*Unwin*).

SIDEBOARD OF CARVED OAK.
English. Seventeenth century. (In the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

A HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTH ITALY.

By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE. Edited by Tancred Borenius, Ph.D. 3 Vols. Illustrated. £3 3s. net. (John Murray.)

All art students will be grateful to Mr. Borenius for the careful and scholarly work he has done in editing and reissuing this invaluable survey by Crowe and Cavalcaselle that has long since taken its abiding place among the classics of art history. It is a most careful and exhaustive record of the achievements of the great artists of Northern Italy from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, and though later research and discovery have, as the editor remarks, necessitated a revision of the authors' conclusions, "it is remarkable in how many instances their instinctive rightness of judgment has been fully confirmed." Mr. Borenius has added all newly discovered facts, but otherwise, except for the correction of misprints and obvious blunders, has reprinted here verbatim the text and notes of the original edition. The seventy-five engravings are beautifully reproduced. This is an admirable edition of an important work that is never likely to be superseded.



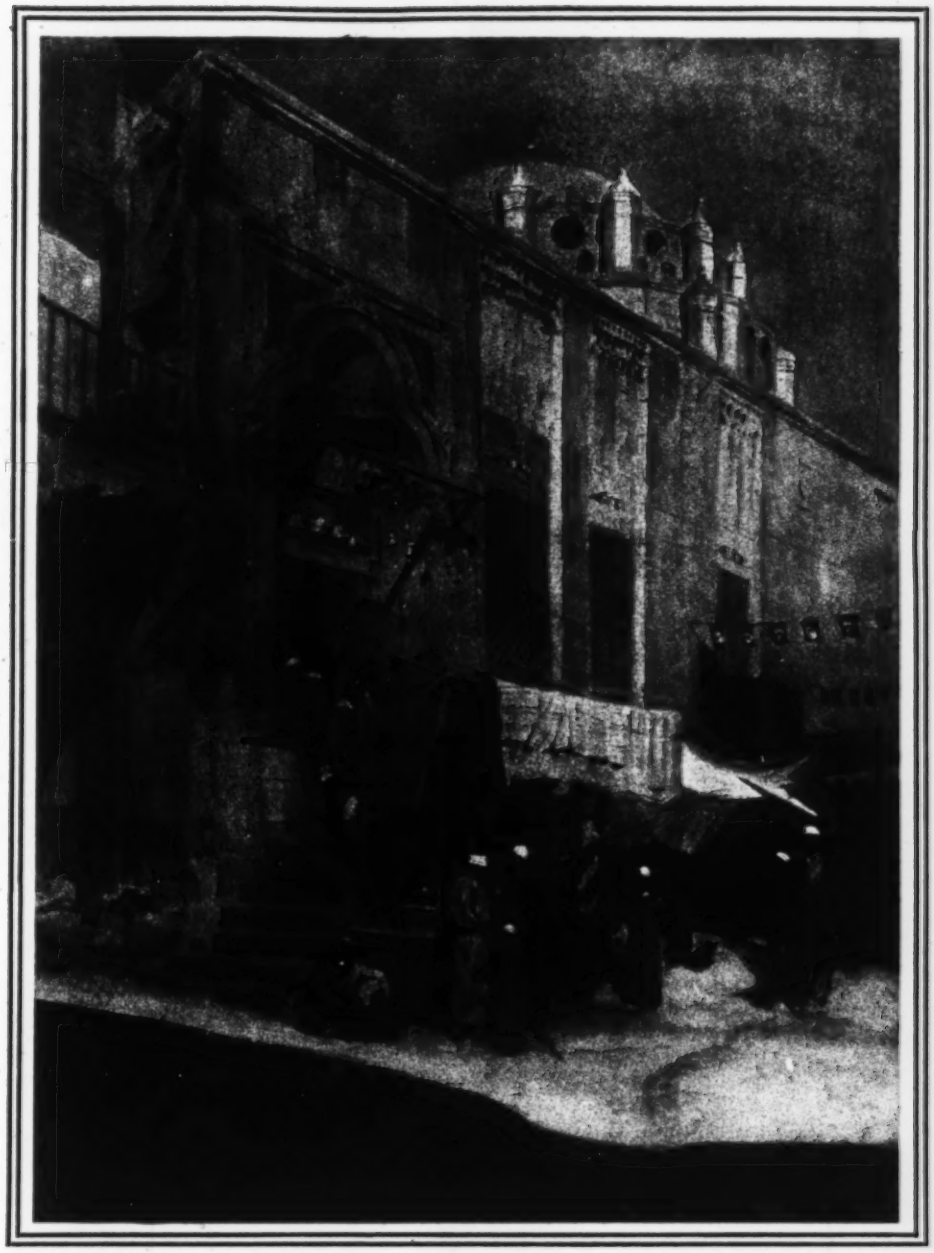
OAK CHAIR,
with cresting rail of Charles II. period, retained and perforated arch centre peculiar to walnut designs.
From **Chats on Cottage and Farmhouse Furniture**

From **Chats on Cottage and Farmhouse Furniture** (*Unwin*).

WINDSOR CHAIR,
horseshoe back, saddle seat, turned legs, with stretcher. Sheraton style.

From **Chats on Cottage and Farmhouse Furniture** (*Unwin*).

WINDSOR CHAIR,
curved top rail, turned arms, legs, and stretcher. Sheraton style, pierced fiddle splat.



MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED BEY

Specimen Illustration from
"AN ARTIST IN EGYPT"
Illustrated by WALTER TYNDALE, R.I.
(HODDER AND STOUGHTON, LONDON)

OLD GERMAN "STEIN."
From The ABC of Collecting Old Continental Pottery
(*Stanley Paul*.

AN ACCOUNT OF MEDIÆVAL FIGURE-SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.

By EDWARD S. PRIOR and ARTHUR GARDNER. Illustrated with 855 Photographs. £3 3s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

In this large and splendidly produced volume Mr. Edward Prior and Mr. Arthur Gardner discuss the successional development of figure-sculpture and the part it played in mediæval architecture. They treat learnedly and exhaustively of the materials in which such sculpture was worked, and the aspects under which we see it to day—deteriorated under the vicissitudes to which that material has been exposed; they give a careful and very adequate account of the subjects of Gothic sculpture, and devote one section of their book to a suggestive and interesting study of the personality of the Gothic sculptor. They find that in the main the mediæval sculpture of England was conterminous with Gothic architecture in England, and that the various expressions and phases of it were intimately associated in England with the circumstances that created the successive manners of Gothic building; that the same classifications will usually cover both arts. As the building art grew dexterous and supple in the first half of the thirteenth century, so the sculptor's art too grew fine and sensitive, "it mastered its means of expression, and what up to 1200 had been of the nature of a block-carving, more symbolic than natural, is seen at Wells and Westminster by the middle of that century as the finished modelling of an assured faculty." These changes and the beautiful development of the art are demonstrated in the numerous excellent photographs of architectural statuary, relief sculptures, monumental effigies, figure-sculpture in capitals, gargoyles and arch moulds, and on fonts and tomb-chests in and about our ancient cathedrals and churches. It is a book of great interest and value, pre-eminently a work for students, and one that no student of mediæval architecture can afford to overlook.

THE THOUGHT IN MUSIC.

By JOHN B. MCEWEN, M.A. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

"This book," says Professor McEwen in his first sentence, "is an attempt to formulate a definite basis on which the musical facts underlying the principles of shape in musical structure may be correlated and codified." There is no doubt of the value of the methods of musical architecture outlined by him to the student of form in music, and particularly to the young composer. But just because of this value to the young student, it is a pity that such a fascinating subject should be expounded in so academic a fashion, for a first sight of the treatise will certainly not invite him. The dog Latin of the apothecary must be learnt by the aspiring 'prentice before he can follow the teaching of the adept, and some acquaintance with the language of High Philosophy is a necessary equipment for remunerative perusal of this book. The author approaches his subject from the standpoint that rhythm is the basis of all music, and shows the logical relation by which Units of Thought, as he terms them, should grow into musical Phrases and then again into Sentences if a well-balanced work is to result. He also insists, with justice, that it is

From The ABC of Collecting Old Continental Pottery
(*Stanley Paul*).

OLD BEER MUG.

OLD GERMAN "STEIN."
From The ABC of Collecting Old Continental Pottery
(*Stanley Paul*).

not enough for the would-be-interpreter of music in studying his subject-matter to follow the old analytical method of considering the bar as a unit, a normal phrase as made up of four bars and so forth. This is inadequate; he must search for and isolate and articulate the hours of rhythm in the musical structure just as the composer did before him. The book becomes more explanatory as it progresses and many theories of absorbing interest are touched on, as, for instance, the suggestion that as during its three hundred years of existence, European music has expanded chiefly in harmonic elaboration—to which there must necessarily shortly come a limit—future developments may be looked for in rhythm. Our accepted rhythms have remained much what they were then, and are elementary as compared even with those of some Oriental nations.

From Puvis de Chavannes (French Artists of our Day series) (*Heinemann*).

LA SORBONNE: LES SCIENCES.

From Metalwork and Enamelling (*Chapman & Hall*)

CHALICE, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE CHARLES DICKENS ORIGINALS.

By EDWIN PUGH. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Foulis.)

Those of us who have read "Charles Dickens: The Apostle of the People," know Mr. Pugh already as a shrewd, sympathetic student and interpreter of Dickens, and therefore look in "The Dickens Originals" for something more than literal descriptions and accounts of the actual persons on whom Dickens modelled certain of his fictitious characters, and are not disappointed. Mr. Pugh gives us very much more than this. He tells again the story of Dickens's early love romance, sketching in deftly and vividly that Maria Beadnell who rejected him, and for whom his heart ached and yearned as after a gracious, ineffable ideal until he met her again, after many years, to be completely disillusioned, so that having fashioned Dolly Varden, and the Dora of "David Copperfield" out of his tender recollections of her, he came to picture her as he found her at last in the arch, coy, absurdly girlish but kind-hearted Flora of "Little Dorrit." To meet the real Maria, grown middle-aged and so unlike the exquisite girl of his dreams, was the rudest, harshest of awakenings. "From the moment of his great disillusion," says Mr. Pugh, "Dickens was a changed man. He was so greatly changed that his art was perceptibly affected. Never again does he recapture his old careless mastery over his material. It is as if, from that time onward, he is forced, almost against his will, to examine and criticise the healthy, hearty ideals of his youth: his youth that has lasted in the full bloom of its virginal innocence until now, and even now is only a little faded, a little sere. But what he has lost in buoyancy he has gained in steadiness; what he has lost in lightness of heart he has gained in depth of insight and intensity of feeling. He does not forget that idyll of his youth, or the wanton maid who was its heroine; but he remembers, he wears his rue, with a difference." And you see the difference when you compare the latter Estella, of "Great Expectations," with the less humanly feminine Dora and Dolly Varden. In like manner Mr. Pugh traces the influence of the

From **Puvis de Chavannes (French Artists of our Day series)** (*Heinemann*).

La Sorbonne.

much loved sister of Dickens's wife, who died when she was seventeen, in other of the novelist's girl-characters; and he carefully and suggestively deals with the many originals of his other fictitious persons that Dickens found among acquaintances and friends and in his family circle. It is an able and deeply interesting study, not the least interesting parts of which are the tracing of Dickens himself in his books, as boy and man, as young man full of hope, high spirits and dazzling idealism, and as older man grown wise and tolerant and perhaps a little world-weary. The series of thirty portraits of Dickens, and of the men and women who served as some of his models add greatly to the attractiveness of one of the best and most enjoyable of the many volumes that Dickens and his work have inspired.

THE OLD COLLEGES OF OXFORD: THEIR ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY.

By Aymer Vallance, M.A. With 50 Collotype Plates and 232 Illustrations in the text. £4 4s. net. (Batsford.)

One hesitates before this magnificent volume. It is impossible to deal with it at all in a short note or to give any idea of its excellencies. It deals with the colleges of Oxford from a new point of view—the solely architectural, and the wealth of beauty pictured in the illustrations is nothing short of a revelation even to one who knows his University well. Either one must write at length about this book or content oneself with a mere notification of its existence. The latter course sounds condescending, but unfortunately it is the only one open to us. Our heartiest congratulations and thanks go to both Mr. Aymer Vallance and Mr. Batsford.

IN FRENCH AFRICA.

By Miss Betham-Edwards. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

These pictures of Algeria are a rechauffé or something very much like it. Miss Betham-Edwards herself frankly calls them "memories," admitting that she has incorporated passages from other works of hers now out of print. The fact too that most of her expeditions were undertaken in the company of Mme. Bodichon, who died in 1892, gives a clue to the nature of the book. But Miss Betham-Edwards' "memories" are better reading than the first impressions of many another traveller. "This book is intended as a stimulant to others longing for the palms and temples of the South." That intention is fully realised. We do feel stimulated to make the acquaintance, not so much perhaps of the palms and temples, as of the French in the hill stations, of their hospitality "as genuine and gracious as any in the world." To Frenchwomen also, so often libelled as brilliant and elegant playthings, justice is done. In circumstances of peculiar hardship, in lonely desert stations, in a semi-hostile land, they show themselves good wives, careful mothers, capable helpmeets. It sometimes happens that while their husbands are away fighting in the hills, a neighbouring tribe takes the opportunity to menace with destruction the half-deserted, ill-defended fort. Yet do they not lose their cheeriness, as the author and her party found when overtaken by a snowstorm in visiting the Cedar forest near Teniet. Drenched as they were to the skin, they had perforce to accept the French captain's

From **Metalwork and Enamelling** (*Chapman & Hall*).

Silver Cup, Nuremberg, 16th Century.

From The Old Colleges of Oxford (*Batsford*).

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD: THE LIBRARY

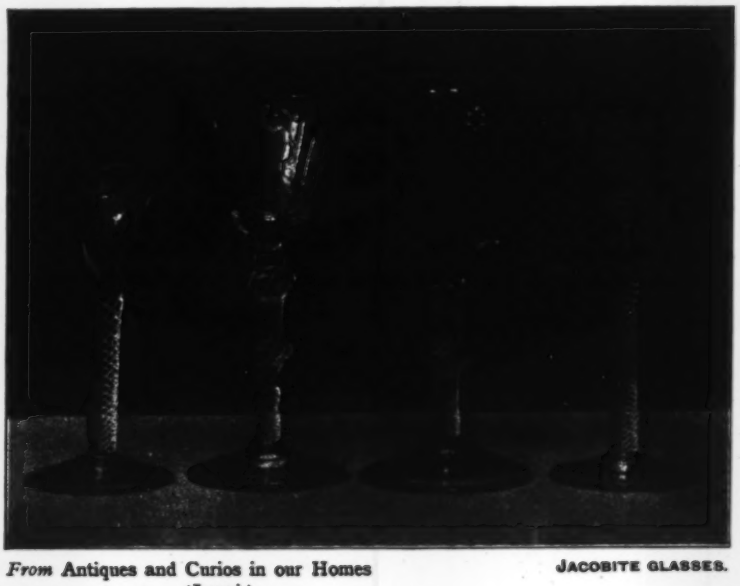
From The Old Colleges of Oxford
(*Batsford*).

MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD: THE CHAPEL

From Architectural Drawing and Draughtsmanship (*Cassell*).

DESIGN FOR A CEILING BY DANIEL MAROT.

hospitable invitation to dinner. A military baker's big oven dried their skirts. Next day the report went round the witty little colony that the four drenched Anglaises had bodily entered the oven! Next to the French the wonderful air of the desert attracts us, "softer and sweeter than the breath blown off Cornish moors, fresher and more invigorating than the sea-breezes at Lowestoft." For the artistic there is the dark rich red and yellow ware of the Kabyle villages, water jars, vases and lamps at nominal prices, and of such loveliness that it seems as they must have "a village Ruskin among them to inculcate the worship of the beautiful." A pretty wit is not confined to the French; it is also one of the characteristics of Miss Betham-Edwards, coming out in the Æsopian story of how the two jackals got the heavy water melon up the slope of the garden, and of how the local barrister thinned down visibly as he approached Mostaganem and the Assizes. Excellent, by the way, is the impressionist picture of the diligence containing his vast bulk, as it rolled over the monotonous plain, crossing horizon after horizon. If there is one request we may make of our author it is that she would take a less exalted view of the average intelligence of her readers, and allude less to "Astolfo's winged chariot," "Mezentian unions," the bright dress of Prince Bedridden and the "cilices" of High Church parsonages.



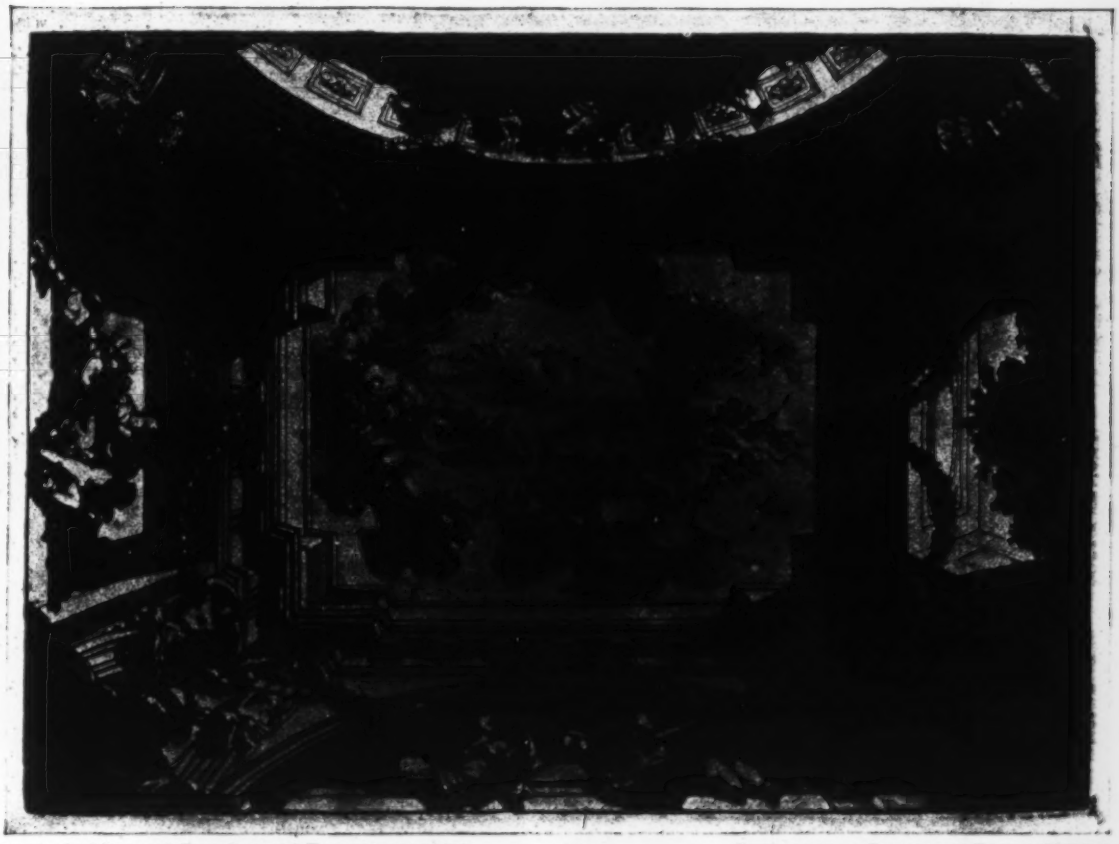
From Antiques and Curios in our Homes (*Lauris*).

JACOBITE GLASSES.

OSCAR WILDE. ART AND MORALITY.

BY STUART MASON. 5s. net. (Frank Palmer).

This is a new and revised edition of an interesting little volume that Mr. Stuart Mason compiled and first published a few years ago. It gathers up all the controversy—reviews favourable and unfavourable; Wilde's witty and shrewd replies to certain of his severer critics, and their angry or obstinate retorts—all the newspaper judgments and discussion that followed on the publication of "The Picture of Dorian Gray." There is an air of ancient history about it all now, yet it still remains curiously interesting. Mr. Mason has added some new matter and there is a good portrait of Wilde by way of frontispiece.



From Architectural Drawing and Draughtsmanship (*Cassell*).

DESIGN FOR A CEILING BY DANIEL MAROT.

THE IDEA OF MARY'S MEADOW.

By VIOLET O'CONNOR. 5s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

There is a great deal of self-revelation in "The Idea of Mary's Meadow," the kind of self-revelation found in one of the first books of this style, published many years ago, entitled "The Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre." The present volume has neither the wit nor the general interest of the earlier one, but it gives a reader the impression that it is a more genuine chronicle. The writer, after some intensely-felt troubles in early life, embraces the Roman Catholic faith; and, with all the fervour of the convert, works for the spread of that faith in the town where she ultimately settles. The town referred to is Ludlow, in Shropshire; and here in due course a Church is built. Here, too, the author adopts a baby girl, conceives the idea of building a home and calling it "Mary's Meadow," and to her here comes what may be termed a St. Martin's summer of love. She is married in the Church she has helped to build, and this book is dedicated to her husband. The chapters tell of the building of the Church, of the finding of the site for the new home, and of the planning, the design, the furniture, garden, and life of that home. The whole book is permeated with the author's religion, and with references to and legends of the saints. Her self-revealed character is not to us entirely attractive. The rules of life laid down impress us, whether rightly or wrongly, as being over full of self-satisfaction, and charitable without being altogether tolerant. "For the present," she says, "our way seems clear; to love everyone, to make the meadow beautiful, and to pray for graces." But—when she takes intimate friends to walk in the glen, and they are not quite sufficiently imaginative, she writes: "Sometimes there follows an uneasy silence, during which another name is removed from our visiting list." Indeed, "our way seems clear." Nevertheless, the book is not without graciousness and charm in its happier moments, which are neither few nor far apart, and are charming enough to make us forget the occasional intolerance and lack of the larger charity.

From Antiques and Curios in our Homes (*Lauris*).

WEDGWOOD JASPER VASE.

From The Cottages and the Village Life of Rural England (*Dent*).

HARVINGTON, NEAR EVESHAM, WORCESTER.

THE COTTAGES AND THE VILLAGE LIFE OF RURAL ENGLAND.

By P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A. With 52 Coloured Illustrations and 19 in Line by A. R. Quinton. 21s. net. (Dent.)

Mr. Ditchfield is one of the most hard-working and prolific of our writers upon subjects of antiquarian interest, but he has seldom been better suited by his theme than in the very beautiful book at present before us. This study of English village life and architecture is particularly timely, in view of the fact that the old country life seems to be on the verge of change. It is well indeed that Mr. Ditchfield and his able assistant, Mr. Quinton, have seized the present opportunity of recording their impressions of our rural life—one of the most picturesque of English characteristics. In format and in printing the volume is produced with all the skill of which Mr. Dent is capable—which, as everybody who knows modern methods of book production will agree—is saying a great deal.

THE OXFORD MOMENT SERIES.

With Coloured Frontispieces and End Papers. 6d. net each. (Frowde.)

The latest volumes have reached us of the charming little "Oxford Moment Series," one of the latest substitutes for the Christmas card. The little books are of pocket size, and are charmingly printed and produced, with two different coloured end-papers and a coloured frontispiece portrait. The titles of these volumes are: D. G. Rossetti, Christina Rossetti, Herrick, Browning's "Pied Piper and Other Poems," Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Ruskin's "The Mystery of Life and its Arts," the third lecture of "Sesame and Lilies." In cases where the title consists only in the name of a poet, a short selection of course has been made from the whole of his work.

NEW POEMS.

By DORA SIGERSON SHORTER. 1s. net. (Maunsel.)

One quality inherent in all the poetry of Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter is its tender humanity. Even her dreams of heaven are touched with wistful thoughts of the earth she loves and the people who have made earth dear to her here, as in "When I shall Rise:"

> . . . . "When in the vapourish blue I wander, lost,
> Let some fair paradise reward my eyes—
> Hill after hill, and green and sunny vale,
> As I have known beneath the Irish skies."

There is a poignantly passionate note of sorrow in "The Good Lord Gave," with its heart-cry of the weeping mother—

> "But 'tis lonely yet, Lord, by the little grave,
> Oh, 'tis lonely, lonely, by the little grave."

And everywhere there are such quaint and delicate fancies as

> "All night the small feet of the rain
> About my garden ran."

If there is no ballad quite so fine as "The Child," or "Kathleen's Charity," there are at least two in this volume that do not fall far short of those in their strength of feeling and imaginative power; one, "The Guardian Angels," tells a weird legend with cunning narrative skill and eerie suggestiveness, and there is the same simple directness of narration and terse fulness of suggestion in "The Last Coach." This is a little book of true and spontaneous poetry; it is instinct with spiritual beauty, and its thought and music have their own distinctive freshness and charm.

End paper from Herrick (Oxford Moment Series) (*Frowde*).

From The Cottages and the Village Life of Rural England (*Dent*).

COTTAGES AT DUNSTER, SOMERSET.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE AS I KNEW HIM.

By the late T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. 12s. net. (John Murray.)

"It is an abominable thing for a man to commend himself." This sentiment was uttered by Dr. Hall, Bishop of Exeter under James the First, and Sterne quotes it with approval. "I really think it is so. And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a masterly kind of fashion, which thing is not likely to be found out; I think it is full as abominable, that a man should lose the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head." Dr. Talmage achieved a masterly success in his own way; his sermons, printed as well as spoken, had a vogue which resembled that of Spurgeon's; and probably this volume will bring the fact home to many who are not likely to find it out for themselves. We can make this justification for its publication. There are, indeed, touches in the book which are egotistical in rather a repellent way:

"No event of any consequence in the country, social or political, or disastrous, happened, that my name was not available to the ethical phase of its development."

"I first met Spurgeon in London in 1872. 'I read your sermons,' I said to him first. 'Everybody reads yours,' he replied."

"The word 'immensity' may give adequate idea of the audience present."

These are the sort of things that a man might leave his wife to write, and Mrs. Talmage contributes the last four chapters ("Milestones," they are called) of the twenty-one. But, to be fair, we must admit they are less numerous than one feared. Dr. Talmage possessed buoyancy, irrepressible vigour; and the temperament which is free from self-criticism. Perhaps for such a career as his, self-criticism would have been a handicap. He got plenty of criticism from his friends and allies the newspapers, and possibly thought it superfluous to add any on his own account, though it is doubtful if he ever deliberated on the subject. In any case, the autobiography is a human document of the Transatlantic type, frank and naïve to an unaccustomed degree. What prevents it from becoming wearisome is the redeeming fact that Talmage was intensely interested in his world, and fond of travelling. He recalls the enthusiasm of America over Jenny Lind, and how New York went mad with delight in 1885 over the first chrysanthemum it had seen. The chrysanthemum was more welcome than the labourer from China! He also tells a curious story about Florence Nightingale. When he preached in London in 1900, he happened to mention her as "the Lady of the Lamp." Next day he got a note from her, inviting him to call. When he went, he was astonished to find that she had not known about this title till she read it in the newspaper report of the sermon. This sounds almost incredible. Talmage, like Mr. Stead, had the knack of standing before kings as well. He had private interviews with the Czar and his family. He was on intimate terms with nearly all the American Presidents of his day; he visited Gladstone; in short, he travelled with a restless desire to extend his

From Songs of Innocence by William Blake, of which *Messrs. Herbert & Daniel have just published a new edition.*

"FAREWELL, GREEN FIELDS!"

From Parsifal
(*Harrap*).

". . . as he stared on it, in rosy flame
About its rim the shapes of letters came
And vanish'd; but he read them as they glow'd."

knowledge of men and things, and his book, for all its rhetorical style and frequent chronicles of small beer, is decidedly racy. The account of his ministry reveals trouble at the hands of his fellow-ministers, but he does not seem to have borne malice. To the end, even after his church at Brooklyn had been burned three times, even after witnessing the shortcomings of American politics—which is the only experience that appears to have damped for the time being his optimism—he remains a cheery figure. And, for all his cosmopolitan interests, he was American to the core.

MISS ALCOTT.
A Play based upon whose "Little Women" has been published recently by Messrs. Sampson Low.

"Better and better did America become to me as the years went by. I never wanted to live anywhere else. Many believed that Christ was about to return to His reign on earth, and I felt confident that if such a descent could be, it would come from American skies. I did not believe that Christ would descend from European skies, amidst alien thrones."

So?

PERSIAN LITERATURE.

By CLAUD FIELD. With numerous Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

Mr. Claud Field has written a very useful and very interesting study of Persian Literature. It deals in scholarly and attractive fashion with the religion, history and philosophy of Persia, its folk-songs, drama, epic and lyrical poetry, and we warmly recommend it both to students and the general reader.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BRIDGES.

With Portrait. 1s. 6d. net. (Frowde: Oxford University Press.)

This new and remarkably cheap edition of Mr. Robert Bridges' poems includes all that is contained in the collected edition of his poetical works, with the exception of his eight dramas; in addition there are two groups of Later Poems and Poems in Classical Prosody which are now first published in book form. Mr. Bridges has long had his sufficient audience, "fit though few," and though this excellent popular edition of his work may not serve to make him popular it will take him into the library of every lover of what is highest and finest in latter-day poetry. His appeal is not to the multitude; he is severely classical in form and diction—he makes no easy play with sentiment or emotion; the great charm of his work lies in its exquisite delicacy of phrase and the high restraint of its emotional intensity; it touches your heart mostly through your intellect; its beauty is of the statuesque sort, but it is a beauty that thrills and subdues you by its sheer grace of form and chaste loveliness of thought and utterance. We have no other poet living who has given or could give us such stately and majestic music of poetry as sounds through that mask in the Greek manner, "Prometheus the Fire-giver," and through the mask of "Demeter," nor any other who has surpassed the tenderness, the strong, restrained passion and height of poetic feeling that lift "The Growth of Love" to its place among the greatest of modern poems. But Mr. Robert Bridges is not to be discussed in so brief a note as this, and we hope to deal more adequately with his collected work at an early date. Meanwhile, we express our gratitude for so rich a gift that is now brought within the reach of whoso cares to possess what is so well worth possessing.

ROBERT BRIDGES, AUG., 1912.
Frontispiece to The Poetical Works of Robert Bridges
(*Clarendon Press*).

SHELLEY.

By Roger Ingpen. (The Regent Library.) 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert and Daniel.)

Nothing could be more complete in their way than the volumes included in the Regent Library series. The scheme on which the contents are arranged is as lucid as it is exhaustive. Here, for instance, Mr. Roger Ingpen sets himself to select for us the best and most representative things from the work of Shelley. His prefatory biography of the poet is admirable—you have all the parts of Shelley's life presented in it fairly, clearly and sympathetically; there is a useful chronology of the chief events in the poet's career; a good and sufficient bibliography; an iconography; and some appreciations by famous authors. In the anthology itself, Mr. Ingpen has chosen the poems for inclusion with unerring taste and judgment, and has supplemented these with characteristic passages from Shelley's essays and pamphlets and a copious and excellent selection of his letters. Altogether a very admirable addition to an artistically produced and altogether admirable series.

From **Parsifal** (*Harrap*).

"He mounted his rough steed, and forth, alone
Into the shadowy wood he took his way."

RECENT FRENCH CRITICISM.

Among recent French works likely to be of special interest to readers of The Bookman, a front place may fairly be assigned to the study of contemporary English fiction by M. Firmin Roz the well-known student of Tennyson and of our recent literature as a whole. This admirable study* starts off with an appreciation of Meredith (an appreciation which is by the way, cited in the recent memoir of the novelist in the *Dictionary of National Biography*). Like its subject, it is suggestive rather than definitive. A short view of Meredith is, perhaps, a contradiction in terms. The point of view will no doubt be considerably enlarged by a careful study of the recently published Meredith Letters, an incomparable document of a life devoted in no ordinary sense. The relation of the text to the work, the work to the life, and the life to the epoch has now only for the first time become really intelligible. The next study is one of Thomas Hardy, whose sympathy, humanity, and "Dutch realism," M. Roz appreciates at a very high value. He is the master observer who sees the bloom on the landscape and hears the wind among the fern, and as a master of English prose, he appears to the French critic to have no possible modern rival. He finds fault only with his melodramatic arrangement and handling of certain episodes and a certain tendency to abuse romantic circumstance—twilight, solitude, the appeal to the prehistoric. The two substantive "Merits" are followed by studies equally thorough and well sustained of Mrs. Humphry (whom a malign printer occasionally caricatures as Mme. Hymphry) Ward, Rudyard Kipling and H. G. Wells. The two first are regarded as valuable assets of English history and tradition, the last as the courier of social crisis, the realist of a new world.

Charles Dickens.
Frontispiece from **Dickens** (Regent Library).
(*Herbert & Daniel*).

Having read M. Roz, whose critical work lives in every line, the explorer of French opinion concerning contemporary English masters must go on to "Bernard Shaw et Son Œuvre"† by Charles Cestre. This writer is well known to students over here for his masterly study of revolutionary currents deriving from France in the Age of Wordsworth. A Frenchman has by the law of his being to

Percy Bysshe Shelley.
Painted at Rome in 1819 by Miss Sylvia Curran.
Frontispiece from **Shelley** (Regent Library).
(*Herbert & Daniel*)

* "Le Roman Anglais Contemporain." Fr. 3.50. (Hachette.)

† Fr. 3.50. (Mercure de France.)

From The Yeomen of the Guard (*Bell*).

"'OH, FATHER, FATHER, I CANNOT BEAR IT

classify, and to classify Bernard Shaw is no easy matter; but M. Cestre accomplishes his programme with extraordinary dexterity. The play of ideas is analysed under five headings: Realism, Psychology, Love, Ethic, and Social Philosophy, and M. Cestre has a good many words to say about each, the "grand maître" himself occasionally intervening. The critic speaks out of the heart of his *pays* when he condemns "B. Shaw" for excess. The world has got so sated with novelty that to attract its attention an orgy of paradox, and self-advertisement is deemed necessary. Shaw he implies, despite his extraordinary intellectual fertility, has erred unpardonably in this direction. The egotism, cynicism and negation, however, he leaves us to deduce, are only a prickly envelope, and the rare and delicate flavour of the pine apple will be perceptible to anyone who pushes his researches far enough into the interior.

M. Jules Douady is already well known to English students for his researches into the life of Hazlitt and the period of our romantic renaissance commencing in 1798. He has written evidently with equal pleasure to himself and to his French readers a most scholarly and diverting book on "La Mer et les Poètes Anglais."‡ That England has produced sea poets in proportion to its output of sea dogs is a thesis which it would be excessively hard to maintain. One of the most touching and most dignified of nautical lays "The Loss of the Royal George," was written by a poet who was probably never on the sea in his life. Of marine prose-poets, such as Conrad and Meredith, M. Douady has nothing to tell us, though he writes at length of Kipling and Stevenson. He is indeed an exception to the rule which demands of a French monographer logical order, exhaustive enumeration, strict analysis. He is quite content to write around his subject. He is no exacting critic of vocation to the service of the Sea Muse. He prefers to recite such landsmen's tales of sea adventure as Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" and Tennyson's "Enoch Arden"; and it must be admitted that he gives a breath of new interest to both stories by means of his perfectly delightful manner of narration no less than by his acute commentary. He disentangles for us the sea-strands in Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth and Shelley. He discovers rightly in "Full Fathom Five" the one lyric of comparatively early date in which we seem to catch a whisper of the mystery and witchcraft of the Ocean; and we have to pursue our way through leagues of dull "Shipwrecks" and "Mariners of England" until we light upon another in "The Ancient Mariner." The subject-matter is relatively familiar to English perusers of marine anthologies,

From The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius (*Lee Warner*).

"A PRAYER OF THE ATHENIANS."

‡ Fr. 3.50. (Hachette.)

From Ruddigore
(*Bell*).

ENTER ROSE.—HE 'S MUCH STRUCK BY HER.

We are somewhat dubious as to how extensive M. Douady's acquaintance is with our sea ballads and chanties. But there is no doubt that for English readers hardly less than French, he has linked together compositions of indefinable charm, many of which have suffered an appreciable sea-change due, it may haply be supposed, to their genesis in a maritime country and the largest island in Europe.

Of all the Anglophile writers of our new century it is probable that after Chevrillon, M. Charles Bastide has the most philosophic outlook upon our special contributions to the literary art as a mode of civilization. His new work on "Anglais et Français du XVIIe. Siècle"§ is a collection of studies in by-paths of our history by a virtuoso of the very finest equipment. With Beljame and Jusserand, he depicts the England of Charles II. as seen through foreign spectacles; of the former especially he is the disciple in studying with minuteness the pronunciation and spelling of the English of that period as affected by their intercourse with France. He reveals to us the little world for which French newspapers were printed in London. He discusses the translators and especially the first renderer of "Robinson Crusoe" into French. He has also a scholarly paper on Shakespeare and the wigmaker Mountjoye. M. Bastide is a complete master of his material and his seventeenth century vignettes command the attention of every literary antiquary. His volume is a notable investment for four francs.

In the sphere of the illustrated History of Literature, of which we had almost an epidemic half a dozen years ago, we have seen nothing to surpass the five-franc "Histoire Illustrée de la Litterature Française" (Didier) by E. Abry, C. Audic, and P. Crouzet, with 660 quarto pages and 324 illustrations. The book forms a methodical *précis* of the whole range from the "Chansons de Geste" down to Taine and Brunetière. A good deal of it is in semi-tabulated form, with lists of bibliographies. The critical portions, however, are thoroughly well edited and as a summary work of reference, it is deserving of the highest credit.

S.

§ Fr. 4. (Felix Alcan.)

"THE ANGELS CAME THROUGH THE FOREST TO WHERE THE LITTLE TREE STOOD, AND, GATHERING AROUND IT, THEY TOUCHED IT WITH THEIR HANDS."
From Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse
(*Laurie*).

CHRISTMAS TALES AND CHRISTMAS VERSE.

By EUGENE FIELD. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Here is a real Christmas book for children, full of the real Christmas spirit: six little tales and six little poems by Eugene Field, including the story which all true children will love to read of how Santa Claus was born and what he did when a boy. There are also stories of the little mauve mouse and the moonbeam and how the little mouse's sister,

DUCHESS OF MILAN. HOLBEIN.
From The National Gallery
(*Grant Richards*).

Squeaknibble, was caught by the artful cat who got inside a white fur muff and pretended to be Santa Claus; of the beggar maid who was not allowed to go into the great cathedral to wait for the coming of the prince, so went out into the dark forest and found him there; of Mistress Merciless; of the First Christmas Tree; and another story of Santa Claus and how he visited old Joel who was never happy at Christmas time. The lines of many of the poems haunt one's memory:

"Oh, hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,
And close thine eyes in dreaming,
And angels fair shall lead thee where
The singing stars are beaming.

The illustrations, by Miss Florence Storer, contain wonderfully clever studies of childhood—the little faces are so natural and the colouring exquisite. It is a delight to linger over each picture.

COKE OF NORFOLK AND HIS FRIENDS.

By Mrs. A. M. W. STIRLING. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane).

It is not often that a new edition of an expensive biographical work is demanded, but the compliment which the reading public has paid to Mrs. Stirling's "Coke of Norfolk and his Friends" is particularly well deserved. The book is a fitting memorial of a noble character, the remembrance of which otherwise would have been likely to perish in a totally unmerited obscurity. The new edition just published contains a considerable amount of fresh material, largely devoted to vindicating still further the memory of Coke and the importance of his achievement as a scientific agriculturist, which wholly transformed the character of Western Norfolk. For its presentation of a detailed panorama of the life of a great landed proprietor—who also sat in the House of Commons for over fifty of the most eventful years of the history of this country—the book is one of the most notable of modern biographies. It is finely produced, and contains a number of interesting illustrations.

HENRY PURCELL.
From A Short History of Music in England
(*Sampson Low*).

ANN.

By LECHMERE WORRALL and EDGAR FRERE. 1s. net. (Greening).

It must have been no easy task for Mr. Lechmere Worrall and Mr. Edgar Frere to turn into a novel the play "Ann," which was produced at the Criterion Theatre during last summer. In one notable instance the novel is distinctly inferior to the play. One of the best scenes was that in which Ann, having won over Mrs. Hargraves to acquiesce in the original methods whereby she sets herself to scandalise Edward Hargraves' prudish *fiancée*, is faced with the task of wheedling Edward's father, the Very Reverend Samuel Hargraves. Of this scene the novel makes practically nothing. In other respects, however, the book appears to us to do ample justice to what was, undoubtedly, a "thin" drama. The book explains the character of Mrs. Hargraves in a wholly satisfactory manner, which is more than was done before the footlights; moreover, it makes Edward himself a distinctly less improbable character than he appeared upon the stage. Nor has Ann herself suffered, and this is, perhaps, the best tribute that can be paid to the authors.

From A Child's Day
(*Constable*).

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

By Spencer Leigh Hughes ("Sub Rosa"). 5s. net. (Foulis.)

Mr. Hughes excuses himself for having written this book on the ground that "it is only a little one, and that this is my first offence." But no excuse is needed. "Sub Rosa's" admirers are to be numbered by the ten thousand, and their only cause of quarrel with him is likely to be that he never wrote a book before. Last year Mr. G. A. Birmingham's volume on Irish life and character was among the most popular gift-books of the Christmas season. Mr. Foulis has done well to follow it with a comparable book on English life and character by a popular humourist like "Sub Rosa." As was to be expected, "Sub Rosa" has no revolutionary views in the Bernard-Shaw manner to propound on the English temperament. He writes discursively rather than critically on politicians, officials, cranks, Londoners, sportsmen, dandies, commercial travellers, airmen, clergymen, clubmen, soldiers, sailors, criminals and minor poets, to name the subjects of some of his chapters. His book is less anecdotal than we had imagined it would be, but it has its fair share of venerable tales, like that of the anglers who had arrived at some remote spot for their fishing, when one of them explained: "Hang it all, we've forgotten the bait." The other replied cheerily: "So we have—but that doesn't matter, we've brought the whiskey." More revealing in the light it throws on the English point of view is the reminder of how, "when Dr. Johnson went to Paris, he talked Latin—declining to attempt French on the ground that if he did so he would 'give the scoundrels an advantage.'" Dr. Johnson, indeed, was the most John-Bullish, if not the most English person who ever lived. This droll and entertaining book is very tastefully got up, and is illustrated by sixteen effective coloured illustrations from oil paintings by Mr. Frederick Gardner.

From **A Child's Day**
(*Constable*).

The Passion Flower.
From **The Field-Flowers' Lore**
(*Elkin Mathews*).

ERICA.

By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

The woman without a soul has for long fascinated the imagination of writing men. In poems and novels and allegories, they have attacked her and worshipped her, cried over her and loaded her with curses—provided, of course, that she was beautiful as well as soulless. The woman made for love and yet not loving, has not exercised the same fascination over the writers of her own sex. No doubt the problem does not touch them so keenly. If they are romantically inclined, they are apt to confuse her with the woman who is misunderstood; if of the commonsense school, they tend to regard her curtly as an uninteresting minx. But Mrs. de la Pasture is as interested as a man in the soulless beauty whose

From **The English Character**
(*Foulis*).

"'Only a penny, dearie!'"

portrait she sketched in her last work "Master Christopher." Not only is she giving the fascinating young adventuress a novel to herself, but she promises to continue the story of her career in a later volume. We look forward with pleasure to the sequel. In touches light and yet vigorous, subtle and yet lively, she portrays a monster of a girl who is, however, thoroughly human. The spoilt child of a fond, weak mother, Erica is naturally enormously selfish—a feminine Narcissus lost in love and admiration of her beautiful self. That is why she has no love to spare for her lovers, and her point of view does not change when she marries. She is one that takes and never gives. But such is the art with which she is drawn that we do not tire of her company. Her vain attempts to be straight, truthful and unselfish, are described neither satirically nor sentimentally. We are indeed rather surprised when, at the close of the book, the illness of her baby son awakens something like a soul in her. But perhaps her maternal instinct is only a subtle variety of her selfishness; she feels her child a part of herself, and begins to fight for him with the same weapons with which she fought for herself. It is a curious and extraordinary study of character.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Observations and Impressions. By JAMES BRYCE. With Maps. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

In this singularly vivid and able book, Mr. Bryce has recounted his experiences of a four months' holiday in South America. He started from Colon, crossed the Panama isthmus, which he describes at length, and then, skirting Colombia and Ecquador, he came in sight of the Peruvian coast, the terrible bareness of which impressed him strongly. Landing at Callao, Mr. Bryce stayed in Lima, the capital of Peru, for a short while. He then made his way inland to Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas, and so, on to Lake Titicaca and the high, bleak plateau of Bolivia. He halted at the chief town, La Paz, a city of about 50,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom are Indians. His description of La Paz is really impressive—that strange city, 12,470 feet above sea-level, built in the hollow of an arid wilderness. From La Paz he travelled south through the Bolivian desert, crossing, finally, the border into Chile and speeding through the vast nitrate fields, which have brought untold wealth to the republic. Mr. Bryce writes of the southern part of Chile (not the extreme south which is practically uninhabitable) in very warm terms. He would rather live there than in any other part of South America. After a stay at Santiago, he journeyed by the Transandine Railway far up into the mountains over the boundary line between Chile and the Argentine, where a colossal figure of Christ with hand upraised has been erected as a symbol of peace between the two nations; but, instead of crossing right down into the plains, he cut backwards again to the Chilean coast, and sailed through the Straits of Magellan and out to the Falkland Islands. Thence, three days' steaming brought him to Buenos Aires, that enormous city of 1,300,000 people, that lies so flat as to be invisible from the sea. Thence he crossed into Uruguay, of which he has a good opinion, and thence into Brazil, sailing from Montevideo to Santos. He went inland to São Paulo, centre of the Brazilian coffee trade, and up the coast to Rio de Janeiro, the second largest city

From The Life of George Frederick Watts (*Macmillan*).

LOVE AND LIFE.

From Undine (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

UNDINE.
From the original by W. E F. Britton.

of South America and probably the most splendidly situated port in the world. From this place he took steamer home.

This, in very brief epitome, is what Mr. Bryce accomplished on his trip, and, in itself, it was a remarkable feat for a man well turned of seventy. But, not content with the mere journey, he has produced this volume of nearly 600 pages, which will become, in time, something very like a classic. For it is not only an extraordinarily full, learned, and vigorous description of the countries through which he passed, but it has a kind of epic quality about it which could only have been produced by a mind of immense width of vision and understanding. Moreover, his last chapters, that deal with the conditions, the problems, and the future of these republics, are extremely suggestive and valuable. The whole book is written with such entire lack of dogmatism or political bias that it is unlikely to offend even the very touchy South Americans, and in years to come it is possible that it may hold the same position in their eyes as " the American Constitution " holds in the eyes of the people of the United

From **The Heroes** (*Lee Warner*). **" HE TOOK DANAE AND HER BABE DOWN TO THE SEASHORE, AND PUT THEM IN A GREAT CHEST AND THRUST THEM OUT TO SEA."**

From **Poems of Passion and Pleasure** (*Gay & Hancock*).

States. For Mr. Bryce touches with a sure finger the salient points about South America, the weakness and strength of the various republics, their unrest, the prosperity of some and the poverty of others, their vanity, their sense of patriotism, and so on. His grasp of their economic, their social, and their political conditions is powerful; and his keen, common-sense judgments seem to be particularly just and correct. Of the republics, he ranks Chile foremost in a political sense, with the Argentine next. These two republics with Brazil make up the trilogy of " Great Powers." A state like Peru lies midway between the excellence of Chile and the disorganisation of Venezuela. Of the future of the Argentine, with its almost unlimited grazing and corn-bearing land, he has, like everyone else, a glowing opinion. It is in this country and in Brazil, that the chief South American developments are taking place to-day, and are likely to take place for years to come. There must be upwards of £300,000,000 of European capital in the Argentine alone. Chile, with all its enlightenment and comparative prosperity, is, compared to the Argentine, quite a sleepy, old-world land.

It is a pity that Mr. Bryce did not have the opportunity of visiting Paraguay, Ecquador, Colombia, and Venezuela, for then his survey of the South American Republics would have been complete, and we would have had further valuable facts and generalisations from him. But none of the four are in the front rank of importance, and to have seen them could hardly have altered the general conclusions of his book.

We heartily recommend " South America " to all readers interested in this large continent with a future. R.C.

THE LATTER DAY SAINTS.

A STUDY OF THE MORMONS IN THE LIGHT OF ECONOMIC CONDITIONS.

By Ruth Kauffman and Reginald Wright Kauffman. 10s. 6d. net. (Williams and Norgate.)

From **The Mineral Kingdom** (*Williams & Norgate*).

Reduced illustration of twinned Crystal Gypsum.

Very few people outside the fold of the Mormon faith seem able to feel much sympathy for that strange and unattractive religion. Artemus Ward was contented to pour ridicule upon it and its professors; later generations have taken them more seriously and from ridicule have turned to denunciation and condemnation. On the whole, the investigations of the American authors of this book seem to justify that later attitude. They have gone most exhaustively into the history of Mormonism—from the founding of it by the egregious Joseph Smith to our own day. They have traced its progress, its growth in wealth and influence, its rise in England and on the Continent, and have made a close and conscientious study of its social, economic and political development. The whole tone of the book impresses you with a sense of the impartiality of its authors; if they extenuate nothing they set down nought in malice; they have written in the widest and fullest possible spirit of enquiry, and their final conclusion is that, for good or ill, Mormonism has struck root into the life of the American nation—it has become a part of the capitalistic system of the United States, and there are no signs of its falling into decay or being put an end to. We have had fierce outcries against the Mormon missionaries in this country of late; and the cult is making little or no progress here nowadays, but all those who, on public grounds, are interested in the crusade that is being waged against it will do well to read this remarkable history and know exactly what it is that lies behind the Mormon propaganda which they have to fight. Sooner or later, no doubt, America will be compelled to take up this problem of Mormonism and deal with it decisively; if, as our authors think, the time for this is not yet, it surely cannot be far off.

MINES AND THEIR STORY.

By J. Bernard Mannix. With 61 Plates and 30 Illustrations in the Text. 16s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Mannix seems to know everything about mines, whether they be for the production of gold, diamonds, silver, coal or iron—the five divisions of this exceedingly readable book. He traces their history through the earliest years to the present day, and always he finds some fresh field of interest to put before the reader. It is curious for the unthinking person to note how great a part mines have played in the history of the world. "The Punic Wars arose out of the Romans' desire to wrest the mines of Iberia from the hands of the Carthaginians. The procuring of gold and silver was the openly avowed object of the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, of Peru by Pizarro, and in fact of the New World generally by the nations of the Old. The story of mining is far more romantic than it may seem to be at first blush. In Mr. Mannix's efficient hands you may be sure that the romance loses none of its attractive qualities. The illustrations are numerous and good.

From **A Short Critical History of Architecture** (*Batsford*).

St. Antonio, Padua (13th Century)

From The Mineral Kingdom
(*Williams & Norgate*).

GEMMA AUGUSTEA IN VIENNA.
Sardonyx of two layers: the figures are cut in the upper bluish-white layer, whilst the dark under layer forms the background. This magnificent example of the glyptic art is probably the work of Dioscurides, the famous sculptor to the court of Augustus. (Reduced illustration).

CRUIKSHANK REFLECTIONS: THE PAST AND THE PRESENT IN MERRY TALES AND HUMOROUS VERSE.

With 70 Illustrations by George Cruikshank. 1s. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)

Mr. H. Hardingham, who has apparently made the selections from the work of George Cruikshank which compose this volume, is probably right in thinking that there is still a public which will take an interest in the work of the great humorous artist, particularly as "the collection is largely of matter and illustrations considered interesting for comparison with events of the present day, although nearly eighty years have passed since the first number of the Comic Almanack appeared." The editor's selections have been made with much skill, and it is particularly interesting to note how up-to-date is Cruikshank in many matters, particularly as regards aviation and woman suffrage. The illustrations are well reproduced and the volume is excellent value at a shilling.

NOBLE THOUGHTS FOR DAILY LIVING.

Compiled by J. C. Wright. 1s. net to 3s. 6d. net. (Allenson.)

As a companion volume to his own "Thoughts Worth Thinking," Mr. Allenson has induced Mr. J. C. Wright to make a further compilation of quotations from famous authors. The "Thoughts" are arranged for every day of the year, and represent all shades of religious and philosophical opinion. The book is charmingly produced, and we have little doubt that it will sell as largely as its predecessor.

From Cathedrals and Churches of Rome and Southern Italy
(*Laurie*).

ROME: INTERIOR OF SAN CLEMENTE.

From Paolo and Francesca (*Nelson*). THE RIDE TO RAVENNA.

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

Retold by W. E. SPARKES. Illustrated by W. Matthews. 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

Mr. Sparks retells in Messrs. Nelson's beautiful series of "The World's Romances" the poignantly dramatic romance of "Paolo and Francesca." It has been the theme of poems and plays for—how many centuries is it? The tragedy and the pity of it all haunt the memory of Ravenna like a shadow to this day, and Mr. Sparks narrates the touching, terrible, old story again of the wronged Giovanni and the two unhappy lovers whom he slew in his wrath, and narrates it with a skill and delicacy that brings out all the sadness and tense dramatic interest of it and make it as new again almost as when it first was told. Mr. Matthews' colour plates are excellent.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF LONDON.

By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

It is perhaps a pity—we put this in the forefront—that Mr. D'Auvergne has paid so much attention to the merely vulgar aspects of the metropolis. What he has called the Light side of great cities is not in reality amusing; and, therefore, is out of place in a book which sets out to be funny and in the main is so. His best pages are the index, which would make even the *blasé* laugh. He has been well-served by his artists, especially by Mr. Dawson, who brings out much of the absurdity of the poses and fashions of our young Londoners. The text of the book, however, misses much of the real humour of London. The "nut" and the shop-girl who flaunts finery borrowed from the stock are but brief footnotes in the long chapter of London life. To Mr. D'Auvergne they are *it*, all through: and so he asks us to accompany these aristocrats of the shiny hair and purple ankles through "pubs," and tea-shops, offices and bar-lounges, parks and parades, when the shop-hours are ended, merely to laugh at the moths in their vanities. The game is not worth the expedition. London in its joys and its earnestness has many aspects of comedy; but those are not for Mr. D'Auvergne. He has seized the feathers and missed the bird.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Edited from numerous manuscripts by the Rev. WALTER B. SKEAT. 2s. and 1s. 6d. net. (Frowde: Clarendon Press.)

There could be no more fitting memorial to the late Professor Skeat than this remarkably cheap edition of his monumental edition of Chaucer. It contains his concise sketch of Chaucer's life and study of his character; with useful hints for students concerning Chaucer's grammar and the metrical structure of his verses. There is also a full and good glossary with careful notes of variations and emendations of the text. These and the whole of Chaucer's works clearly and neatly printed in a volume of some eight hundred and fifty pages for eighteenpence is an achievement on which Mr. Frowde is to be congratulated. Neither the student nor the general reader could desire a better or more attractive edition than this.

From Exeter (*Blackie*). OLD COURTYARD IN THE CLOSE.

From The Scholar Gypsy and Thyrsis (*Lee Warner*).

"AND THE EYE TRAVELS DOWN TO OXFORD'S TOWERS."

HAMPTON COURT.

Hampton Court—Pictured by Ernest Haselhust. Described by Walter Jerrold. 2s. net.
Exeter—Pictured by Ernest Haselhust. Described by Sidney Heath. 2s. net. (Blackie.)

There have now been about twenty volumes published in Messrs. Blackie's "Beautiful England" series. Few of the volumes, we imagine, will be more popular than Mr. Walter Jerrold's on Hampton Court. Without an afternoon at Hampton Court no visit to London is complete, and it is safe to say that the time spent at Hampton Court will be made doubly enjoyable if the visitor goes armed with the historical and descriptive information given in Mr. Jerrold's charming guide-book. Not that Hampton Court Palace takes back the memory across many centuries. Its history begins in the days of Henry VIII., and Hampton Court as we know it now was not formed until William the Third and Mary made it a favoured residence. Exeter, which is the subject of Mr. Sidney Heath's volume, has a longer history. "Here each influence—military from the Roman legions, ecclesiastical from the Saxon prelates, feudal from the Norman lords—has sunk deep into the land." A great part of Mr. Heath's book is occupied with a description of Exeter Cathedral. Mr. Heath aims at giving us the facts rather than at conveying to us the spirit of the place. Both of these volumes are illustrated by Mr. E. W. Haselhust, whose pretty paintings of the chief historical buildings and beauty spots will be appreciated by many people. The colouring is not always sensitive or subtle, but some of the pictures are very charming.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD. 1s. net. (Gowans & Gray.)

Messrs. Gowans and Gray have made Arnold's "Essays in Criticism" the second volume in their charming little Pocket Masterpieces series. These essays comprise perhaps the most valuable and certainly some of the most permanently interesting of Matthew Arnold's prose. Those on Marcus Aurelius, on Spinoza, and other of them, were written as reviews, those on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," and on "The Literary Influence of Academies," have a good many topical references; but they are all written with a breadth and fulness of treatment that keep them living when the topics they touch upon are out of date and gives them a high and abiding place as literature. "Taken together," as Professor Raleigh says in his preface, "they are a manifesto, an attempt to define, and to illustrate in practice, the vital functions of criticism." Arnold felt that literature in his day was degenerating from want of ideas, from want of knowing what the world was doing and how it was going. He asked, as he puts it himself, "What must a national literature do to be saved?" and his answer was that "it must generate a sound and enlightened criticism." He defined poetry as a criticism of life, and in him the critic ended by absorbing the poet, and a reading or re-reading of these essays, with their delicious humour, delicate irony, and finely sensitive insight make it impossible for us to regret that absorption. In some of them he maintains, now and then, that pose of the superior person which so exasperated his opponents in controversy, but the general tone of them all is one of scholarly seriousness and urbanity.

From Hampton Court (*Blackie*).

THE GREAT GATEHOUSE, WEST ENTRANCE.

From The Song of the Evening Stars (*Gay & Hancock*).

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB.

Edited by E. V. Lucas. Vols. V. and VI. With Frontispiece Portraits. 5s. net each. (Methuen.)

These volumes complete Messrs. Methuen's cheap re-issue of Mr. E. V. Lucas's admirable edition of Lamb's complete works. They contain, these last two volumes, what some of us rank above all the rest of Lamb's writings—his letters to his many and various friends. They include, too, the scarcely less delightful letters of his sister, Mary. To say anything in praise of Lamb's letters at this time of day is, or ought to be, a work of supererogation. If you have read them you know how delightfully self-revealing they are, and how steeped in the charm of his unique and curiously lovable personality; how rare and incommunicable their humour is, how poignant their pathos, how homely and human and intensely interesting their careless intimacies. If you have not read them, you have missed one of the finest pleasures of literature. Here, then, are the letters, to be had for a trifle in handy and artistic volumes, that are edited by a man who has much in common with Lamb himself, and has edited his work with a scholarly accuracy, a knowledge and sympathetic understanding that make his notes pleasantly informing, and his six volumes the fullest, most interesting, most satisfying edition of Lamb that has yet been published—an edition so thoroughly well done, that it is never likely to be supplanted.

From Greuze and his Models (*Hutchinson*).

Head of a Child.
From the original chalk drawing in the Print Department of the British Museum.

"Where old places are propped up with new dollars at the expense of Cupid."

From Epigrams of Eve (*Gay & Hancock*).

EPIGRAMS OF EVE.

By Sophie Irene Loeb. With 10 Illustrations by Ruby Lind. 3s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

The cult of the epigram seems to be falling into disuse, but that there are still writers who are capable of a number of smart sayings on varied topics (chiefly Love and Marriage) is proved by the entrance of Miss Sophie Irene Loeb into the literary arena. This writer has a pleasantly incisive way with her, and just the proper mixture of sentiment and cynicism which seems to be demanded by the nature of her work. She is ably assisted by Miss Ruby Lind, whose ten charming drawings deserve close attention.

BOSWELL THE BIOGRAPHER.

By George Mallory. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Not more than a few months ago Mr. Percy Fitzgerald put forth the decidedly cynical but not unamusing view that the "Life of Johnson" was written primarily for Boswell's own glorification. Whatever Johnsonians and others may have thought of so startling a theory, it must certainly have set their minds to work once again on that ever-interesting subject of Boswell's rather baffling personality. Not a critic but has had his say on the point. Boswell was a genius—a fool, a tipsy buffoon, an obnoxious parasite, a snob, what you please—but always the author of one of the greatest books in the language. Assuredly not in the whole range of fiction is there a character with whom he may reasonably be compared. No novelist could have invented a James Boswell, and yet he is by no means altogether outside the common comprehension. In spite of his admiration, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald painted his hero blackly, and with a challenge lurking on every page. It was to be expected, therefore, that the next book on Boswell would contain a very complete refutation of Mr. Fitzgerald's theory. And in a sense Mr. George Mallory's "Boswell the Biographer," just published, is the anticipated counterblast, none the less potent from the fact that the author makes no mention of Mr. Fitzgerald's book, and, indeed, seems to be unaware of its existence.

Briefly this new essay—for biography it does not pretend to be—is a sober, extremely well-written and dignified "explanation" of Boswell's character. It is neither an apology nor a mere eulogy—rather a judicial summing up

of such facts in Boswell's rather chequered career as at all act as guides to his true self. Such biographical vignettes as the author adduces add considerably to the bulk of the book, and most of them will be familiar to its readers, but without them, perhaps, Mr. Mallory would have written a less satisfactory work. Early enough he shows some of his cards:

"To be entirely respectable and conventional, to be the man of the world, the gentleman of society," he says, "that is what Boswell wanted most in life; and that he never could become, because there was in his nature a further consciousness which was not to be subdued, and which determined, by reason of the curious inconsistency so produced, his whole capacity for interesting mankind, for fame, for greatness. . . . The story of Boswell's life is the story of a struggle between influences and ambitions which led him towards the commonplace, and the rare qualities grafted deeply within him, which bore him steadily in an opposite direction."

That, one must think, is very fairly put, and may be taken to be the keynote of the whole book.

From **Greuze and his Models** (*Hutchinson*).

HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL.
From a drawing in the British Museum.

Quite rightly Mr. Mallory draws particular attention to the two sides of Boswell, shown so early in his life—in point of fact immediately after his return from Corsica. A certain fame was already his, but he must needs play the buffoon at the Shakespeare festival at Stratford and spend not a little of his time in acting as his own publicist. Always Boswell must be interesting to people, the limelight must be focussed upon himself; and one is tempted to treat his extraordinary capacity for hero-worship, shown, by the way, as Mr. Mallory points out, not by any means with Johnson alone, as primarily the outcome of a desire for that limelight. Yet even if this were so, one likes to think of Bozzy as one of those rare beings who must be allowed to do things which are forbidden to ordinary mortals. There is usually one such in a generation. And even apart from his books, he must have given pleasure of one kind or another to hundreds of people whom he met in the social round. His eccentricities were of the clubable sort: a snub at Boswell's expense was not always a painful incident, for the snub could so easily be metamorphosed into something else.

Very wisely, too, Mr. Mallory draws material from Boswell's lesser known writings. Few Johnsonians can be familiar with "The Hypochondriack," a series of papers which were written for the *London Magazine*. They are certainly illuminating, and taken in conjunction with the letters to Temple can be made to give a fairly coherent picture. Further chapters are devoted to particular points. Johnson's influence on Boswell gives Mr. Mallory the opportunity to attack a problem of uncommon psychological interest. Then there is the question of Boswell's position amongst his contemporaries. There can be no doubt that Boswell owed much of his popularity to his ability to adapt himself to his audience, not always an easy matter. He, of all mortals, was gifted with an insatiable curiosity. One figures him again and again attempting tiny experiments, often quite ludicrous, in the success of which he will find a most solemn satisfaction. Yet this is not altogether difficult to understand.

MISS ELLA WHEELER WILCOX,
Author of "Poems of Passion and Pleasure."
(*Gay & Hancock*).

Essentially a moralist he was, says Mr. Mallory, and one does not feel inclined to disagree, yet morality, one imagines, often took a second place to romance. Bozzy in one sense was the predecessor of Oscar Wilde. To him life was an art, for the better understanding of which he was willing to go to ridiculous lengths. And the fact that he knew he was going to ridiculous lengths in no wise interfered with his pleasure or satisfaction. But at the back of things there was ever the desire to justify the position he had adopted, and this brings Mr. Mallory more particularly to Boswell's qualifications as a biographer. The question has been treated in great detail before, and Mr. Mallory does not seek to establish any very novel theory. Herein, of course, he is at a disadvantage, for, without fresh material, it is almost impossible to say anything new. And, indeed, upon reaching the last page of his book, one is bound to admit that, apart from its general interest, apart from its manifold good qualities as a piece of well-sustained writing, it will not do much more than refresh the Johnsonian's mind. Coming, however, just after Mr. Fitzgerald's book, it will tend to inculcate into the mind of the general reader a juster view of an extraordinary character. Also, it should send him to the "Life."

RALPH STRAUS.

From **The London River** (*Foulis*).

From The Uffizi Gallery
(*Jack*).

RUBENS (1577–1640). FLEMISH SCHOOL.
No. 233. PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST.

THE HISTORY OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF LONDON, 1813-1912.

By MYLES BIRKET FOSTER. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

If inquiry were to be made into the causes which have led to the present widespread appreciation of orchestral music in this country, doubtless the existence for a century past of the Philharmonic Society would be set down as of potent influence. In glancing over the programmes of the Society's one hundred years of concerts, so admirably summarised and annotated by Mr. Myles Birket Foster, one realises, with renewed admiration and gratitude, that there has not been a composer or performer of music of any eminence not only in England but throughout Europe during that period who has not been actively connected with the undertaking. Founded at a time when Beethoven's mighty genius was still unfolding itself, but already was proving irresistible in its impulse towards a higher development of the art of music, the Philharmonic was happily able to acquire merit by commissioning from him a Symphony, which proved to be the immortal No 9 (Choral). This was performed in 1825 and when, two years later, it was learned that Beethoven was ill and in need, the Society sent one hundred pounds "to be applied to his comforts and necessities during his illness." The composer's malady however proved fatal and it became useless to speculate on how much music was thus lost to the world. In 1829, Felix Mendels—John Bartholdy, made his first appearance, an event charged with much significance not only to the Philharmonic, whose orchestra he subsequently directed for a season, but to the whole of musical England. Another portentous conductor was Richard Wagner, who succeeded at once in stirring up life and strife amongst performers and critics. Spohr, Cherubini, Joachim, H. R. Bishop, Hallé, Costa, Grieg, Tschaikowsky, Elgar, the list of saints in the musician's calendar who and whose works were introduced to the English public by the Society, is of rare length.

It is interesting to recall that the first concerts were held in the old Argyll Rooms, Regent Street, until they were burnt down in 1830; and that the Society subsequently inhabited the Hanover Square Rooms, the old St. James's Hall, and of late years Queen's Hall.

Spohr was the first to introduce the baton for beating time, and so to institute the art of conductorship. The innovation met with considerable opposition, particularly from "Leaders of the orchestra," as they were then called, or as we should say to-day, "Principal Violins." The Society has of course had its ups and downs, and has at least twice been financially embarrassed. But it showed how great is its vitality last year when it celebrated its centenary. He who would read of the manner of the acquisition of the Beethoven bust, which is such a precious possession of the Society, of the institution of the Beethoven medal, and would dip into a running commentary on a century's music, will find the book enthralling. The work has been carefully done; Mr. Foster has a very light and agreeable style. The volume is well indexed and illustrated with reproductions of various autograph letters and scores, the property of the Philharmonic Society. Every musician wishes it God-speed in its second century of work "in the cause of music" now entered upon.

From A History of Painting in North Italy (*Murray*).

LORENZO LOTTO: THE VIRGIN IN GLORY, WITH SAINTS.
Alinari photo, Asolo: Duomo.

From The Van Eycks and their Art (*Lane*).

OUR LADY AND CHILD AND CHANCELLOR ROLIN.
Paris: Louvre.

From **Poems to Pavlova**
(*Herbert Jenkins.*)

PAVLOVA.
Photo.: Claud Harris, Ltd.

THE A B C GUIDE TO MUSIC.

By D. GREGORY MASON. With 12 Portraits and 27 Musical "Figures" in the Text. 5s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

It seems to us that there is an excellent opening for a popular book on Music, such as the one now before us. Mr. Gregory Mason gives a sort of bird's-eye view of the whole subject—theories, advice, critical biographies, in fact almost anything you can think of in connection with music. Starting with the duties of the listener, he follows this up with a few critical chapters on the theory of music. Here, where there is a great temptation for an expert to fall foul of an ignorant public, Mr. Mason has particularly distinguished himself. He makes use of but few technical terms, and those which he does use he takes care fully to explain beforehand. The author then proceeds to take his readers to a piano recital, a symphony concert, a song recital, and the opera. On all of these branches of his subject he writes pleasantly, clearly, and well, and we can strongly recommend a book of sound sense to the musical amateur.

POEMS OF PAVLOVA.

By A. TULLOCH CULL. With 8 Illustrations of Madame Pavlova in her most famous dances. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Surely never before has a dancer been the theme of a whole volume of poems and of poems so full of grace and melody and poetic beauty as are those of Mr. Cull. But surely, on the other hand, never before has poet had so wonderful, so indescribably perfect a dancer to inspire his muse. Considering the limits of his subject, Mr. Cull gets an amazing variety into his series of sonnets, rondeaus, roundels and poems—he rarely repeats an image, he describes the miracle of Pavlova's dancing with a continual freshness of fancy and vision, an unfailing passion of delight. The sestet of the sonnet to Anna Pavlova in her dance "La Rose Qui Meurt" is fairly representative of his charming verse:

"A rosebud swaying in the breeze would seem
A joy less perfect than the roselike grace
Of your delicious limbs and mobile face:
While shone the sun, you danced your dance supreme
Through gay glad gardens, drifting in a dream,
Till evening fell, then hung a breathless space
And, like a rose whom Night's cold lips embrace,
You gently fluttered down on Death's dark stream."

THE HISTORY OF CRIEFF.

By ALEXANDER PORTEOUS, F.S.A. Scot. 21s. net. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

LANGHOLM AS IT WAS.

By JOHN HYSLOP and ROBERT HYSLOP. 7s. 6d. (Sunderland: Hills & Co., 1912.)

Two of the best parish histories that have appeared within recent years are those that treat of Crieff and Langholm. What an amount of painstaking research has gone to the production of these goodly tomes, handsomely printed and illustrated as they are, and above all, so admirably written! Of local history there can never be an over-plus, and the parishes dealt with have their own importance historically, and in every other respect. The author of "Crieff" has much to tell us of its earlier story, and he tells it well; it is, however, Crieff's later life which shines conspicuous. Every native will be grateful to Mr. Porteous for his enlivening account of the social annals of the interesting little capital of Strathearn. This is decidedly the gem of the book, and is likely to be read and re-read a dozen times for the once or twice of the other chapters—by the ardent Crieff-lover, at all events.

From **The A B C Guide to Music**
(*Stanley Paul*).

LISZT

From The Engravings of William Blake (*Grant Richards*).

Drawn by Huet Villiers, *engraved by* W. Blake, 1820.

made use of in this particular fashion. Does it not frequently happen that those who are most ignorant of the local landmarks are just the natives themselves? So far as Langholm goes there can be no excuse on that score henceforth. From every point of view its story has been told once for all, nor could it have been accomplished with a more capable pen. The racy "reminiscences" of the author's father will be read with unfeigned delight during these long winter nights and for many winters to come.

GERMAN MEMORIES.

By SIDNEY WHITMAN. With many portraits. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

No Englishman knows Germany better than the author of these "German Memories," no one is better qualified to pronounce judgment on the German temperament, on the German character, on those easily explicable and yet forlornly inexplicable dilemmas that seem to have made Germany the Carthage to our Rome. The school-fellow of many well-known Germans, the friend of Bismarck, a frequent visitor to the Fatherland, Mr. Sidney Whitman writes about Germany and about Germans as one who loves the country and the people, as one who cannot see any valid reason why England and Germany should meet in irreconcilable conflict, as one who believes that the real *entente cordiale* is not that which binds England to France in an alliance which Disraeli desiderated more than eighty years ago, but in an understanding between England and Germany, which he seems to think might conceivably pave the way for that Tennysonian

The book is sparse in the anecdotal element, and it is almost entirely lacking in the humorous. By way of compensation there is a sufficiency of solider stuff, diffuse, but never tiresome, all of which is sure to be prized by the reader nursed under the shadow of Torleum. The ecclesiastical chapters may be particularly commended. Curiously, the modern historian of the Church of Scotland, Dr. John Cunningham, is Crieff's chief literary lion. The Principal was parish minister for forty years, a sagacious, progessive, kindly man, who came to his own far too late in the day, like many another toiler whose best work has been done, not in the high places of the field, but amid the shadows and the obscurities.

The "muckle toon of Langholm," lying so picturesquely in the lap of the Scottish Border, boasts a hoar antiquity. It is, as the writer of its story says, "a word of magic meaning to the sons and daughters of Eskdale wherever they are found." Within well-nigh a thousand pages Mr. Hyslop has gathered together all that can be known about the parish and its people. Of Border parish histories this is about the finest we have seen. There is only another—that of Channelkirk, in Lauderdale—to compare with it for sheer exhaustiveness. Only one on whose heart the place of his birth has been written (as Calais was on Queen Mary's) could have executed this so faithful and fascinating record. It is impossible to quote from it. There is so much that is of general interest that the volume (a marvel of cheapness) will find its way into many other hands and homes than those of Langholmers. The notes on the stone-circles, for instance, and the barrows, and hill-forts of the district might well be reprinted for the use of schools; indeed, we see no reason why parish histories should not be

From J. M. Synge (*Constable*).

J. M. SYNGE

Utopia, "the Parliament of Men, the Federation of the World."

But, while readers may differ as to the value of the political views which Mr. Whitman expresses, there can be but one opinion of "German Memories" considered in the dual light of a study of a people and of a volume of reminiscences: in both these respects the book is entirely admirable, at once genuinely instructive and unfailingly entertaining. Undoubtedly, Count Herbert Bismarck showed real prescience when he said to the author: "What can a man like you have to do with business? You ought to take up political journalism; that would be a far more congenial occupation for you." Indeed it was the Count's recommendation of his friend to Gordon Bennett that started Mr. Whitman on his career as special correspondent. It is fitting, therefore, that apart from the exceedingly interesting record of the author's Spartan schooldays at Dresden—the most arresting feature of these "Memories" should be those which tell of the great founder of German unity. Mr. Whitman has a boundless admiration for Gustav von Moser, the German officer who wrote "Der Bibliothekar," the original of "The Private Secretary," and he reveals the interesting fact that he offered the play to Sir Charles Wyndham, who in rejecting it made one of the admitted great mistakes of his career. But it is the picture of Bismarck which will lend enduring value to these "German Memories." We see the man of blood and iron in a new light, as one fond of meeting cultured Englishmen, as one wishful for an *entente* between England and Germany, as a host exquisitely polite and courteous to ladies, as a devoted admirer of Zola's later novels. For the rest Mr. Whitman tells an admirable anecdote about Lord Rosebery, and he relates a story connected with a visit which the old Emperor William made to Gastein, which is certainly calculated to make staid Englishmen and women stare, a story quite Pepysian, in fact.

From **Life in the West of Ireland** (*Maunsel*). **DOWNPATRICK HEAD.**

POEMS OLD AND NEW.

By HENRY NEWBOLT. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

We have just received this handsome collected edition including those stirring lyrics of the sea and the rest of the early verse that made Mr. Newbolt famous, the work from his recent books, and eight or ten new poems. It is one of the most desirable of gift-books and something more—and because it is something more we reserve it for further and fuller consideration next month.

From **The Art of Jozef Israels** (*Allen*).

IDEALE LANDSCHAFT.

Von Joseph Gramm. In 2 Vols. With 135 Illustrations. 36s. (B. Herder, Freiburg im Breisgau and London.)

German art criticism is noted for its conscientiousness, a quality which is to the fore in Herr Gramm's fine volumes. At the same time, the work is by no means lacking in those lighter qualities which conduce to easiness of reading, and no art student conversant with the German language should neglect an opportunity of studying a work which we believe to be one of much value. The illustrations, which are finely produced, are embodied in a separate volume.

THE BOOK OF HIGHLAND VERSE.

Edited by Dr. Mitchell. 4s. 6d. net. (Paisley: Gardner.)

We do not judge men by their weight, otherwise Daniel Lambert would come out far in front of John Keats or Alexander Pope or Algernon Swinburne. And so it is with verse. Some men have written single poems which are more to us than all the portly volumes of Southey or Rogers or even of Byron. Indeed, few poets have published good volumes; the best of most of them would go into the compass of a pamphlet. So that it always will be necessary to rescue rare gems from commonplace volumes and from the magazines and newspapers. There has been no rescue work of this kind amongst the verse of the Highlands since the publication of "Lyra Celtica" by William Sharp. Excellent as it was, Sharp's book did not succeed, probably because it cast its net too wide. It included Kelts from every country, and, therefore, lacked the local interest and the literary individuality which so strongly distinguishes Dr. Mitchell's Book of Highland Verse. Mr Sharp mixed all the types together. The present book will enable us to realise that amongst Highlanders there is a literary impulse, and that it differs in many respects from any we have yet known. As one would expect in a people so intensely conservative in matters of sentiment, the book is wonderfully unanimous. All the writers are full of the sense of the injustice done to their race, with regret for the passing of the old times when the clansman regarded himself as sib to the chief, and the difference of rank did not exist, and the land was held as a possession of the whole clan and not of the individual. The book is full also of the present day romance of the Highlands, and that not less moving than the old ones. The desire of all the bards is to see the glens re-peopled with the descendents of the same old clans, and to hear them echoing with the songs with which the Highlander accompanied even the humblest of his daily tasks. And, of course, in the van figures the revival of the Gaelic tongue as the speech of the Highland people. Nowhere else, save in Sharp's book, can we find the same note, the Highland flavour which is neither quite like the Welsh nor the Irish; for the Highlands, and that is the point of literary interest, are preserving their own type. Less satisfactory is the translation section in which are included some rather feeble attempts by Patison and Blackie, far inferior to the work of the later men like Dr. Carmichael, and better forgotten. Amongst the work of living writers there are poems that should find a permanent place in the anthologies like Mr. Gow's excellent "Waking Year," Mr. Neil Munro's "Heather," Mr. Kappey's "Arran," and such work by other writers as "Shon Campbell," the charming description of the Fairies in the "Wee Folk," and the Duke of Argyll's whole-hearted and patriotic lines, ending—

"Keep the knees still free for climbing
Or where Reels swift dances flow;
Keep the heart still strong for rhyming
Where the Bards old legends know,
Make your Highland kinsfolk own
You are Highland blood and bone."

From Ideale Landschaft (*B. Herder*).

Correggio: Entfuhrung des Ganymed.
Wier, Hofmuseum. Photo.: J. Löwy.

From King Charles I. (*Long*).

King Charles I.
From the portrait in Middle Temple Hall. By permission of the Treasurer and Masters of the Bench.

From The Pied Piper of Hamelin (*Dent*).

"AND LICKED THE SOUP FROM THE COOK'S OWN LADLES."

MARGARET ETHEL MACDONALD.

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Criticism is not permitted when such a book as this is presented. What can we say when our acquaintances show us the photographs of deceased relatives? The late Mrs. MacDonald had a wide and extensive circle of friends, and they will value this book. For them it was written, we take it. Those outside the circle who read this record of a life spent largely in the service of the public, can only pay grave respect to the memory of a lady whose good works were so numerous, and regret her early death. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald tells of his wife in his own way, quite simply, and without any attempt at a full biography. We learn of Miss Gladstone's youth, her religious feelings, and social activities. There are many quotations from early diaries. To her husband, Mrs. MacDonald's life has its full beginning in her marriage and acceptance of Socialism.

"Her life was one act of Christian worship," he writes, "which grew into a final grandeur only after she had left the paths of individualist religion and stood upon those of the great atonement of humanity through Socialism."

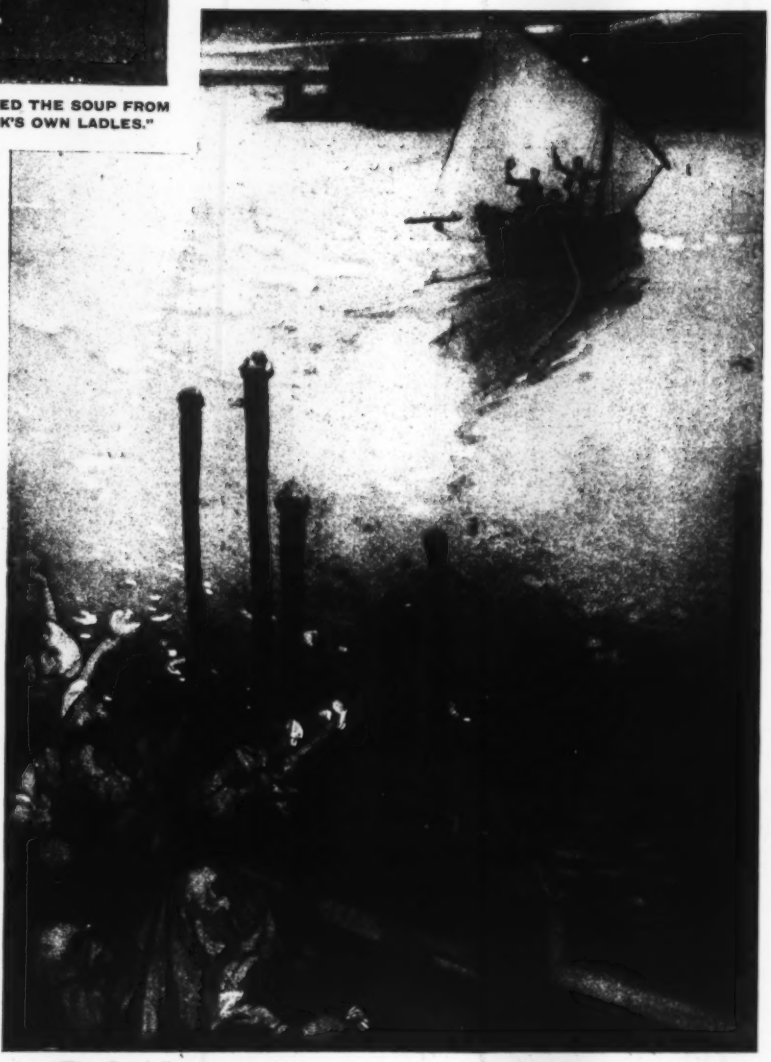
Brought up an evangelical, we make this out to mean that Mrs. MacDonald left off going to church, especially in the light of the following paragraph:

"As I have said, she was not at home in an ordinary congregation. It distracted her. It was not a spiritual union of believers. She worshipped, when that act was specialized from her every thought and deed, with her own family at her own fireside."

Only at Lossiemouth, her husband's native place, was Mrs. MacDonald happy at public worship. "The simple Presbyterian services unsullied by gaudy display and conscious effort soothed her and led her in spirit far along the road of her pilgrimage." The congregation at Lossiemouth "pleased her."

In May, 1895, Mr. MacDonald, then a Labour Candidate for Southampton, received his first letter from the lady he married. It came to him "from an unknown person signed 'M. E. Gladstone,' enclosing a subscription for my election fund." A fortnight later and they were both present at a debate on Socialism at the Pioneer Club. The following year came the engagement, and, in November, marriage. "The term of endearment she used most frequently was 'my dearest sir.' In her most sacred feelings there was always a strange reticence begotten of a sense of the holiness of life," Mr. MacDonald tells us.

Marriage and motherhood did not hinder Mrs. MacDonald from sharing her husband's political interests. Their home "became a workshop of social plan and effort," and "Socialism was the idea which inspired and guided her." "A Blue Book was second in rank of sacredness only to the Gospels." It is inferred that Mrs. MacDonald was thoroughly happy in her strenuous life. "In investigation, on labour committees, in politics, in temperance, in social purity, in trade unionism, she found herself." Travel and walks in Buckinghamshire are the recreations allowed.



From The Gondoliers (*Bell*).

END OF ACT I.—GIRLS WAVE FAREWELL TO MEN.

The book is obviously a labour of love, a tribute to a very earnest and high-minded woman, a token of regard for a faithful wife. As such it will be acceptable to many who enjoyed Mrs. MacDonald's companionship. J.C.

THE POCKET GEORGE BORROW.

Compiled by EDWARD THOMAS. 2s net. (Chatto and Windus).

The other day we were reviewing Mr. Edward Thomas's admirable "Life of George Borrow," and close on the heels of that book comes this charming pocket anthology of passages chosen from Borrow's works. Borrow does not lend himself readily to this treatment—he is not, as Mr. Thomas remarks, a pithy writer, "nor is he best when sententious." Nevertheless, here is an interesting and very delightful collection of many of the finest, wisest and happiest things that Borrow said—all of them with what a breath and healthful vigor of life in the open blowing through them! You remember that glorious passage: "'What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petulengro?' said I, as I sat down beside him," and Petulengro's reply:

"'When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter.'

"'And do you think there is an end of a man?'

"'There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity.'

"'Why do you say so?'

"'Life is sweet, brother.'

"'Do you think so?'

"'Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath. . . .'"

And the rest of it. That is one of the most curiously haunting passages in Borrow, but there is many another as good in different ways, and Mr. Thomas has missed none of the best. His book is an ideal volume for the pocket of the wayfarer.

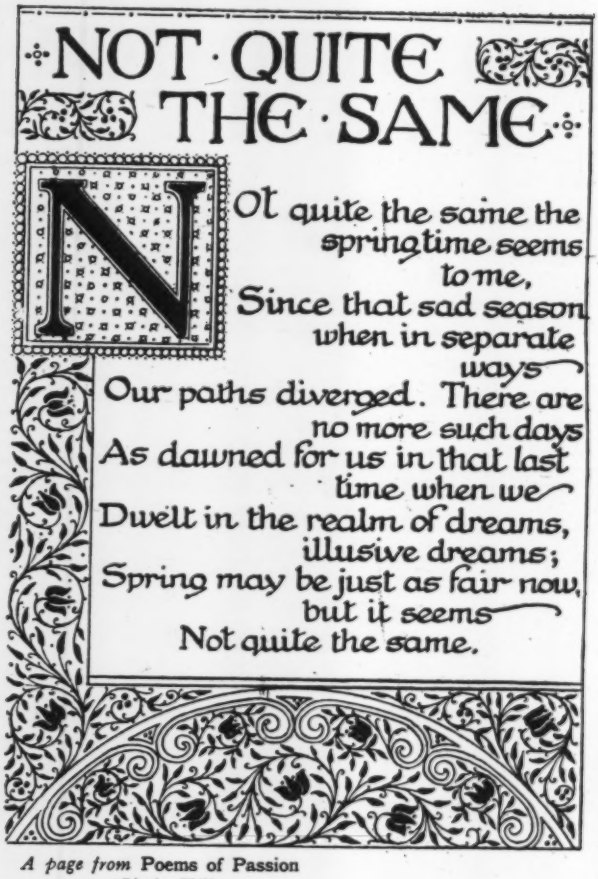
From The Loves of Great Composers (*Harrap*). MOZART AND THE EMPEROR.

From The Four Gardens (*Heinemann*). THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN.

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS.

Tennyson, By AARON WATSON. **The Church of England,** By the REV. CANON MASTERMAN. **The Hope and Mission of the Free Churches,** By the REV. EDWARD SHILLITO. **Navigation,** By WILLIAM HALL, R.N. **Marriage and Motherhood: A Wife's Handbook,** By H. S. DAVIDSON. **The Baby: A Mother's Book by a Mother. Hypnotism and Self-Education. Weather Science,** By R. G. K. LEMPFERT. **Structure of the Earth,** By PROFESSOR T. G. BONNEY, F.R.S. **The Training of the Child,** By G. SPILLER. **Co-operation,** By JOSEPH CLAYTON. **A History of English Literature,** By A. COMPTON-RICKETT, M.A., LL.D. 6d. net each. (T. C. & E. C. Jack).

The twelve new volumes in this admirable and successful series cover a wide variety of subjects, and each is lucidly and concisely written and compresses within its small compass an amazing amount of information. Mr. Aaron Watson's biography of Tennyson is an interesting and thoroughly capable piece of work; Mr. Compton Rickett's is the best tabloid History of English Literature we have ever read; Mr. Joseph Clayton is suggestive and informing on "Co-operation"; the volumes on Marriage, Motherhood, The Baby and The Child are quite ideal handbooks in their way—in a word, we have nothing but praise for these latest developments of Messrs. Jack's notable enterprise.



A page from **Poems of Passion** (*Siegle, Hill*).

FINE BOOKS.

By ALFRED W. POLLARD. With 40 Plates. 25s. net. (Methuen.)

The latest volume of Messrs. Methuen's "Connoisseur's Library" is decidedly one of the most interesting. Really good printing, whether of text or of illustrations, is—or at any rate used to be—an art of no mean order, and in "Fine Books" Mr. Pollard gives a history and a criticism of the beautiful books of the past four hundred years. He is modest enough about his achievement: "While the desired completeness has not been attained (for the writer had intended to make a complete survey of book-illustration, but found such a task impossible) the ground here covered is still very wide, and for the book as a whole no more can be claimed than that it is a compilation from the best sources . . . controlled by some personal knowledge, the amount of which naturally varies very much from chapter to chapter." Nevertheless, in the scope of one volume Mr. Pollard gives us a vast amount of information upon a subject to which but too little attention has been paid. The illustrations are exceedingly interesting and they are well reproduced. Every lover of beautiful books should study Mr. Pollard's work.

SHAKESPEARE, BACON, AND THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

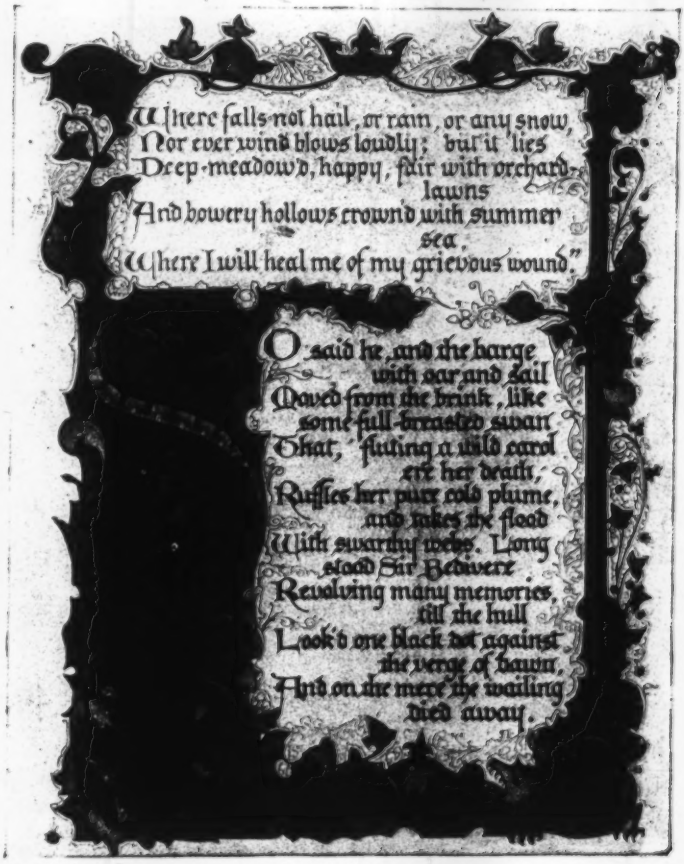
By ANDREW LANG. Illustrated. 9s. net. (Longmans.)

It was a reading of Mr. Greenwood's, "Shakespeare Problem Restated," that tempted Mr. Andrew Lang to enter the lists and take part in the great Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. He says he found Mr. Greenwood "worth fighting," and in this goodly volume he fights him with all the lightness and cunning of fence in which he was a past master. It is hardly necessary to say that Andrew Lang was of the true faith; he marshals all the arguments that have been advanced by the Baconians, and blithely knocks the bottom out of them one after another, and shows the fatuity and solemn nonsense of all these ridiculous theories against the simple fact that Shakespeare and none other was the author of his own plays, and that a mere study of Bacon's biography must suggest to the mind of any reasonable person that supposing his partisans to be in the right, "his poetic supremacy and imaginative fertility border on the miraculous when we consider his occupations and his ruling passion." As for the plays having been written by another man of the name of Shakespeare—he dismisses this "fantastic pedantry" with amused contempt and says if he has sometimes spelt the name Shakespeare and sometimes Shakspeare "by any spelling of the name I always mean the undivided personality of 'him who sleeps by Avon.'" Surely this delightfully shrewd, witty and sagacious inquiry should be the last word on a topic that is not worth any more serious discussion. One feels that Andrew Lang enjoyed writing it, and he has made much suggestive and most enjoyable reading of it.

THE EMPIRES OF THE FAR EAST.

By LANCELOT LAWTON. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Grant Richards.)

The Japanese have a naïve way of telling foreigners who visit their land: "Pray do not trouble to mention any virtues you may find in us, but do frankly point out our faults." If such requests are sincerely meant, the Nipponese will find it hard sufficiently to thank Mr. Lancelot Lawton, who devotes a goodly portion of his 1,600-page book, "Empires of the Far East," to detailing the foibles and shortcomings of the Japanese, and in doing so does



A page (reduced) from the **Morte d'Arthur** (*Chatto & Windus*).

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

Specimen Illustration from
"THE FABLES OF ÆSOP"
Illustrated by EDWARD J. DETMOLD
(HODDER AND STOUGHTON LONDON)

not permit a single phase of their life to go uncensured. His sledge-hammer, journalistic style, relieved here and there by a touch of grim humour, is admirably fitted for his purpose, which is to prove to the wide world that the Oriental ally of Great Britain is not fit to be set on a pedestal to be worshipped for its military and naval achievements, and its advancement in social and political matters, but ought to be regarded as "still essentially barbaric," deserving to be despised for its moral delinquencies. These discoveries were made by the author during his sojourn in the far East as War Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, and on a subsequent visit or two, in the course of which he once had somewhat rough treatment at the hands of Japanese rowdies, and a rather cool reception from Japanese Government officials. He saw so many wicked things going on in the Daybreak Kingdom that he seriously set himself to the task of exposing the frailties of the Nipponese character in the plainest terms, of which the English language is capable. According to him, the Japanese are "without moral conception." He says that "at least among the lower classes of womanhood there is little, if any, conception of morality in its specific application," and that "given opportunity the daughters of the higher castes are not as strict in their conduct as were their mothers whose lives were jealously regulated by the rigidity of the feudal régime." He believes "that the present social system, which has remained practically untouched by Western influences, is defective inasmuch as it conduces to, if it does not actually promote the worst forms of immorality." The Government, be it remembered, according to this author, is no better than the people, but, indeed, "lends its aid and authority to negotiations that, plainly put, enable parents to thrive on the ruin of their own children." As a necessary corollary to all this, Mr. Lawton emphatically declares "that a people who are not ashamed of the existence of concubinage in their midst, who reduce their women to the level of slaves, and who in certain instances barter the virtue of their daughters for a few pieces of silver, are unsuited from the standpoint of morality alone to assimilate with the peoples of Europe and America." He avers that the Japanese, while abroad, do not scruple to resort to underhanded devices to become affianced to Occidental women; but, on the eve of their return home, either forsake their foreign wives and progeny or take them to Japan to live on a poor income and to occupy an anomalous position in society. Such unions, he finds, are unhappy. He does not half so much mind Europeans marrying Jap women; but a white female tied down to a yellow man is too dreadful a thing for him to contemplate. The Nipponese, according to the author, are just as deficient in their commercial honesty as they are in moral virtues. As to newspapers in Japan, we learn that "a large section of the Japanese Press . . . is certainly unfit for the perusal of any decent-minded individual," that "some newspapers even go to the length of organising a regular system of espionage in connection with the movements of public men," and even prominent foreigners; that "not a few of the lower organs of publicity resort to blackmail"; that "the law of libel is to all intents and purposes a dead letter"; and that "it is next to impossible to obtain from the columns of Japanese newspapers any real indication of public opinion in connection with foreign affairs." The Nipponese Government, Mr. Lawton tells us, views the world through glasses which hide everything but its own selfish interests. Its conduct in respect of the "open door" in Manchuria has been most perfidious, and English commercial interests in that part of the Far East suffer more now than they did during the Russian régime. Its conduct in Korea has been atrocious. To be sure, he acknowledges, it has built railways and roads, telegraphs and telephones, and other signs of material progress in Formosa, but, he points out, it is unable to advance its charges along moral lines, the Japanese themselves being too deficient in that respect to be able to help others.

From **Fine Books** (*Methuen*).

Engraving of Christ in a mandorla from Bettini's *Monte Santo di Dio*. Florence, Nicolaus Laurentii, 1477. (Reduced).

Mr. Lawton wishes us to remember that those Western nations —Americans, Canadians, and Australians, for instance— who have come in contact with large numbers of Nipponese, entertain such a poor opinion of them that they will have none of their cheap labourer-immigrants—a matter which is giving birth to vexatious problems, which may lead Americans, Canadians, and Australians into war with the Oriental Isle, in which eventuality Britain's position obviously will be embarrassing. Mr. Lawton believes that

From The Field-Flowers' Lore (*Elkin Mathews*). THE MORNING STAR.

such a contingency will be likely to lead Great Britain, America, and Russia into one another's arms in order to teach manners to the Eastern upstart.

Curious to say, the author displays a high regard for the Chinese, whose character he admires in general, but about whose governmental innovations he wisely does not set himself up as an omniscient prophet. He also has unbounded praise for Russia, which he considers to be a great Asiatic power, destined to become still greater, and designed by Providence to carry Occidental culture to the barbarians of the East.

S. N. S.

PORCHES AND FONTS.

By J. CHARLES WALL. 10s. 6d. net. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

The author says that many people would regard the subjects which furnish the title of this book as two separate entities; but his purpose is to insist that the objects are related to one another, and both are doors; the porch, the approach to the material fabric; the font, the entrance into the spiritual life of the Church. He has given us, therefore, a book about the Gates of the Church, and a book upon such a theme should be beautiful. We venture to think it is marred if a tone of acrimony be adopted; and if an author scolds too much he may limit the appeal of his book. In this case it would be a pity, for though the author is primarily concerned with liturgical observance, yet in writing a history of the fonts and porches of the English countryside he has become enrolled among those faithful servants of Art and of History to whose labours we owe a debt of gratitude inadequately and too seldom acknowledged. They care for the monuments of olden days, and rescue the relics of the past from decay and degradation. The illustrations of the book are charming, representative examples being brought together of beautiful old fonts and the porches still existing in our parish churches.

THE LOVES OF GREAT COMPOSERS.

By GUSTAV KOBBÉ. With 8 Illustrations in Colour. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

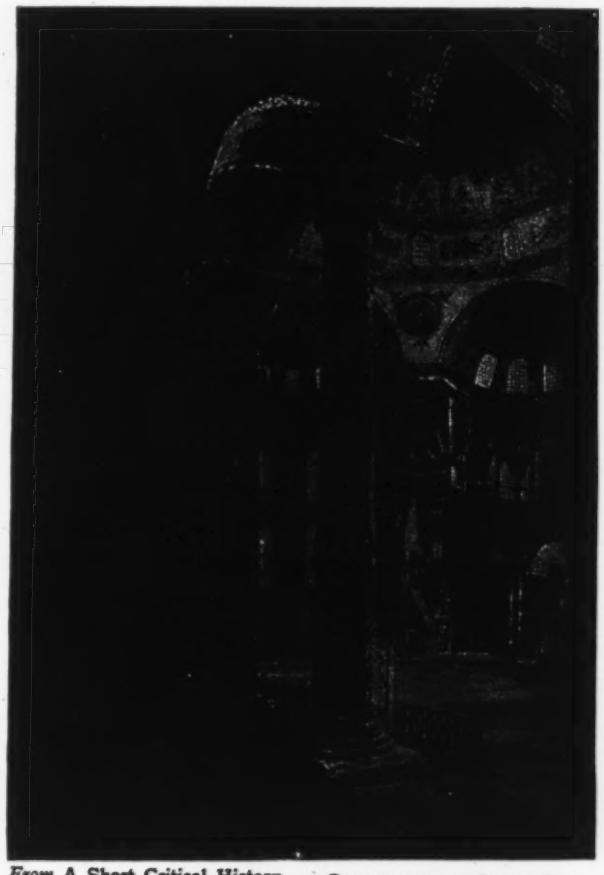
Mr. Kobbé's composers include Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner; and to the principal love affair of each he devotes a pleasing chapter, for the materials of which he has had recourse to the best authorities. The author has a special knowledge of musical subjects, and a pleasant style, which appears to particular advantage in the present volume. Pleasantly produced and very prettily illustrated, it should be in much demand as a Christmas gift.

From Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown (*Longmans*). SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.

A SHORT CRITICAL HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE.

By H. Heathcote Statham. 10s. 6d. net. (Batsford.)

It is possible that enthusiasts, in the evolution of Art (for instance), may consider Mr. Heathcote Statham has a somewhat breezy way of dealing with a good many theories. If he sets out to deny that the Doric style was derived from an original wooden construction he will make nothing even of the rock cut tombs of Lycia, but says, " The wooden origin



From A Short Critical History of Architecture (*Batsford*).

Sanctuary and South-East Exedra, Hagia Sophia, from the North Aisle.
From a drawing by Mr. A. E. Henderson.

of the Doric entablature is only a conjecture with no real evidence to support it " ; and disposes of the theory. But we think an appreciative public probably awaits Mr. Heathcote Statham and one unlikely to be captious. Perhaps it is due to the University extension movement that we find so many people nowadays devoting leisure to a pleasant interest in the history of Art. At all events among educated persons there is a growing interest in Architecture, and we can foretell a good reception for the book. That it is a good book goes without telling, indeed, for it is written by a master who yet does not disdain to take pains to be very clear and very simple. Even the chronological appendices with which the book is furnished have been contrived to aid the memory, and they will be eagerly consulted by students who will all be grateful for them.

GREAT BUILDINGS AND HOW TO ENJOY THEM: BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE.

By Edith A. Browne. (Adam & Charles Black.)

The idea of this series is excellent. The glossary of architectural terms is illustrated, and the volume contains

From At Prior Park (*Chatto & Windus*).

Prior Park: Garden Front
(from a photograph).

Reviewed by Francis Bickley in this Number of The Bookman.

an album of photographs. All this makes for clearness and is precisely what the amateur needs. But there is some falling off in the text, where with an affectation of simplicity rather too elaborate, the author says she is about to explain things, and gives an explanation that is at times hardly satisfactory. It would be very difficult to understand from this text what the " pendentives " were and how the dome was constructed.

Photographs of Byzantine architecture are necessarily beautiful. One of the Golden Gate has a note appended of particular interest at the present time. The Turks have blocked it up for precautionary reasons ; there is a tradition that through this gate a Christian conqueror of Turkey will some day enter Constantinople.

POEMS OF PASSION.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Inscribed and Illuminated by F. Sangorski and G. Sutcliffe. With Frontispiece in Colour. 6s. net and 7s. 6d. net. (Siegle, Hill.)

Miss Wilcox is one of the most popular, if not the most popular, of the world's living poets, and new editions of her favourite works follow one another with almost bewildering rapidity.

Among these books, however, Messrs. Siegle, Hill's two renderings of " Poems of Pleasure " and " Poems of Passion " must take a very high place. These two editions are printed in a beautiful script, specially designed for them by Messrs. Sangorski and Sutcliffe, and compelling the use of a liberal amount of colour. The " Poems of Pleasure " and " Poems of Passion " contain some of the best and most poignantly human of Mrs. Wilcox's verses. Nobody can possibly desire anything more dainty or more artistic than these beautiful volumes.

TWELVE MOONS.

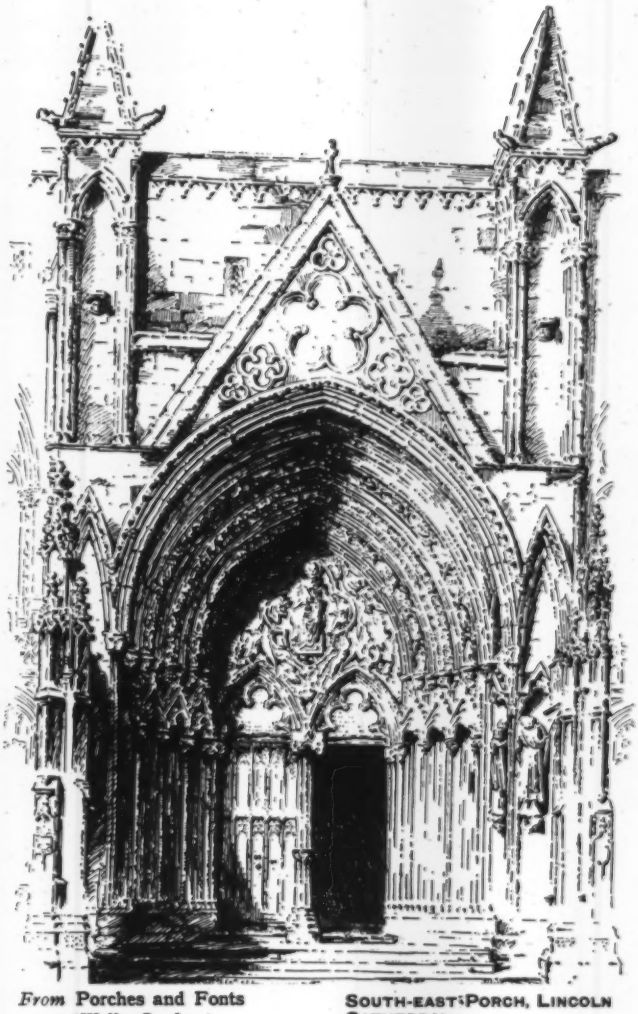
By FRANCES A. BARDSWELL. Frontispiece in Colour by Isabelle Forrest. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

In twelve thoughtful and very gracefully written little essays Miss Bardswell describes the varied pageantry of the passing year. She takes you through the months, from January to December, picturing with light, deft touches and a sure knowledge of the natural life of the fields, the woods, the hedgerow, the characteristic beauty of each of them. The snows and frosts of the white winter, the singing ecstasies of spring, the glories of the summer, and the lovely sadness of autumn, she sketches them each in turn, and the nice gradations of each with a sensitive feeling for the wonder of them all and a delicate art in the fashioning of her phrases. Above all she is a lover of the flowers, and something of their loveliness and their fragrance seems to enter into her words when she writes of them. Those who have read Miss Bardswell's delightful books about gardens and gardening will know how closely she has studied the little people of the garden, and will need no better recommendation of this pleasant new book of hers than the sight of her name on its title page.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF BABYHOOD.

Edited by MURIEL NELSON D'AUVERGNE. Illustrated with Drawings by T. J. and E. A. Overnell. 3s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

A very charming little book is this, very daintily produced. Mrs. d'Auvergne has cast a wide net through the centuries and gathered in a delightful and representative selection of the finest, loveliest things that have been said and sung about children from the days of Robert Greene, whose "Weep not, my wanton," must needs have its place in every such anthology, down to our own time, strictly limiting her choice to prose extracts and poems applicable to babies of not more than four years old. Shakespeare, Vaughan, Wither, Crashaw, Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge.



From **Porches and Fonts** (*Wells Gardner*). **SOUTH-EAST PORCH, LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.**

Frontispiece to **Twelve Moons** (*Elkin Mathews*).

Scott, Tennyson, Swinburne, and many another of the past are laid under contribution; and among living authors represented are Edmund Gosse, Watts-Dunton, G. K. Chesterton, Mrs. Meynell, E. Nesbit, Norman Gale, Coulson Kernahan, Katharine Tynan, Mrs. Sigerson Shorter, Ford Madox Hueffer, J. M. Barrie; and one must add a word of special praise for the eight or nine graceful and fanciful original poems and translations by the editor herself. It is not a book for children, but for the lover of children, and to all such it will prove an attractive and wholly acceptable Christmas gift.

JEWISH LEGENDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Translated by Claud Field. 2s. 6d. (Robert Scott.)

The short stories comprising this volume are narrated in a concise and interesting manner. Though the book consists of Jewish legends, it should be of interest to Gentile readers, as affording some insight into Jewish character. Some of the principal traits here depicted are superstition, as illustrated by the story of the bridegroom; fortitude, as displayed by the prisoner of the inquisition, and the Jews at the Massacre of Prague; and faith in God, as shown by the "poor but honest and pious Jew" in the story of "The Ape and the Gold Pieces." Very few Jewish expressions are used, and these are explained. The book is suitable for children, but its circulation should by no means be limited to them, and it should prove an acceptable Christmas gift. Each story enfolds a moral. The words spoken to the avaricious Mohel in the story of the "Kamzan" may perhaps be quoted here: "If God's key is not made use of, He delivers it over to us,

and then the man is not himself master of his money, nor of his coffer. He can put in, but cannot take out; and at last his own soul is locked up therein." The volume is quaintly and plentifully illustrated by Miss May Mulliner.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT'S SKETCHES.

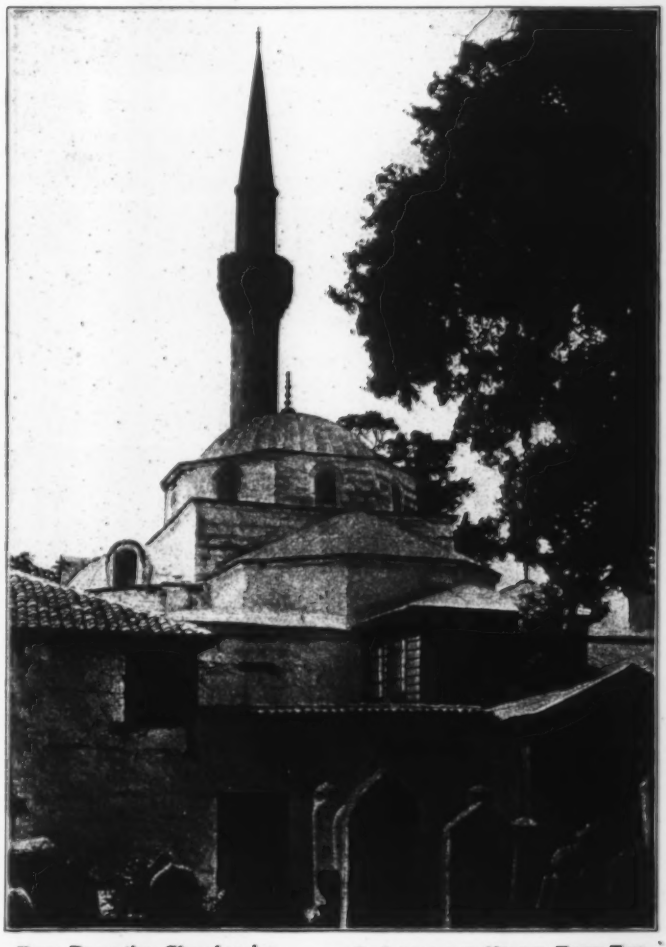
With Introductions by Henry Blackburn and Harold Armitage. 3s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

Randolph Caldecott, says Mr. Harold Armitage, "is no more likely to be forgotten than Keene or Cruikshank. . . . It will be noticed that though his drawing is not so exiguous as that of a later artist, Phil May, yet he had the power to attain his ends without tiresome over-elaboration and without needless multiplicity of lines. For more than twenty years these sketches have amused our fathers, some of our grandfathers, and our own generation, and there can be no doubt now that amongst our children they will make many new friends for Randolph Caldecott." We very cordially agree with Mr. Armitage's opinion, and we welcome—having no doubt that the public will do the same—this new edition of a charming little book first published in 1889. As a combination of art and humour it is irresistible.

MARCANTONIO AND ITALIAN ENGRAVERS AND ETCHERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

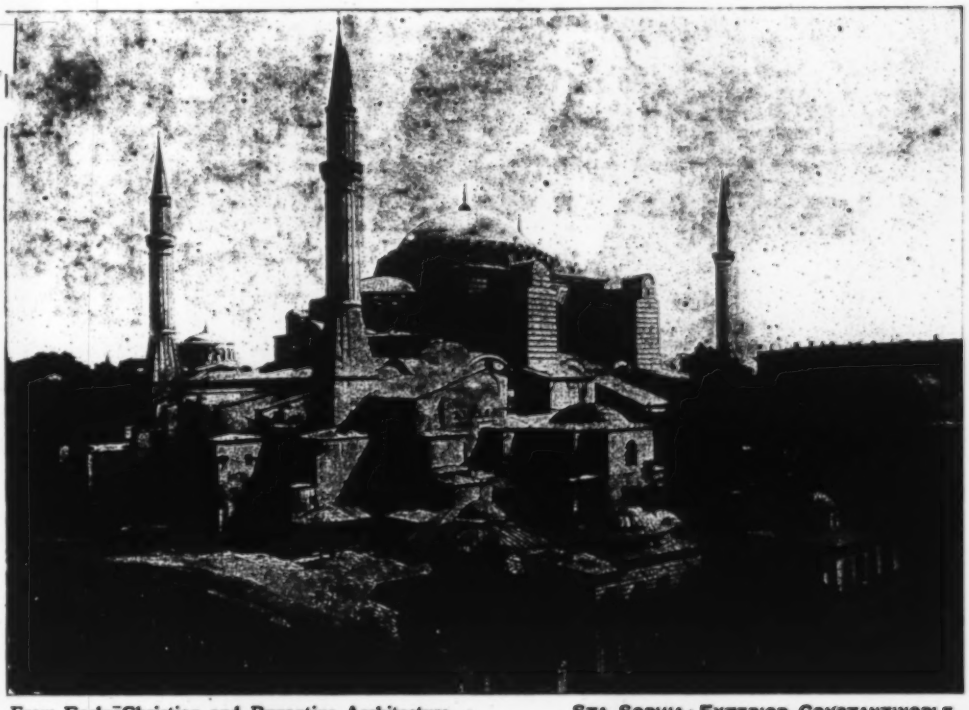
Edited by Arthur M. Hind. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

There is none of the cheaper series of art-books which appeals to the connoisseur more deservedly than the Great Engravers series, to which a volume of Marcantonio's work has now been added. Marcantonio is by no means one of the most popular of engravers; many art-lovers to whom Dürer and Hogarth are enthusiasms remain cold in the presence of the work of the Italian master. Still, he was a master—the greatest master of engraving in Renaissance Italy. Brought under the influence of Raphael in Rome, he worked largely from Raphael's designs. Not that he generally reproduced Raphael's finished work, but that "he must somehow have obtained many of the master's preparatory studies and elaborated them with a setting of his own invention." It is his virtues as a craftsman rather than as an original genius that interest us most to-day. Besides Marcantonio, several other line-engravers working largely under his influence are represented here. There are also four of the



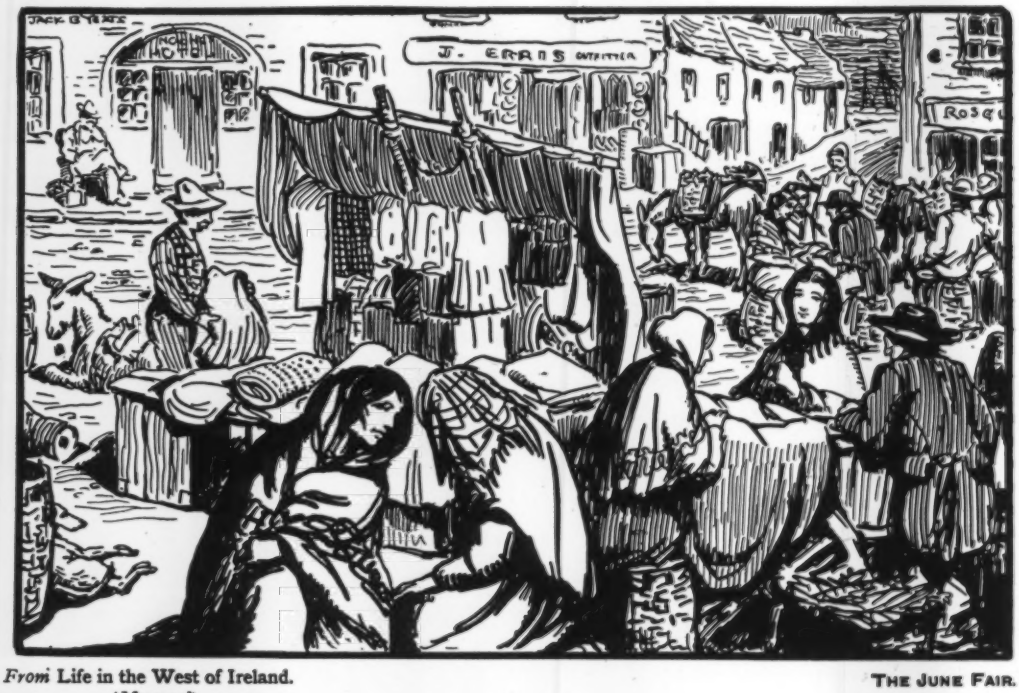
From Byzantine Churches in Constantinople (*Macmillan*).

S. ANDREW IN KRISEI, EAST END.
From a photograph by A. E. Henderson, Esq.



From Early Christian and Byzantine Architecture (*Black*).

STA. SOPHIA: EXTERIOR, CONSTANTINOPLE.
Sébah ana Joaillier.



From Life in the West of Ireland. (*Maunsel*).

THE JUNE FAIR.

etchings of the charming painter-etcher, Parmigiano, and Meddolla's etching, "Moses and the Burning Bush." Publisher and editor alike are to be congratulated on the progress of this beautiful and reasonably-priced series.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM.

"Studies and Appreciations." By DARRELL FIGGIS. 5s. net. (Dent.)

The notable thing about Mr. Figgis's essays is that they are purely critical. Their subject is not a poet but his poetry, not a dramatist but his plays. They do not deal in gossip, however entertaining. In consequence, though for this reason they are always stimulating, they seem sometimes limited and sometimes perverse. Mr. Figgis perceives this objection, and meets it in his introductory "After Thoughts." Many of the essays were occasional, centenary notices and the like, done within a limited space, having in mind some or other definite end that was to be served. It is, as he says, an unfortunate limitation of speech that a man can only say one thing at a time. It is also the case that he does not always select the one thing to say which on ampler consideration would seem to him most worth saying. There is nothing perverse in this, but only enthusiasm in the pursuit of the moment. And it is this enthusiasm that gives these essays their vitality, and also, be it added, their air of great confidence. We do not expect diffidence in a volume dedicated to Mr. Chesterton.

Frontispiece to An Anthology of Babyhood (*Hutchinson*).

The essay on Browning is typical. Written as a centenary paper, it does not attempt to sum up the poet's "message." Mr. Figgis, one fancies, would not shrink from the word, or from the elucidation of the thing it stands for, did they happen to attract him. But what does interest him, and was certain to interest him most, is not Browning's message, but his method of delivering himself of it. And this not because he separates the two and selects one as being more essential. His pronouncement on that point is as clear as it can be made, in the essay on Mr. W. B. Yeats's poetry. Mr. Yeats understands, he says, "that the peculiar thing he has to deliver has its own peculiar manner. More than this, it is not itself until it has found its own peculiar manner, for the matter and the manner are so indissolubly married in all Art that the matter becomes the manner, and the manner is the matter." This could not be better said, and the reader will understand what he is to expect in the essay—probably the best of the bunch—from which we have quoted. As with the younger poet, so with the elder; and Mr. Figgis sets himself to discover the peculiarity of the manner in which Browning found the predestined medium through and in which his "peculiar thing" became itself. Incidentally he was led to the quest by the consideration of the difficulties met with in reading Browning. The greatest of them was "having to enter into so many different characters with apparently so small a purpose." And this led the inquirer to realise that the poet

seemed ever to need some other personality whom he may fashion to sing for him. "He seems never to be able to get at grips with Reality till he is able to approach it in the guise of another's soul." Hence—passing over the associate question of how far Browning is and is not dramatic—his use of the dialogue which in time passed into his "peculiar manner" of monologue.

This endeavour to reach what is usually spoken of as the poet's or the artist's point of view by means of what we may call the set of his manner is apparent throughout this volume, and constitutes, as has been said, its vital interest. It is engaged on the work of J. M. Synge, Mr. William Watson, Mr. W. H. Davies, Mr. Herbert Trench, Mr. Robert Bridges, George Meredith, Samuel Butler, Dickens and Thackeray, as well as that of Mr. Yeats and Browning already referred to. Only in the case of Thackeray—"The failure of Thackeray" is the title of this essay—does the attempt to perceive the particular quality of the artistic effort seem prejudiced. With Mr. Figgis's recognition of Dickens's peculiar manner in the grotesque and fantastical as the medium of revelation and illumination one can heartily agree. It would be equally possible, surely, to find such a medium in Thackeray's prolixity and diffuseness—and, indeed, Mr. Chesterton has done so admirably. But this peculiar manner of Thackeray is fastened on here for condemnation, not for understanding. It is only this reversal of the customary process—followed in the Dickens paper, for example—that one can complain of; although, of course, this way of approaching Thackeray's pages inevitably prejudices the effect that emerges from between the lines in them. To say of Thackeray that "he cannot deny himself the impulsion to loveliness and beauty; but it suffuses him with blushes, and so he endeavours to turn it to burlesque," is good criticism, and Mr. Figgis's method elsewhere would have been directed by the wish to discover the quality of the artistic attempt resulting from that fact. To add, instead, "Had he only possessed the god-like faculty of absolute abandon, there is no telling what

From Jewish Legends of the Middle Ages (*Robert Scott*).

"HARK! A BIRD BEGAN TO SING SO SWEETLY."

From Randolph Caldecott's Sketches (*Sampson Low*).

WANDERING MINSTRELS.—CHÂTEAUNEUF DU FAOU.

he might not have achieved" is to express the quite legitimate but entirely different wish that Thackeray had not been Thackeray.

In addition to the essays referred to there is one entitled "Falstaff's Nose." Here Mr. Figgis condemns, with one's hearty approval, Warburton's alteration of "being good kissing carrion" to "being a god kissing carrion." Then he passes on to the "for his Nose was as sharp as a Pen and a Table of greene fields," of the first folio, and the emendation, generally and generously approved, "for his nose was as sharpe as a pen, and 'a babled of green fields." We cannot summarize the "accumulated argument," from Shakespeare's attendance at the Lord High Steward's Board, and his habit of heraldic speech, by which Mr. Figgis reaches the ingenious reading of a nose "as sharp as a pen *on* a table of green fields." Very ingenious it is, and only, or nearly, a "d" of difference. But we cannot help asking what Mr. Figgis would say did we suggest one more little change, and the reading "*on* a table of Green Cloth!"

D. S. M.

THE VOICE OF THE GARDEN.

Compiled by LUCY LEFFINGWELL CABLE BIKLÉ. With a Preface by GEORGE W. CABLE. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"Between garden and verse," writes Mr. George Cable in a charming preface to this very dainty anthology, "there is so close a kinship that the rules of art for either are adequate for the other. Poetic verse is the gardening of

From Marcantonio (Great Engravers series) (*Heinemann*).

MARCANTONIO RAIMONDI. ST. CECILIA. B. 116.
After a study by Raphael for the picture in Bologna.

thought. Gardening is the versification of Nature's poetry." He goes on presently to tell us that the poems in this book might never have been gathered into one company "had not its collector been brought up in a garden, a story-teller's garden"—the story-teller being, of course, Mr. Cable himself, and the collector of these verses, his daughter. In the matter of choice, the volume covers a wide range; Mrs. Biklé has selected her flowers of poetry with a fine and delicate taste, and has arranged them admirably. Poets of the past and present, of England and America, are all placed under contribution, and from the delightful little opening poem of T. E. Brown's:

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God!—in gardens—when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

to the closing passage in prose—Jago's musing of "Our bodies are our gardens"—there is nothing one is not glad to have included. We have seen other garden anthologies but none that has been so complete, certainly none that has given us more enjoyment than we have had from this. In its dainty and very artistically designed blue and gold cover this makes one of the best and best-looking of gift-books.

POEMS AND DRAMAS OF GEORGE CABOT LODGE.

2 vols. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

This handsome collected edition of the plays and poems of George Cabot Lodge should win a public among English readers for a poet who has for some years past enjoyed a considerable vogue in America. He died recently, in the full vigor of his powers, and in a sympathetic preface to these volumes ex-President Roosevelt bears testimony to the loftiness of his ideals and the beauty of his character, and says "of all the men with whom I have been intimately thrown, he was the man to whom I would apply the rare name of genius." Mr. Lodge's poems are thoughtful and scholarly; he had a graceful fancy, a strong imaginative gift, and no little dramatic power. A note of sadness runs through much of his verse; it has rare moments of poignant pathos, but its characteristic note is of reflection and description, such as make the first of his two verses on "Evening":

"The strangled breath
Of life and death
Fails to a lost complaint and dies.
And softer than sleep a tawny light
Furrows with fire the dawn of night
As the moon swells soft o'er the ocean's white
Like love through the desert centuries."

A MISCELLANY OF MEN.

By G. K. CHESTERTON. 5s. (Methuen.)

It is so easy to accuse Mr. Chesterton of freakishness, of too great a fondness for paradox, of delighting to stand on his head and all the while insisting that he is right side up and firmly planted on his feet. Of course he is given to those tricks; we all know that, and there is no use in denying it; but it is the merest folly to say those things about him as if they were all there was to be said. There is always a lesson of sound sense in his most fantastic sayings; his paradoxes are usually the result of a too meticulously logical way of thinking; and if he stands on his head

From Songs of Innocence (*Dent*).

"TIGER, TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT."

From Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution (*Putnam's*).

AN EXAGGERATED REPRESENTATION OF WHAT TOOK PLACE IN THE TUILERIES ON THE "DAY OF DAGGERS," FEBRUARY 28, 1791.

he has a good reason for doing so—a symbolical meaning of some sort at the back of his burlesque behaviour, and when he turns over and brings his head up into its right position again, with a serious, wonderfully illuminating word or two he will justify what had seemed his folly and give it a depth of meaning that dignifies and at times almost sanctifies it.

If you have read "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" or "Manalive" you will not dispute this with me. Nobody, not even his warmest admirer, would insist that Mr. Chesterton is always at his best, or even that he is not sometimes quite far away from it; but what then? His inspiration comes and goes like the tides and the seasons; occasionally, but not often, he sings without his singing robes; but he never writes anything that is not worth reading—never anything that is not redeemed by some touch of brilliancy in thought or expression, and for the most part he gives us some of the most sententious, fanciful, imaginative prose that is nowadays being written.

He writes too much; nearly everybody does in these days; but the surprising thing is that he turns out essays week after week all the year through, and, though their merit varies, their general level is surprisingly high and their freshness is unfailing. "A Miscellany of Men" contains a selection of some three dozen essays, mainly chosen from amongst those that Mr. Chesterton has been contributing weekly to the *Daily News* for —how many years past is it? They are all more or less written in those moods of easy and robust gaiety, of alternating fantasy and high seriousness, that we have come to recognize as characteristic of him. He has the secret of saying the wisest things with a burst of laughter; his sense of the ridiculous is too keen ever to allow him to degenerate into pomposity; he looks out over all life with unobtrusive sympathy, and says the truest, deepest things about it in the good language of common speech.

"Whenever you hear much," he writes here in "The Mystagogue," "of things being unutterable and indefinable, and impalpable and unreasonable, and subtly indescribable, then elevate your aristocratic nose towards heaven and snuff up the smell of decay. It is perfectly true that there is something in all good things that is beyond all speech or figure of speech. But it is also true that there is in all good things a perpetual desire for expression and concrete embodiment; and though the attempt to embody it is always inadequate, the attempt is always made. If the

From Sensations of Paris (*Long*).

THE SEINE BANKS, WITH NOTRE DAME IN THE DISTANCE, AND ANGLERS.

idea does not seek to be the word, the chances are that it is an evil idea. If the word is not made flesh it is a bad word." And from this beginning he passes to a shrewd criticism of the Cubists and Post Impressionists who "do not attempt to translate beauty into language; they merely tell you it is untranslatable—that is, unutterable, undefinable, indescribable, ineffable, and all the rest of it. . . . If the art critics can say nothing about the artists, except that they are good, it is because the artists are bad. They can explain nothing because they have found nothing; and they have found nothing because there is nothing to be found."

Nearly all the essays in the book, in this way, find their text in some topic of the hour, and there is so much in them of insight and spiritual interpretation and tolerant philosophy that it is safe to say they will preserve those topics, as in rich amber, long after some of them would otherwise have been forgotten as well as dead. What need is there to say more in recommending this book? It gives us a miscellany of Mr. Chesterton's thoughts, fancies, humour, philosophy, and is one of the wittiest, wisest, and most enjoyable of recent volumes of essays.

DIGRESSIONS.

Being passages from the Works of E. Temple Thurston. Collected and arranged by Bellwattle. 3s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Possibly Mr. Temple Thurston will be a little surprised himself when he reads through this compilation and finds how many good things he has said on a variety of subjects. His digressions are conveniently arranged under such headings as "Women," "Men," "Romance," "Music," "Art," "Religion," "Life," "Prayer," "Ideals," "Human Nature," "Dogs," "Poverty," "London," "Time," and a score or so of others. And here are a few examples of his sayings and epigrams chosen at random:

"What a woman expects of a man goes to his credit if he brings fulfilment, but she counts it against him if he fails."

"The first realisation in a woman of her failure to attract is the beginning of every woman's tragedy."

"Dignity may often come before humanity with a woman, but pity will always outride the two."

"Few women can draw a straight line. None can argue in it."

"There is nothing in life quite to equal it, that song and flight of the lark; nothing quite so magnificent in its simplicity. If the grandeur of monarchy were as simple as this there would be no need of revolution; if the simplicity of republics could ever be so grand, there would be no need of kings."

"We could all afford to be generous some time or another. The pity of it is that not all of us realise it until it is too late."

"You have only to go into the Black Country to know what can be done with a wonderful world when God delivers it into the hand of man."

"Everyone is good at keeping secrets, but you must ask them first. They never know how good they are until they are waiting for a secret to be told."

"Success and civilisation—these are the two subtle poisons from the effects of which we are all suffering. Nothing fails like success:! Nothing degrades us like civilisation!"

"The price of freedom in a free country is beyond the reach of most pockets."

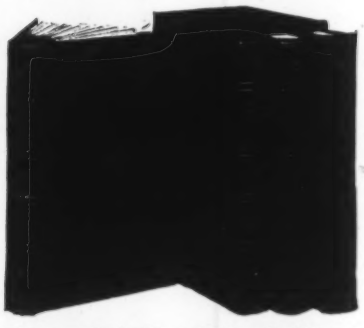
"Life is not the dreadful thing; it is the living of it."

"There is always a balance at the poor man's bank, and the greater his pride the bigger the balance."

"The tragedy of life is indecision. They bury suicides at the cross-roads, for that is where lurks all tragedy—the indecision of which way to choose."

"And yet these simple things are life. A face peering from a window, a hand trembling at a touch, a sudden laugh, a sudden silence, they all may hide the greatest history, if one had but the eyes to read."

"Money has no value in Romance. There are coins of the realm, it is true, but once you begin to count them—puff! out goes Romance like the flame of a candle. You will find yourself in the dark with the counter and the till between you and the only thing in the world that matters."



Volumes of The Home University Library
(*Williams & Norgate*).

Volumes of The Home University Library
(*Williams & Norgate*).

THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

TRAVEL AND SPORT

From The Land that is Desolate (*Smith, Elder*). THE DOME OF THE ROCK.

TRAVEL AND SPORT.

All the six continents are represented in these eight books, while the two largest, namely Asia and Africa, have, each of them, an extra volume to their credit. Of course this is a mere coincidence, but it serves to show what a wide interest is taken nowadays in every corner of the earth and how strong is the fever of travel and sport. These books before us vary not only very greatly in subject but in excellence, but all have in common a desire to enlighten the reader about phases of life altogether foreign to his experience. Let us examine them one by one.

[1] "The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter," by James Sutherland. For sheer excitement Mr. Sutherland's book is not only the pick of the eight, but, in all probability, of any other eight you could get together. He has been an elephant

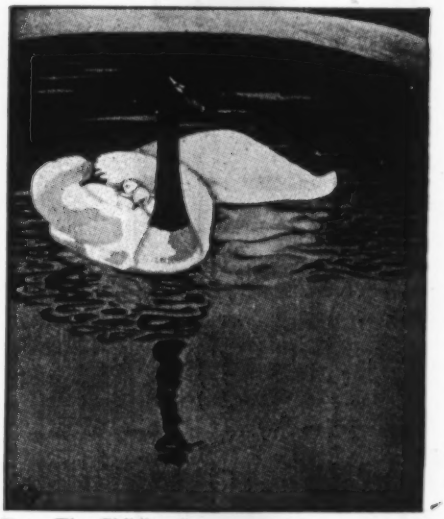
[1] "The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter." By James Sutherland. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

From Camp Fire Tales (*Nelson*).

"THE BUCK PLUNGED INTO THE ABYSS BELOW."

hunter in Portuguese and German East Africa for the last ten years. "During these ten years" (to use his own words) "I have shot 447 bull elephants (I do not count females), thereby creating a world's record." We should think so, indeed! His book is one long series of blood-curdling encounters, which prove that Mr. Sutherland possesses a wonderful nerve, presence of mind, and (one must really add) luck. For on several occasions he has actually had personal encounters with elephants from which it seemed impossible for him to emerge alive. And yet he not only lives, but lives in perfect health and contentment. It is strange to find so mighty a hunter writing with real passion of the splendour and mystery of night in the tropical forest, and yet that is what Mr. Sutherland does. He is evidently a poet at heart, though his business is the business of slaughter. One cannot help regretting these 447 bull elephants (not to mention the females), especially when one sees the photographs of the dead bodies of a good many of them that strew these pages. But no qualms seem to pass over Mr. Sutherland's mind. In fact, he thinks the preservation of big game in Africa in danger of being carried too far—and then there is the ivory! At any rate, approve or not, one must admit that he has written an absorbing book.

[2] "British Somaliland," by R. E. Drake-Brockman. Mr. Drake-Brockman is a doctor in the Government service of British Somaliland and, as he has been out there since 1902, his book is full of authentic information about the colony, and is a really valuable guide on such subjects as fauna and flora, commercial products, ethnology, and so on. The illustrations are photographs of exceptional interest, and the appendix tables are the work of an expert. The author begins his book with an historical account of the country, leading up to the British administration and the trouble with the "Mad" Mullah—who still seems to have it pretty well his own way. How little known is this outpost of the Empire! It is a country of about 58,000 square miles, but its population cannot be much over a quarter of a million. Much of the land is desert, and the heat on the coast is tremendous. Altogether it cannot be called "a white man's country."



From The Childhood of Animals (*Heinemann*).

BLACK-NECKED SWAN CARRYING CYGNETS ON HER BACK.

[3] "Trails, Trappers, and Tenderfeet in Western Canada," by Stanley Washburn. Mr. Washburn belongs to that increasing army of adventurous men who listen to "the call of the wild." Year after year he has set out with the arrival of summer to pierce into the untrodden fastnesses of the silent West. He has suffered innumerable hardships, been half-starved, been lost, been frozen; but all these things only seem to add to the deep fascination of the trail. His book breathes an unconquerable love of wandering and adventure. It is not great literature at all, but there is something great in the spirit in which it is written. One feels that the author actually has a kind of epic sense of romance which is far above anything that he could describe in language.

[4] "In Jesuit Land," by W. H. Koebel. Mr. Koebel has added to all his other books on South America an account of the Jesuit rule of Paraguay, that curious and successful experiment which lasted unbroken from

From Babes of the Wild (*Cassell*).

"GRIPPING THE REPTILE IN INEXORABLE TALONS JUST BEHIND ITS HEAD, THE GREAT BIRD BIT ITS BACKBONE THROUGH."

[2] "British Somaliland." By R. E. Drake-Brockman. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)

[3] "Trails, Trappers and Tenderfeet in Western Canada." By Stanley Washburn. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

[4] "In Jesuit Land." By W. H. Koebel. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

1586–1767, a period of nearly 200 years. He has been so fortunate as to get an introduction from the pen of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and his own work abounds in fascinating glimpses of the long, romantic past of Paraguay. Mr. Koebel has come to the conclusion that there was much in the Jesuits' rule worthy of high praise, and certainly it would appear that the state of the native Indians speedily deteriorated after the expulsion of the Fathers. For it is true, undoubtedly, that they were, in many ways, a most self-sacrificing body of men, preventing, as far as they could, the exploitation of the Indians by the civilian Spaniards. Of course, their government fostered gross narrow-mindedness on religious questions, but, apart from their Catholic intolerance, they seem to have acted with justice and to have improved the state of the Indians. It is, altogether, a strange chapter of history.

[5] "Alpine Studies," by W. A. B. Coolidge. Says the author in his preface: "In the following pages I give a selection of twenty of the very numerous articles relating to the Alps which I have written during the past forty-two years." These twenty papers will be eagerly read by all Alpine climbers, to whom Mr. Coolidge's name has for long been familiar. Although of real interest, also, to the general reader, they bear all over them the stamp of the trained climber, and they are full of details that are almost technical. This adds to their real value, though it may be rather chilling to the casual enquirer. It is what might be called a truly learned book which half-succeeds in hiding its learning. Some of the photographs of the snowy Alps reproduced in its pages are very impressive. It is, in short, obviously a book by a man who understands his subject.

[6] "Sport and Pastime in Australia," by Gordon Inglis. Mr. Inglis' handsomely produced volume need not detain us long. In twenty-one chapters

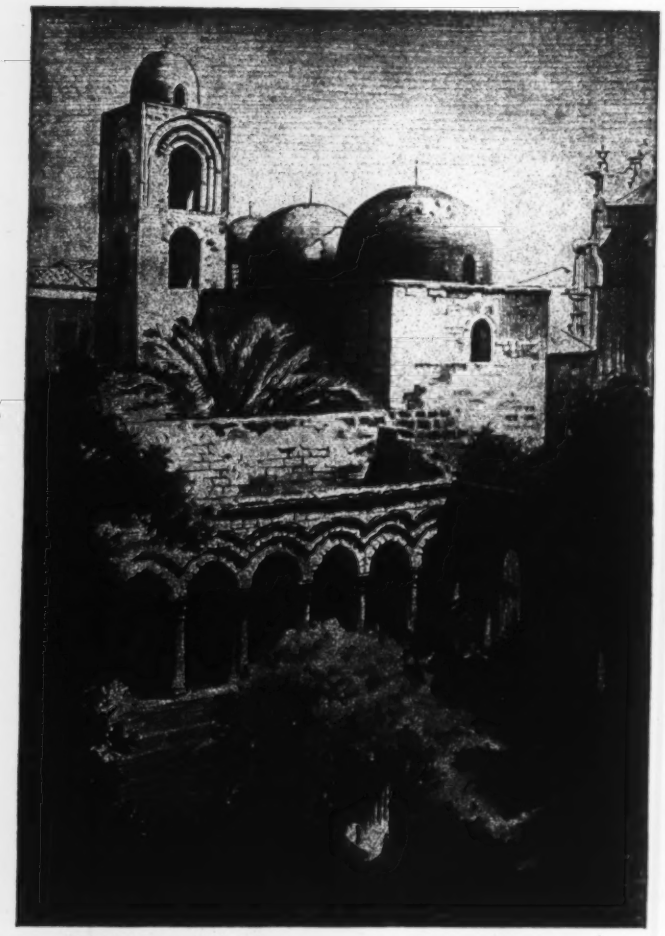
[5] "Alpine Studies." By W. A. B. Coolidge. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
[6] "Sport and Pastime in Australia." By Gordon Inglis. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

From On Nature's Trail (*Nisbet*).

"THE END CAME WHEN THE PINE-MARTEN GAVE A YELL AND CRASHED DOWN THROUGH THE BRANCHES HEAD FIRST."

From Wild Sport and Some Stories (*Blackwood*).

"MHAIRI THE TRAKER," AND THE 25-ST. STAG.



From Italian Travel Sketches (*Constable*). Reviewed in the October BOOKMAN.

SAN GIOVANNI DEGLI EREMITI, PALERMO.

he discusses the various sports and pastimes of Australia, and by the help of copious photographs he tries to make us realise what the life of the sportsman is like in that island-continent. The most interesting chapters to the ordinary, as apart from the sporting, reader will probably be those in which he describes the wild duck shooting and the trout fishing in the solitary country spots. It is not many people to whom the statistics of cricket, racing, and so forth, are of absorbing importance. This is, in fact, a book for the universal sportsman, and for him alone.

[7] "Picturesque Nepal," by Percy Brown. The narrow valley of Nepal, with its wonderful temples, old towns, and works of art, is the subject of this book. And it is, indeed, a fascinating subject. Mr. Brown crowds his volume with a magnificent series of photographs, which give, far more eloquently than any words could, an idea of the richness and the beauty of Nepalese art and of Nepal itself. Although it is a country 450 miles long by 150 miles wide, still the actual valley, in which is all the activity of the State, is only about the size of the Isle of Wight—20 miles long by 15 miles wide. Behind this valley rises the vast range of the Himalayas, of which Mr. Brown gives one thrilling photograph. In this little valley, then, is concentrated practically all the life of Nepal, and especially in its three principal towns, Patan, Bhatgaon, Katmandu. The race is of two origins: the Newars, who are the artistic element, and the Gurkhas, who are the fighters. Apart from the English Resident, Nepal conducts its own affairs and is an Independent State. In the modern rush for "improvements" it is, according to Mr. Brown, fast losing much of its old-world charm. What a cynical intonation sounds in the word "improvement" sometimes!

[8] "Snapshots in India," by J. W. Burton. This is the work of a missionary of Fiji who, with his fellow-missionary, took his furlough in Ceylon and India, and has industriously turned it to account in this sparkling little book. One could, no doubt, have spared the author's constant moralizing on the Christian religion (which is really quite out of place in a travel book), but still, in the circumstances, it is easily accounted for. Apart from this, Mr. Burton has an energetic and engaging way of recounting his experiences, and an infectious degree of good spirits which carries all before it. Pleasant and well-taken photographs (most of them by the author) are scattered throughout his work.

So we have finished a review of these eight very diverse books. The reviewer, at any rate, knows more of the world now than he did before he took them up. How many of his readers will follow his example?

R. C.

ON THE HIGH SEAS.

Year after year for some time past we have been offered, usually in the spring, at about fitting-out time, books on yachting—from the deepest of technicalities to the amusing records of cruises, alike for the amateur and for the professional. But in all that have come my way—not a few, by any means—the point of view was limited, purposely, because each book (the technical, that is) was aimed at the explanation of a certain set of problems

[8] "Snapshots in India." By J. W. Burton. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Elliot Stock.)

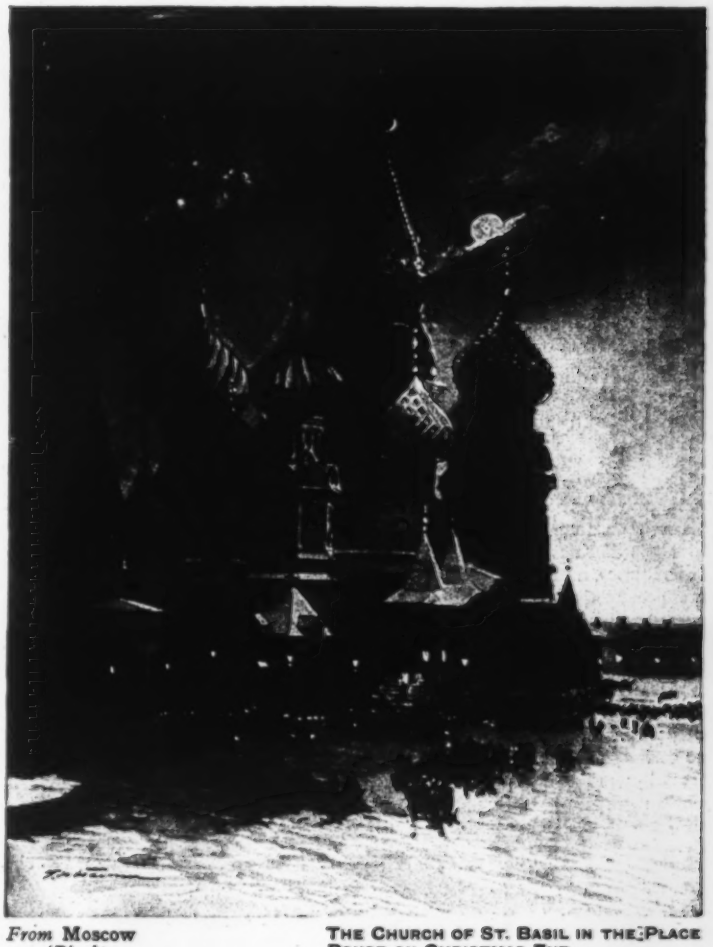
From Snapshots in India (*Elliot Stock*).

INLAID WORK UPON MARBLE.

[7] "Picturesque Nepal." By Percy Brown. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

of one sort or another. Here, however, Mr. Heckstall-Smith and Capt. E. du Boulay have combined in the production of a big volume[1] that shall be the *vade mecum* and the epitome, the be-all and end-all to all the "gentlemen sailors" around our coasts; and, as their numbers are legions in the summer months, the book should have a signal success. Of the authors it is enough to say (in the ear of the poor, circumscribed landsmen only, of course) while the one is secretary to the International Yacht Racing Union, the other is one of the best known authorities on marine motoring—a certainly thrilling yet as certainly the least picturesque of all water pastimes. Above all the book is for the practical yachtsman, and mainly for the man who carries a crew beyond the handy young man who can steer, reef, and do a little rough cooking—very rough sometimes. Still, the authors have included a considerable amount of information for the beginner, from the sailing of a dhingy, to the rigging and management of a cutter, and even building one. The diagrams of handling a craft, of knotting, splicing, etc., are unusually clear and helpful to the novice. Altogether there is so little missing from the book, which is excellently written withal, that it must soon be known as a "consultine on everything—yachting"—everything except those little importances which cannot be gained other than by experience.

In Mr. Chatterton we have a yachtsman writer of a different class—not that he claims no attention as a technicalist on his favourite pastime. His output is various, and reaches a high level of achievement. In the present instance[2] I think that he could have done more that retell us what we know, if he had taken the pains of going further, or of adopting a different method. Which is not to say, that the book will prove other than interesting to those who have read nothing of the true story of smuggling. On the contrary, it requires no stretch of imagination to see them absorbed in Mr. Chatterton's record—unfinished and disjointed though it appears, to me, to be. Nay, let me be honest—it will break no pates and maybe avoid misunderstandings, those semi-tragical nothings out of which come so many of the world's troubles. The author has, no doubt, done his work excellently well, within his limits; but I am disappointed with it not so much because of its limitations or the manner of its doing, as because it is not *the* true book on smuggling, as that unlawful calling was practised on our coasts from the Humber around to Bristol throughout the eighteenth century and thereabouts. During the past few years we have had several books on the subject, including Messrs. Atton & Holland's two handsome volumes on the cause of it all ("The King's Customs,") and with many of the tricks and riots to



From Moscow (*Black*).

THE CHURCH OF ST. BASIL IN THE PLACE ROUGE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

[1] "The Complete Yachtsman." By B. Heckstall Smith, and Captain E. du Boulay. With 200 Illustrations in the Text and 24 Plates. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

[2] "King's Cutters and Smugglers, 1700–1855." By E. Keble Chatterton. With 33 Illustrations and Frontispiece in Colours. 7s. 6d. net. (George Allen.)

From Picturesque Nepal (*Black*).

A PICTURESQUE CORNER IN THE HOLY PLACE OF A PASHPATTI.

which the Customs led; also—the best of the gleanings so far—Mr. C. G. Harper's "The Smugglers," with its picturesque and highly fitting illustrations. And this is one point that must not be omitted as to the present contribution to the subject—the small, pen and ink sketches, such as are reproduced on pp. 72, 202, 211, etc., are a delight; the reproductions of old prints are interesting. But there are two features for which Mr. Chatterton's books always deserve high praise—their original illustrations and the manner in which the volumes are turned out generally, and this casts no slur on his own particular share in them. "King's Cutters and Smugglers" is distinctly good; so far as it goes, and will be read with great enjoyment.

From The Adventures of an Elephant-Hunter (*Macmillan*).

ELEPHANT SHOT AT BANGALLA.

Messrs. Seeley & Service are still finding subjects for their Romance series. This volume[3] appears to be the twenty-ninth; and there is apparently no particular reason why the series should not continue to the ninety-ninth—for do but adopt the right manner, the proper presentment of your subject and, as this series shows, romance can be got out of even—well, cow-breeding, to judge by Lord Rayleigh's developments and successes. There is romance in everything, from ploughing a field to building castles in Spain. Here the subject—that is submarines proper—is a narrow one, but Mr. Corbin has handled it well and succeeds in being both very informing and very interesting. Every boy who is drawn to the romance of the sea will read it with delight.

[3] "The Romance of Submarine Engineering." By T. W. Corbin. With 54 Illustrations and Diagrams. 5s. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

During these thirty years and more I have more or less read far more books of the sea than can be remembered now; but if the whole list were put down it would not contain a book like to this one.[4] Let me be understood, lest I be forthwith dismissed as a heathen—not that I should care, or suffer any harm thereby. I read religious books, sometimes to my spiritual advantage; but never one in which religion, fiction and the sea were blended in this ratio, nor ever have I seen one before in which the author went reverently and properly to work and told the story of how the sea has entered into Christianity, particularly in the days of its persecution. This is what Mr. Frank Elias has done; and, benighted creature that I am, seeking for stones with which to build when I probably ought to look for stars on which to dream, I wish him well of his honest effort. It fully deserves the attention of the "Christian minded" at that time of the year which is at hand.

J. E. P.

From Sport in Five Continents (*Blackwood*

"MY HUNTER IN THE ROCKIES WITH A GRIZZLY AND THE DOG 'CARABOO.'"

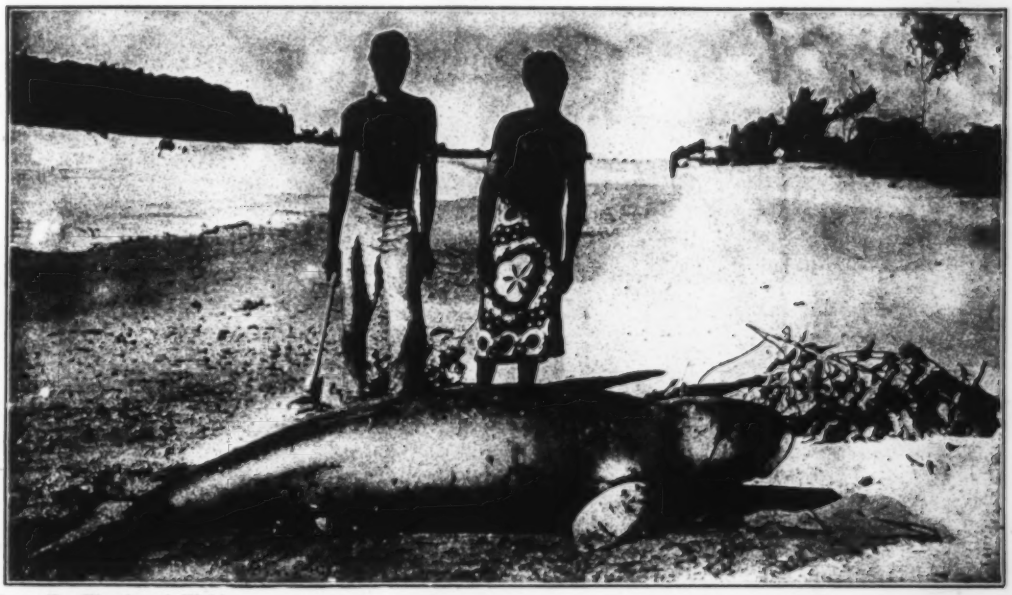
MOSCOW.

Painted by F. de Haenen. Described by H. M. Grove. 7s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

One hundred years ago

[4] "Heaven and the Sea: Being Some Records of the Association between Sea Enterprise and the Faith." By Frank Elias. 3s. 6d. net. (James Clarke.)

Moscow drew the gaze of all Europe. In 1912 many minds have been engaged in the task of reminiscence and comparison. Mr. Grove, in his graphic little historical sketch, brings the city before our eyes from the days of old Prince Dolgorouky and his wooden fort, the days of 1147, to the present time, when no wooden buildings are allowed, and Moscow has a population of 1,400,000, rapidly increasing, and an area comparable with that of Paris. He adds some interesting impressions, with accounts of the Kremlin, the Treasury, picture galleries, etc., and a chapter on social and other characteristics. There are sixteen beautiful illustrations in colour, the same number in black and white, a good map, and a serviceable index. The volume is one of the most acceptable of Messrs. Black's colour-books, and should be in demand for presentation purposes. The text is well written, and touches upon the most notable phases of the historic city; and the illustrations are excellent, each and all possessing character, atmosphere, and harmony of composition.



From **By Flood and Field** (*Bell*).

DUGONG.
The Black on the right is wearing the Malay Saarong.

SPORT IN FIVE CONTINENTS.

By E. A. LEATHAM. 15s. net. (Blackwood.)

One is inclined to ask what are the five continents of Mr. Leatham's travels. He has shot ibex in the Pyrenees, tiger and gaur in India, lions and rhinoceros in Africa, grizzlies and bighorns in America. So far so good. There are indubitable Europe, Asia, Africa *and* America. *Four* continents and not another one, Mr. Leatham. True, he had good sport in New Zealand, but is that pleasant land now a continent? Let it be "sport in five quarters of the globe," and we shall not quarrel with the phrase, though someone will heap scorn upon it and call it a "bull" and speak of Ireland. But apart from this there is no reason to quarrel with the book. It was sport indeed, whether in the Pyrenees or along Chinese rivers or deep in central China, whence the hunter brought back a new variety of tufted deer, or after moose and wapiti and grizzly in North America or in New Zealand, and the writer was by no means wholly absorbed in killing, he had an eye for people and places and customs, and as a result he has stored up for himself a multitude of good memories, and given his fellow sportsmen a book that is a friendly guide and a record of the things they like best. Some of the best pages in the volume give an account of sport in the Rocky Mountains, but wherever Mr. Leatham went the good spirits of sport and adventure awaited him and gave him experiences that make capital reading.

From **Wild Sport** (*Blackwood*).

A 52-LB. SALMON.

From Germany
(*Black*).

UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN.

WILD SPORT AND SOME STORIES.

By GILFRID W. HARTLEY. With 3 Illustrations in Colour, 52 in Half-tone, and 8 Line Drawings in the Text. 15s. net. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Hartley has already made a reputation for himself with an earlier volume entitled "Wild Sport with Gun, Rifle, and Salmon Rod," and in the pleasant volume now before us he gives us a further instalment of his sporting reminiscences, together with two stories, for the accuracy of whose facts he vouches. The author, who is an all-round sportsman, who has seen service in various parts of Europe, treats here of subjects so diversified as salmon-fishing in Norway and snipe-shooting in the West of Ireland. He possesses a knack of vigorous and direct narrative which is especially convincing, and we have little doubt that the present volume will prove even more popular than its predecessor.

MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

By ADOLPHE SMITH. With 8 Colour Plates by Charles Maresco Pearce, and 48 Illustrations from Photographs. 15s. net. (Grant Richards.)

The principality of Monaco, as Mr. Adolphe Smith points out, divides itself into two sections—the trade, the seriousness, the science of Monaco proper, contrasting strongly with the lightness, the frivolity, and the extravagance of Monte Carlo. Attention has frequently been paid to the latter aspect of the Principality, and as frequently denied to the former. It is the author's aim to balance the two—an aim in which he seems to us to have succeeded, for his account of Monaco is in its way quite as readable as that of Monte Carlo. Mr. Pearce has captured the atmosphere of the Riviera in his very effective coloured illustrations, while for the numerous photographs which are also included in the book we have nothing but praise.

VEILED MYSTERIES OF EGYPT, AND THE RELIGION OF ISLAM.

By S. H. LEEDER. With 38 Illustrations from Photographs. 16s. net. (Nash.)

Mr. S. H. Leeder, of whose "Desert Gateway" we have pleasant remembrances, now follows up his studies of Oriental peoples with a highly unusual and suggestive volume on Egypt. He gives us none of the "impressions" of the ordinary traveller, no lengthy descriptions of quite ordinary customs, no summary treatment of character. Mr. Leeder has spent several years as a resident in Egypt, and he thoroughly understands the inhabitant of that country. His book consists principally in a defence of Islam, more particularly against certain recent aggressions of Christian theologians. It should be understood that the author is not himself a Moslem; he seems to have been driven to write this book by his sense of fair play. We can safely recommend it not only to all travellers in Egypt, but to all who wish properly to understand the real dignity and occasional beauty of the Mahommedan religion. Although, as we have said, there is no summary treatment of character, it goes without saying that a writer of Mr. Leeder's experience and capacity does not discuss the peoples of Egypt without conveying a subtle idea of the peculiar temperament and personality of the average Egyptian. The volume includes a number of effective photographs.

From Monaco and Monte Carlo
(*Grant Richards*).

EAST VIEW OF THE GARNIER THEATRE: FACING SARAH BERNHARDT'S STATUE OF SONG.

WILD LIFE AND THE CAMERA.

By A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S. With 51 Illustrations from Photographs. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

If ever you saw Mr. Dugmore's earlier book, "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," you will be something more than interested to hear that he has written another and has illustrated it too with his own remarkable photographs. "Wild Life and the Camera" is a collection of sketches and stories with North America for their scene. We confess that the book is not so exciting as its predecessor, but in its way, it is no whit less interesting, nor are the photographs with which it is adorned any less effective. Mr. Dugmore's *pot-pourri* is at once of value to the naturalist, and of interest to the general reader. It deserves to succeed.

CHANCES OF SPORT OF SORTS.

By Colonel T. A. St. Quintin. With 58 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Blackwood.)

This really is a most remarkable book. It is not literature and it does not pretend to be; it is good talk on sporting subjects from the lips of a gentleman, who, we are sure, would rather be called a good sportsman than anything. Colonel St. Quintin has had sporting experiences in all parts of the world, but—naturally enough—you will find that he devotes most space to an account of his experiences in India. It is quite impossible for us to give any hint of the good tales that he has to tell, and even of the manner of their telling we have been able to do no more than hint. "The even tenour of your way may be all very well," writes the author, "but it cannot really stir your feelings and give you the pleasure and pain which means 'life.' I have never experienced that even tenour, but I should think you could easily have too much of it." At any rate, the author has not had too much of the other thing—nor indeed have we had anything like enough of such books as these. "Chances of Sport of Sorts," is in no way a "made" book. It is the overflow of a genial and humorous nature, and it demands only a modicum of sympathy in the reader for it to become engrossing.

BABES OF THE WILD.

By Charles G. D. Roberts. With 33 Illustrations by Warwick Reynolds. 6s. (Cassell.)

THE FEET OF THE FURTIVE.

By G. D. Roberts. With 8 Illustrations by Paul Bransom. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Although we have bracketed together these two volumes by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, we have no intention of comparing them or of criticising one against the other. Indeed, so even is the level of all Mr. Roberts's best work, that such a course would be almost impossible. In literary merit, and even in the general style of the author's treatment, we doubt whether there is anything whatever to choose between the two books. As regards the manner of them both, we imagine that the general public is already sufficiently familiar with Mr. Roberts's work to know that he invariably writes short dramatic stories which tend to bring out certain definite characteristics in the animals with which he deals. Both "Babes of the Wild" and "The Feet of the Furtive" are the same in this. The first has the advantage of two characters which occur in all the stories—a small boy and his uncle, who is represented as the narrator—and thus serve to give the book a certain measure of continuity. On the other hand, it is a trifle unfortunate that the boy should degenerate into a juvenile Dr. Watson, which is what has happened before you have reached the end of the book. We have no preferences for any one story in either of the two collections. It is possible that the fish tales—of which there are representatives in both books—strike rather a fresher note than those which deal with the better-known animals, and this is a branch of nature-study which Mr. Roberts clearly recognises that it would be well to develop. In conclusion, we would thank the author for the ease and the restraint of his writing. Always he is polished, unforced, natural, and above all he is interesting. Both Mr. Warwick Reynolds and Mr. Paul Bransom are efficient artists, and the drawings with which they have illustrated these volumes are mostly worthy of high praise.

From **Veiled Mysteries of Egypt** (*Nash*).

A typical street-scene in Cairo. Sharia Helmieh (*Photo.: Dittrich, Cairo*).

PROVENCE AND LANGUEDOC.

By Cecil Headlam, M.A. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Many a traveller has taken his turn at describing the country of Provence; nor can we wonder that the fascination of the subject should have been felt even by some little susceptible to the glamour of romance, little worthy to recount the deeds of high heroic souls, little able to hear across the centuries the martial tread, or comprehend anything of "the grandeur that was Rome." The traveller has no easy task who undertakes to tell the story of the Land of the Troubadours, the story of the Albigenses. How Mr. Headlam rises to the level of his subject when he is speaking of the Roman Province will be seen in his fine description of the Triumphal Arch at Orange: "Beneath that arch, glowing almost as rich a golden-brown then as now in the same brilliant Provençal sunshine, how many thousand Roman legionaries have tramped before us as they marched northwards to Lyons to defend the Rhenish frontier, or to conquer Britain, and have saluted with a thrill of pride, this splendid record of their successful

From Wild Life and the Camera (*Heinemann*).

WILD MALLARD RISING.
The speed with which these birds rise is clearly shown by the water, which has not subsided, although the bird is five feet or more in the air.

driven southwards to the slave market at Rome." We have to thank Mr. Headlam for a good book upon what is indeed a difficult, yet a gracious theme; and there is nothing in the book, perhaps, better done than his summary account of Provençal scenery "set in a frame of arid mountains"; and of Provençal character typified, he says, by the contrast of climate, the cold bracing violent wind, and hot kindly enervating sunshine.

LITERARY GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL SKETCHES.

By WILLIAM SHARP. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

There is always a certain fascination about literary geography. If one is within reasonable distance of the home or haunt of any great man, one is rarely too supercilious to make the pilgrimage. If one is in a country dealt with in some favourite novel, one will trace the characters in their comings and goings. William Sharp, whose interest in books rarely seems to have been confined to the book itself, at one time produced a series of articles on the country either inhabited or described by famous writers. These, with a few travel-sketches of a kindred nature, form the fourth volume in the selection of his works, which Mrs. Sharp is editing. They are no mere itineraries. He deals with the country of Stevenson and of Meredith, of Carlyle, George Eliot, Thackeray, and the Brontes, with Aylwin-land, the Thames and the Lake of Geneva. In every case, he has something of criticism and reminiscence to add to his geography; and he freely supplements his own words with quotations from the author under consideration. Especially good was Sharp at such miscellanies as "The Thames from Oxford to the Nore." Characteristically, he leaves the ancients to look after themselves, and devotes himself to the Victorians. This is all to the good, for he knew the moderns personally, and he is most interesting when reminiscent. He is good at a pen-portrait. He describes his first sight of Stevenson (not knowing who it was) and lays stress on his *drowned* appearance, which one can quite imagine from some of the portraits. "But the extraordinariness of the impression was of a man who had just been rescued from the sea or a river. Except from the fact that his clothes did not drip, that the long black locks hung limp but not moist, and that the short velveteen

arms! And beneath it, too, head hung, with black despair in their hearts, have tramped the lines of captives, fair-haired, blue-eyed Northerners—*non angli sed angeli*—

From Chances of Sport of Sorts (*Blackwood*)

MEXICO. MY MULES IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

jacket was disreputable, but not damp, this impression of a man just come or taken from the water was overwhelming." However, when a friend arrived, R.L.S., revived in an amazing way. Altogether, this is an entertaining book, though lacking the permanent interest of "Papers Critical and Reminiscent."

THE LAND THAT IS DESOLATE.

By Sir Frederick Treves, Bt. Illustrated. 9s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

There are two ways of visiting a country. First, to prepare yourself beforehand by learning the common knowledge of what to expect; and second, not to do so. Sir Frederick Treves seems to have followed the latter course. It has the obvious advantage that one's impressions are one's very own. On the other hand it may lead one to suppose that they are only one's own and have never occurred to anyone before. The famous surgeon is becoming quite a globe-trotter, yet in his experience he recalls only three occasions when the actual view of a scene far exceeded the anticipation he had formed of it. These were the first glimpses of Venice, as seen from a ship's deck at the dawn of a summer's day, the first sight of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado from the brink at Bright Angle, and (as many others have felt) the first sudden view of the Taj Mahal at Agra. In the Holy Land, however, whoever expects something uncommon must, he says on p. 3, "prepare for a great disillusion"; and "it was not until we were actually ashore at Port Said that we felt safe," are his final sentiments on p. 284—"safe from the possibility of being asked to visit another sacred site." The Via Dolorosa is "a lane of lies, a path of fraud"; the Pool of Bethesda contains "water which would probably be condemned by any medical officer of health"; of Calvary, his first impression is of a lamp-shop, "an idea which was encouraged by the overpowering smell of oil and by the chattering of a number of tourists who surveyed the chapel and the lamps with the air of intending purchasers"; and so on. Sir Frederick's tour in Palestine is in fine large print, well-spaced, with good photographs by himself and some good description of a railway accident. It is all entertaining in a way. Yet we infinitely prefer Conder to Treves.

From The Feet of the Furtive (*Ward, Lock*).

"Gazed fixedly after the fugitives for some moments."

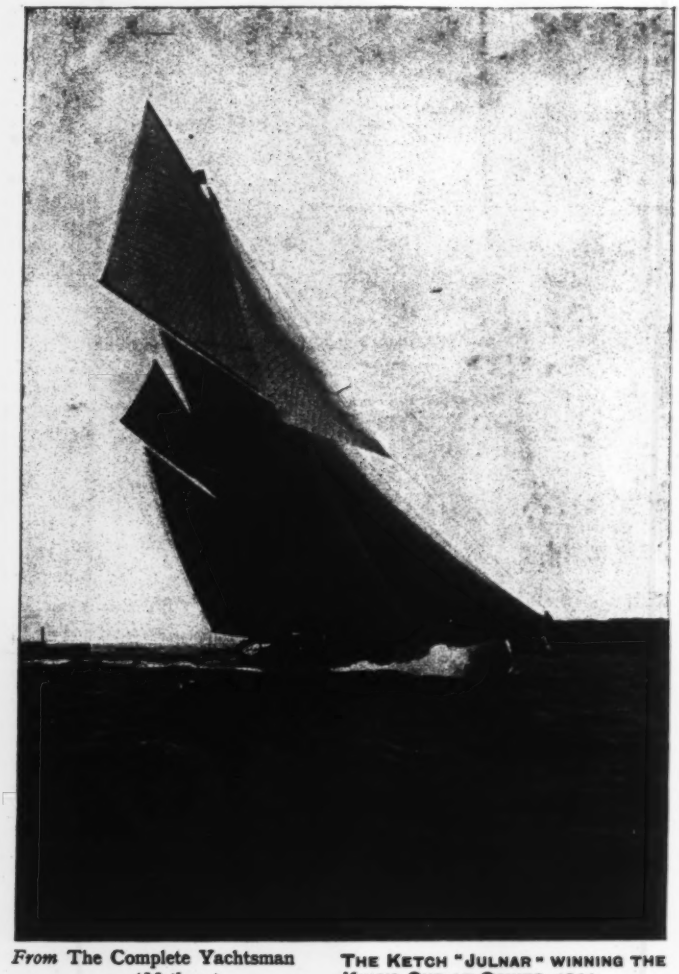
From White-Ear and Peter (*Macmillan*).

"Peter."

WHITE-EAR AND PETER:
THE STORY OF A FOX AND A FOX-TERRIER.

By Neils Heiberg. With 16 Coloured Plates by Cecil Aldin. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Neils Heiberg is quite clearly a lover of animals. He has also—what so many animal-lovers have not—the literary equipment and ability to give comprehensible form to his special knowledge. "White-Ear and Peter" is the story of a fox which was adopted into the stables of a large English country-house, the home of an M.F.H. For some time he lives an unnatural life in comparative happiness, but after a while the call of nature is too strong and he returns to a wandering life. Now, however, he is acquainted with the ways of men, and is accordingly a particularly cunning desperado. Such a story can only end in tragedy for the fox; but a comic element is supplied by the figure of the stable-dog Peter, a gallant little fox-terrier. Mr. Heiberg has an intimate acquaintance with the ways of the animals with which his book deals, and he has used his knowledge to particularly good effect. Mr. Aldin's illustrations—there are sixteen of them, in colour—are characteristically delightful.



From The Complete Yachtsman (*Methuen*).

THE KETCH "JULNAR" WINNING THE KING'S CUP AT COWES, 1911.
From a photograph by Beken & Son, Cowes.

GUERILLA LEADERS OF THE WORLD.

By PERCY CROSS STANDING. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Standing has composed fourteen chapters, which range the world in search of famous guerilla leaders and their exploits. The distinction between the guerilla fighter and the brigand is established. One definition of the guerilla mode states it to be warfare carried on by means of small independent bands of armed men, self-constituted and ordered, unconnected with a regular army, and entitled to dismiss themselves at any time. We are not sure that De Wet and Delarey could fairly be classed as "guerilla" leaders in this sense. General De Wet himself, indeed, as Mr. Standing shows, objected to the term. The author protects himself at the outset, however, by a wider application with which there need be no quarrel: The guerilla fighter "is essentially a soldier, but a soldier attaining his end by ways and means diametrically opposed to those of the military school, the drill-ground, and the technical field-order." Beginning in France with the struggles of the Royalists in La Vendée and Brittany against the Republican armies, Mr. Standing finds his first hero in Francis Charette de la Cointre, in Napoleon's opinion "the only great character" produced by those troubles. Next, in Tyrol we have the adventures of Andreas Hofer, inn-keeper; Joseph Speckbacher, peasant; and Joachim Haspinger, Capuchin priest; in Germany the exploits of Ferdinand Schill, the Duke of Brunswick, and the Black Brunswickers; in South America the deeds of Bolivar and Miller; and so on to Schamyl, Sitting Bull, Osman Digna, and finally De Wet. In treating of Porfirio Diaz, Mr. Standing might have been more liberal in estimating the debt of the Mexican people to their former President-Dictator. The book is essentially stirring, and is much helped by illustrations.

THE SIGN AT SIX.

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE ADVENTURES OF BOBBY ORDE.

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Had Mr. White designed that two works of his should appear in England at the same moment in order to exhibit his versatility, he could not have achieved success better than by presenting these books. In theme and treatment they offer a complete contrast, though the American argot is common to both. "The Sign at Six" is a weird story of New York City. Remembering that the eyes of the whole of that world which follows crime are at the present moment centred upon the peculiar revelations of the Rosenthal murder trial, we hazard the suggestion that

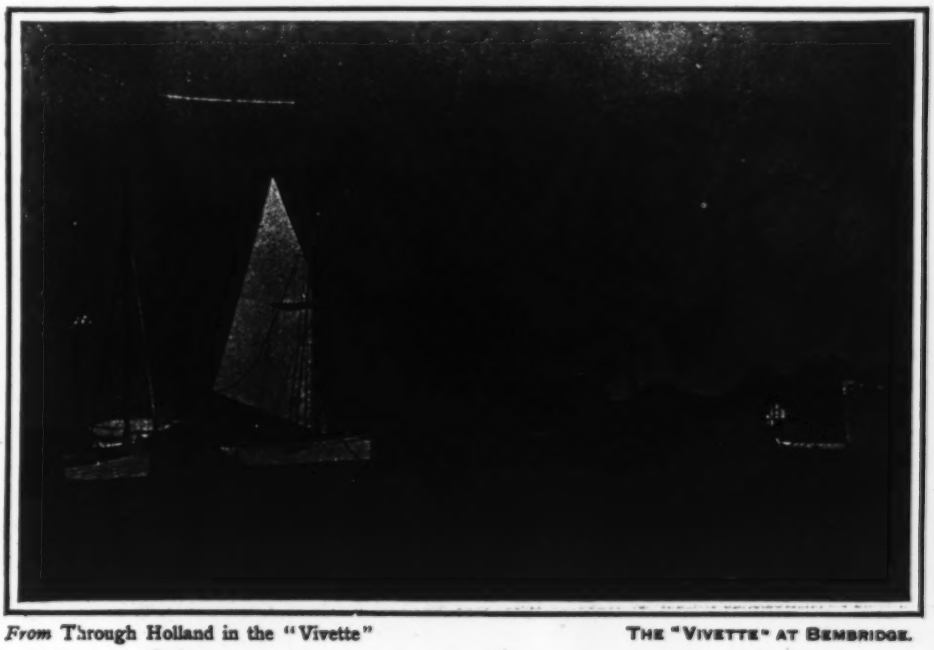
From Provence and Languedoc (*Methuen*).

LES MARTIGUES.
From a photograph by Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyte, K.C.B.

Mr. White writes with a purpose. The purpose may conceivably be to arouse the American people to a greater interest in their city government. The scientist Percy Darrow, who is the hero of the story, is made to say at one point: "It's a good thing for people to find out that there's something bigger than they are, or than anything they can make. That fact is the basis of the idea of a God. These"—namely the people of New York—"are getting to be a godless people." No one will complain that the novelist's way of rousing the city is not drastic. Malachi McCarthy, the political boss, who "quite simply at that time owned New York," receives in his office in Atlas Buildings, a mysterious wireless summons to flee the city. He defies the command, with the result that the currents of electricity are cut off in the buildings, then in the city. Next the city is reduced to absolute silence. Someone has control of the ethereal vibrations of light and of sound. Darrow is the first to realise the terrible danger should the unknown possess also the control of heat vibrations. This is proved when the Mayor and confederates are found frozen dead in the City Hall. At six o'clock utter extinction is threatened by Monsieur X.; the population are fleeing; the rival scientist's failure is complete, when suddenly Darrow produces the cause of all the mischief in the person of an old man—a crank who has made a discovery so tremendous that it must be sacrificed—sitting in the next office of the building. It is an ingenious exercise in imagination, easily read, thoroughly enjoyable, and adorned with some excellent drawings. To turn to Mr. White's other genre, "Bobby Orde" is small boy all through. We meet him disporting among the logs which it is his father's business to float down stream towards the sawmill town. By way of a printing press, an attachment to a small girl, and a break into Mrs. Owen's cake at the picnic, he graduates to a shotgun, and figures—creditably—in a murder. The philosophy of Mr. Kincaid strikes the note of the story. "Sonny, you can always be a sportsman, a sportsman does things because he likes them, Bobby—for no other reason—not for money, nor to become famous, nor even to win—and a right man does not get pleasure in doing a thing if in any way he [illegible] advantage—if *you*—not the thinking you, nor even the conscience you, but the way-down-deep-in-your-heart *you* that you can't fool nor trick nor lie to—if that you is satisfied it's all right."

From The Complete Yachtsman (*Methuen*).

THE "METEOR."
From a photograph by Beken & Son, Cowes.



From Through Holland in the "Vivette" (*Seeley*).

THE "VIVETTE" AT BEMBRIDGE.

AMONG CONGO CANNIBALS.

By JOHN H. WEEKS. With 54 Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

Mr. Weeks was stationed for thirty years as a missionary at Monsembe on the Upper Congo, and it is to be presumed, therefore, that his account of the habits, customs, religion, and laws of the Boloki tribe is as well-informed as it is entertaining and well-written. There is, however, a darker side to his narrative—the immorality and horrible social conditions prevalent among the Congo natives, caused, in Mr. Weeks' view, by the—at one time universal—custom of polygamy. Now, however, "polygamy is

From The Kara Koram and Western Himalaya
(*Constable*).

giving place to monogamy, and that means a higher morality, a purer and more self-respecting womanhood, and the introduction of a truer affection between the husband and the wife which will result in a better and more healthy home-life for the children, and will lead to the coming of a brighter day in dark, oppressed Africa." Mr. Weeks also devotes much space to a consideration of native history and folk-lore; a folk-lore that, for all its crudity, has a curious, bizarre beauty of its own. His book presents a remarkably complete picture of a people but little known. The illustrations are numerous and good.

From Trails, Trappers, and Tenderfeet in Western Canada
(*Melrose*).

"THE KIND OF COUNTRY THAT MAKES THE PACKERS CURSE." THE TRAIL NEAR TÊTE JAUNE CACHE.

From Aspects of Algeria
(*Dent*).

SAND DUNES IN THE SAHARA.

ASPECTS OF ALGERIA.

By ROY DEVEREUX. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

This is a capital general analysis of historical and contemporary conditions in Algeria. The author writes with great charm. On the practical side his discussion of the future of Islam, and the problems involved by the French Government's design of making the Arabs trained soldiers, are the most important. In speaking of the "renascence of Turkey" he is either too late or too soon. He quotes an estimate that at least a fourth of the 11,500,000 inhabitants of that large section of West Africa within the French sphere of influence have already been converted to Islam, whose tenets are more comprehensible to the savage than those of Christianity. It is looking far ahead to think of such a consolidation of the Islamic races into separate nationalities as would result in the expulsion of the French from Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco. But should that happen, he is probably right in saying British tutelage of Egypt could not continue. "European domination of Northern Africa will stand or fall as a whole." There is an interesting description of the republic of seven cities on the fringe of the Sahara called the M'Zab. The Arabs declare that while it takes two of them to outwit a Jew, two Jews have little chance of outwitting a Mozabite. France's Northern Dependency is frightfully expensive, judged by British standards. It has cost her at least £160,000,000. Mr. Devereux tells of the beautiful and varied scenery and excellent roads. But one or two first-class hotels are wanted before Algiers can hope to surpass the charms of the Nile or of the Côte d'Azur.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE BUSH.

By P. Amaury Talbot. With 122 Illustrations, 2 Insets, and about 60 Text Drawings. 18s. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Talbot has spent some five years among the Ekoi, a Nigerian tribe whose country is situate in Southern Nigeria, on the borders of the German territory of Cameroon. It is of this remarkable, and in many ways lovable, people that he treats in "In the Shadow of the Bush." This is no ordinary collection of traveller's yarns, but an extremely close and detailed study of every aspect of the life of the Ekoi. A considerable portion of the book has been taken from the lips of the natives themselves — expressions of their superstitions and beliefs, tales of personal experiences, and in particular their folk-lore. This all gives to the book a lightness and *vraisemblance* which is sadly lacking in most works of the kind. Mr. Talbot deserves the gratitude of the public for this fine record of a rapidly changing people. The illustrations are liberal and excellent.

From In the Shadow of the Bush (*Heinemann*).

FALLS AT THE SOURCE OF THE IKPAN RIVER.

IN THE AMAZON JUNGLE.

By Algot Lange. 10s. 6d. net. (Putnam's.)

Mr. Lange's book describes his adventures on the headwaters of the Amazon, including a strange sojourn among cannibals, whose guest he was, and who treated him with amazing courtesy, hospitality and kindness. His travels were in the region of the Javary River, just between Brazil and Peru, a vile country, swampy, the forest growth rank and dense, and in times of high water the whole basin is inundated. One of the two most interesting things in the book is his description of the sucurujù, the giant anaconda, which lives to a great age and reaches a tremendous size. Mr. Lange claims to have shot one fifty-six feet long; it is a pity he did not include its photograph among the many excellent pictures used to illustrate his book. However, he got the skin home to New York, where, dried and shrunken a little, it measures fifty-four feet eight inches in length.

From The South Pole—Captain Amundsen's book, which has just been published by Mr. John Murray.

From Sport in Five Continents (*Blackwood*).

GRIZZLY, ROCKIES, CANADA.

The other is his tale of the Mangeromes, the cannibal tribe with whom he lived for some time, their habits, weapons, manners and customs, including an account in detail of the way in which the famous wourabli poison is prepared; and the tale of a desperate battle between the tribe and a band of half-castes who were attacking them to steal their women. The tribe conquered, and had the spoils in the shape of a stew. Mr. Lange's book contains these two novelties which are sufficient excuse for publishing it even if there were no other reasons.

A COLONY IN THE MAKING:

Or Sport and Profit in British East Africa. By LORD CRANWORTH. 12s. net. Illustrated. (Macmillan.)

Lord Cranworth urges that British East Africa is in some respects the most peculiar of the King's dominions, because within a comparatively small area it embraces so much variety: in the way of climate, soil, human inhabitants, fauna, flora, and, finally, possibilities for British enterprise. As to the system of government, he submits that the Protectorate at the present day subsists mainly on faith and hope. The principal ground of complaint lies, in his own words, in "the quantity of cooks who contrive to spoil the flavour of so excellent a soup." According to his lordship it is extremely difficult to get a quick, definite answer to any question or complaint through the long chain of links which separate the settler from the Colonial Office. He devotes a special chapter to settlers and officials. He considers interests as diverse as pigs, cattle, ostriches, big game, labour, crops, education, and the Uganda railway. Local politics and pastimes also come within the scope of his survey. Indeed he apparently determined to take the Protectorate with a business seriousness and thoroughness. To certain types of readers the book will be a surprising and engaging revelation as to the plain and practical things that a man who does not pretend to be a business man can notice. Here and there is an acceptable touch of airiness. Apart from his lordship's varied work there is a chapter by Lady Cranworth, giving "Hints for a Woman in British East Africa."

THE VELDT DWELLERS.

By F. BANCROFT. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Bancroft's "Of Like Passions" was a sound and clever study of the colour peril in South Africa, but "The Veldt Dwellers" is a considerable advance on his earlier work. It is a treatment of the racial question during the last Boer War. The brothers Brandon, Thane and George, are devoted to each other, but their sympathies are not akin. Their home is in the Transvaal, where they have been born; but while the outbreak of war brings no difficulties to Thane, whose sympathies are entirely with the English, for whom he fights, the more conscientious George is placed in a far more difficult position. The Transvaal, after all, is his country, and he has no quarrel with the Boers. Finally it is to them that he determines to give what assistance he can, on the proviso that he is not required to take part in battle. On this theme Mr. Bancroft has built a novel of tragic power and intensity. "The Veldt Dwellers" is well and conscientiously written, and it contains several striking portraits —both male and female—of South African types. It should be read by everybody who takes an interest in the literature of Greater Britain.

From In the Amazon Jungle (*Putnam's*).

FOREST INTERIOR. THE GLOOM THAT PERVADES THESE IMMENSE AND WONDERFUL WOODS.

THE BROWNS.

By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The Browns belonged to a class the nation is getting rid of, but which it will miss, whatever comes instead: this the author tells after delightful pictures of every-day folk, with their big and little trials, their small joys and many sorrows. Margaret Brown is more attractive, because of her accepted place amongst us all, than she would be as a striking heroine of impossible fiction. Her natural impatience with an unjust Fate, which compels her mother and herself to live in poverty, provokes the impetuous action of throwing her Cousin Rebecca's will into the fire, before the astonished gaze of the old lady. Miss Brown's intention to disinherit this hot-headed relative and her mother is frustrated, however, by her timely death before another will is made, and we enjoy seeing the weight of poverty lifted, and revel with these happy possessors of the munificent income of two hundred pounds a year. What wonders it was able to do! But Margaret's conscience is sorely troubled when the dispossessed young man cousin makes his appearance and announces his intention of starting in business at Flodmouth. When she discovers, too, how he is striving to save his small capital for his new enterprise, by living in the most meagre fashion and carrying it off with a debonnair bearing, her trouble increases. But the author must be left to tell the story in her own simple way, for, despite the almost provoking femininity of the book, it is so refreshing and straightforward that we could only lay it down with a hope that the next work from this author may not be long coming. "Down our Street" made her name, and "The Browns" will help to perpetuate it.

THE LIGHTED WAY.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim is irresistible. Pick him up and you lose all sense of time. His pen drips with mystery on mystery, and, try how you will, in the end it is he—not you—who provides the solution. He is a baffling conjurer who can squeeze mystery out of anything from a precious stone to a cheesemonger. Who indeed but Mr. Oppenheim would have scented mystery in the prosaic Mr. Samuel Weatherley, the wholesale provision merchant, of Tooley Street, London? Yet the reader of "The Lighted Way"

From The Feet of the Furtive (*Ward, Lock*).

"AT LAST ONE ALIGHTED WITHIN A COUPLE OF FEET OF HIS VERY MUZZLE."

From A Colony in the Making (*Macmillan.*)

A TYPICAL CAMP.
By permission of Messrs. Newland, Tarlton & Co.

From To Mesopotamia and Kurdistan in Disguise (*Murray*).

A JAF CHIEFTAIN, S. KURDISTAN.

who accompanies young Arnold Chetwode, a humble clerk in Mr. Weatherley's counting-house, on a polite mission to his employer's house at Hampstead, will find himself immediately on the fringe of a great mystery. For if the provision merchant suggests the prosaic, an atmosphere at once fascinating and sinister surrounds his beautiful wife and her cosmopolitan circle—an atmosphere which is speedily electrified by a startling murder. Love and mystery are interwoven with Mr. Oppenheim's usual cunning, and it is safe to say that the reader of "The Lighted Way" will know no peace of mind until the final page is reached.

From A Wanderer in Florence (*Methuen*).

Reviewed in this month's BOOKMAN.

TO MESOPOTAMIA AND KURDISTAN IN DISGUISE.

By E. B. SOANE. With 6 Illustrations and a Map. 12s. net. (Murray.)

Mr. Soane's route on his recent adventurous journey took him from Constantinople, *via* Beyrout and Aleppo to Hierapolis, whence he made his way to Diarbekr on the Tigris, and followed the valley of that stream as far south as Mosul. At this town he forsook the regular track, and made his way in a south-easterly direction to the Persian frontier, returning thence to the Tigris, and so to Bagdad and home. Seeing that the Kurds have the reputation of being one of the most cruel and treacherous races on the face of the world, it will be realized that the author took a good many risks. As a matter of fact, the treatment that he actually received was far better than he had expected, but this does not mean that he had not some awkward moments to live through. Mr. Soane also includes in his volume a considerable amount of matter dealing with the history of Kurdistan. This he claims to be entirely new, and certainly it adds appreciably to the interest of a very unusual book.

BISMYA, OR THE LOST CITY OF ADAB.

By EDGAR JAMES BANKS, Ph.D. With 174 Illustrations. 21s. net. (Putnam's.)

THE AUTHOR AS AN ARAB. *From* Bismya (*Putnam's*).

In almost the exact centre of Mesopotamia lies Bismya, the site of the lost city of Adab, the spot which Dr. Banks selected for the excavations which began on Christmas Day, 1903. He was phenomenally successful. "The lost city of Adab was found; a perfect marble statue of King Daudu, the oldest statue in the world, was unearthed; names of forgotten kings and rulers were restored to history; questions long puzzling to the historian and to the archæologist have been answered, and others have been presented to them to solve." A popular account of the excavations, together with one of Dr. Banks's travels and adventures in Mesopotamia, is now presented to the general reading-public in this fine volume, which nobody with any soul for romance can read without a thrill. The illustrations are of extraordinary interest and include three representations of the remarkable statue.

MEN AND MANNERS OF MODERN CHINA.

By J. MACGOWAN. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Rev. J. MacGowan shows in "Men and Manners of Modern China" a ripe knowledge of, and abounding sympathy with, the interesting people who, before Germany built a Dreadnought, were regarded by the patriots who tremble as the Yellow Peril. The folly of such bogey-building in connection with the Chinese has now been proved. We know them better. Their writings, philosophy, and poetry have been searched, translated, and studied; the character and circumstances of the people have been described by all manner of pens, so that, with their qualities and faults, they may be estimated truly. Mr. MacGowan, having spent fifty observant years in China, helps to that better understanding. His book is entertaining and comprehensive. The chief defect is a shocking bad index. He writes with pleasant humour, and on the

From Arabic Spain (*Smith, Elder*).

THE VIRGIN OF ROCAMADOR, CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, SEVILLE,
a mural painting over eight feet high. Mozarabic, renovated with additions about the fifteenth century, but the original outlines respected.

whole praises warmly a remarkable congeries of nations, as modern China may fairly be called. The day of that people has been long, and it will continue. No nation under the sky can be said to have a more hopeful prospect than the present-day Chinese, who have realised a miracle by stopping the cultivation of the opium-poppy. It was the flower of death; its evil was everywhere; so they abolished it. What country cursed with drunkenness could so thoroughly have eradicated the evil?

WANDERINGS ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.

By FREDERIC LEES. 7s. 6d. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

The author is least happy in his preface, where he talks of "cultured travellers," surely a very vile phrase! But when he once sets out on his wanderings with a friend who was an antiquary in search of curios, he writes a pleasant book, and illustrates it with well chosen photographs. He shows us an ancient winding stony mule track up the heights seen in a flood of golden light at sunset; feudal castles, and a rocky valley. We see the chapel at Lampedusa rising from amidst the olives and cypress trees, over against Taggia where Ruffini lived; Ruffini who wrote English books, "Doctor Antonio" and others, popular in their day; Ruffini of the family of Italian patriots and of the country of Mazzini. Our author does not talk about Mazzini, but he gives us a photograph of the villa at Genoa where Dickens lived, and which he described as "a kind of Pink Jail." It was a prison house of different association from the jails of Ruffini and Mazzini. We have a picture, however, of a villa mournful enough in its association; of the haunted house by San Terenzo, where, "with the sound of the sea in our ears" we read the inscription upon a marble tablet under its wreath of laurels: "Here Mary Godwin waited with tearful anxiety for Percy Bysshe Shelley, who sailing from Leghorn in his frail boat was borne to the silence of the Elysian islands."

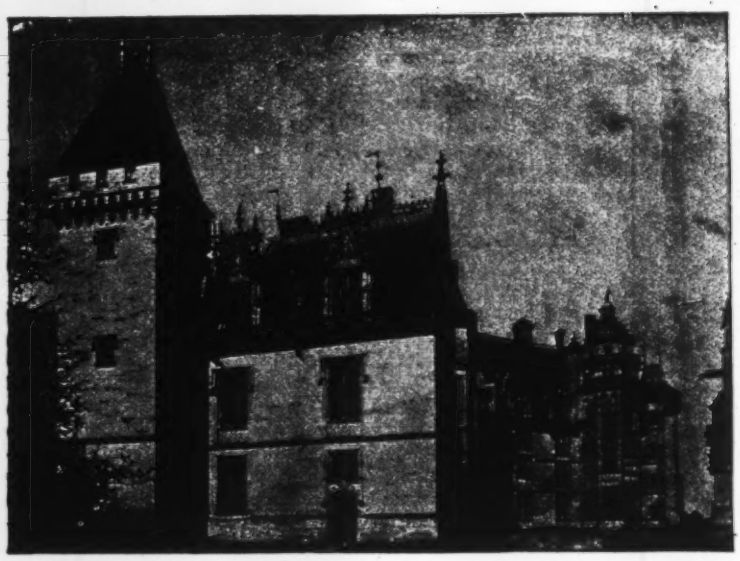
ARABIC SPAIN.

By BERNHARD and ELLEN M. WHISHAW. 10s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder.)

The modesty, industry, and devotion of Mr. and Mrs. Whishaw are to be highly commended. Their book is an effort to elucidate points and problems in the history and art of Seville under the Moslems. The real story of Moslem Spain, as they point out, has yet to be written. They lament their ignorance of Arabic, a knowledge of which is manifestly essential for the finished performances of such work as they have undertaken. They have had, however, the advantage of a long residence in Seville and an intimate acquaintance with places, personalities and interests inaccessible to Spanish visitors and tourists. They have collected and presented some exceedingly interesting material. Some of the conclusions can only be regarded as tentative, several points are still uncertain or confusing, but sections of the historic lore and not a little of the artistic revelation are suggestive and valuable. The chapter entitled "Egypt and the Church in Seville" is specially attractive, and we would be grateful for a more elaborate treatment of that subject and kindred ones. The authors are more appreciable pioneers than they realise, notwithstanding all their drawbacks, and difficulties.

From Men and Manners of Modern China (*Unwin*).

A PRIEST IN THE COURTYARD OF THE "WHITE DEER" TEMPLE.



From The Romance of the French Châteaux (*Putnam's*).

CHÂTEAU OF MEILLANT (*By permission of Neurdein, Paris*).

A MODERN PILGRIM IN MECCA.

By A. J. B. WAVELL, F.R.G.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Wavell's remarkable book is divided into two portions of almost equal length and general interest—the first of which describes his pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca in the winter of 1908–9, while the second introduces him two years later as one of the two Europeans who went through the siege of Sanaa, the most important, indeed the only, inland city of South-West Arabia. Of these two portions we imagine that the general reader will most probably prefer the first, but in many respects the experiences dealt with in the second portion were even more remarkable. Mr. Wavell was accompanied to Mecca by two Mohammedan friends, an Arab, Abdul Wahid, and a Mombasa Swahili name Masaudi. He accomplished his purpose with scarcely a hitch in his arrangements, but we are inclined to think that he somewhat underrates the difficulties of making the pilgrimage. He believes that anyone entering the country in disguise at the pilgrimage season and possessed of "a passable knowledge of Arabic and Moslem ceremonial, and proper vigilance," may make the pilgrimage to Mecca without running any risk worth mentioning. "Medina is much the more dangerous place of the two, and no traveller should adventure himself there who is not very thoroughly at home in his Oriental character. From what I have since heard I am disposed to attribute our escape to a series of happy chances rather than to good management on my own part." The author journeyed to Sanaa in his European character, which possibly accounts for the interest taken in him by the Turkish authorities, who restricted his freedom of movement from the moment of his landing at Hodeidah. It would, however, have been impossible as a native to take with him the scientific outfit made necessary by his projected journey through unexplored portions of Southern Arabia. This journey of exploration never came off; it was effectively blocked by the Turkish forces in the siege of Sanaa by a force of about 150,000 Arabs. This expedition, in fact, was a failure, it "had accomplished nothing whatever, cost a great deal, and entailed a fearful waste of time," but, the author reflects, "at any rate we had had a run for our money." It also gave him the material for some of the most exciting incidents in the book. Mr. Wavell may be warmly congratulated on the highly attractive manner in which he puts the account of his experiences before the reader. While primarily a traveller, he possesses powers of literary observation and description of a very high order. For its force, its interest, and its humour, "A Modern Pilgrimage to Mecca" must take a place in the front rank of modern travel-books.

THE ROMANCE OF BAYARD.

By Lieut.-Col. HAGGARD. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

It is rather surprising that a writer of historical romance should find so good a subject practically untouched as Lieutenant-Colonel Haggard has done "The Romance of Bayard." Colonel Haggard gets briskly to work with a lively description of the joustings and intrigues at The Field of the Cloth of Gold. The spirited nature of the romance may be gathered from the fact that his second chapter describes a vigorous wrestling match between Francis I. and Henry VIII.; in the middle of which historic "mill" the redoubtable Chevalier makes his entrance into the story. Great names star the pages—Henry, Wolsey, Margaret of Navarre, and her very arch maid-of-honour, Anne Boleyn. The hero of a hundred fights loses his heart to the merry author of the Heptameron, the reading of which collection naturally causes some humorous compunctions to the Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. But the Bayard was clearly not destined for the life domestic, and Colonel Haggard's story comes to a dramatic conclusion with the death of the Chevalier on the field of battle as Margaret apprcaches with the Papal missive dissolving the hateful marriage that had kept them apart. Readers who have no finnicking objections to a liberal use of Wardour Street English will find few pages to skip.

From Wanderings on the Italian Riviera (*Pitman*).

MONTEROSSO AL MARE, NEAR SPEZZIA.

THE LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

By ROMAIN ROLLAND. Translated from the French by Frederic Lees. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

From The Gateway of Scotland (*Constable*).

KELSO BRIDGE.

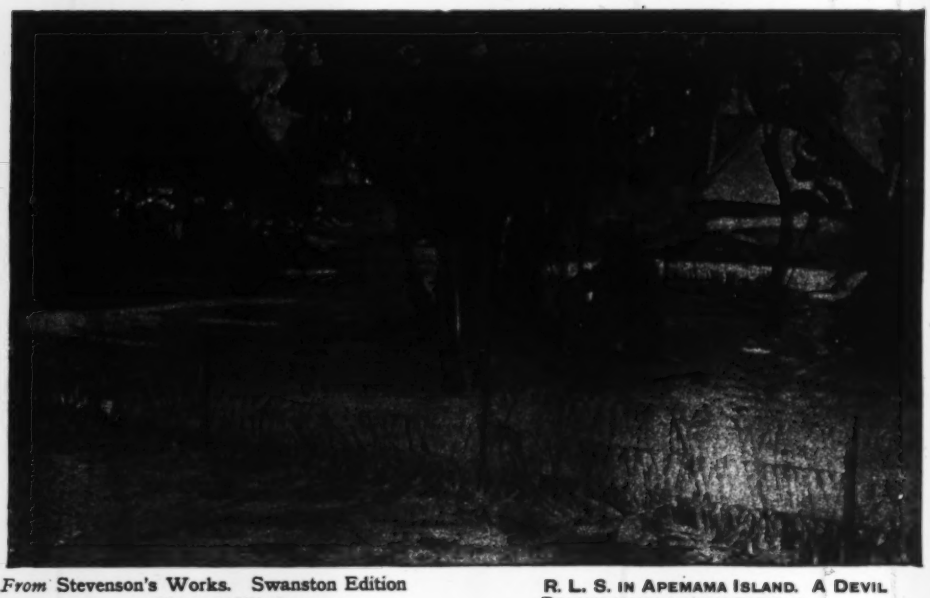
Emerson wrote that Michael Angelo had "a sad sour time of it." The words might have been the text for this vivid biography of the great Florentine. A highly cultured aristocrat, he was the prey of genius and grew to find a bitter pleasure in pain. He loved, but was not loved in return. Looking upon Vittoria Colonna dead, he was distressed to think he had not kissed her forehead and her face, as he had kissed her hand. He kept fowls and cats. Invited out by his friend Giannotti, he replied: "You are all so highly gifted that if I accepted your invitation I should lose my liberty," meaning that his admiration for them would disturb his own equilibrium. Again: "When a man is so formed by nature and education that he hates ceremonies and despises hypocrisy it is senseless not to let him live as he likes. If he asks you for nothing and does not seek your society, why do you seek his?" Truly, it is not a happy life; yet M. Rolland, having set out to present a tragedy of innate suffering, perhaps overdoes the note. The painting of the Sistine Chapel occupied the years 1508–12, and here we see, says the author, the legendary Michael Angelo, "he whose majestic image is and ought to remain engraved on the memory of humanity." Pope Julius II. threatened to have him thrown from the top of the scaffolding during the progress of the work. The haughty Michael Angelo must indeed have been trying. Yet for all of his temperament the advice of Clement VII. is as wholesome to-day as when it was tendered—not to overwork himself, to show restraint, to work at his ease, to take a walk now and then. His pride of race; his filial forbearance; his constant kindness to the unfortunate, are traits of character M. Rolland's copiously annotated pages do bring out. We remember, too, that the old man who, when his nephew's baby died, wanted the parents to rejoice, and who wrote that "Death is not, as people believe, the worst thing, for the last day is the first—the eternal day—near to the throne of God," was good Christian enough

From Trails, Trappers, and Tenderfeet in Western Canada (*Melrose*).

PACKHORSES TAKING A FORD.

From In Jesuit Land (*Stanley Paul*).

OLD JESUIT BATH, APOSTOLES.



From Stevenson's Works. Swanston Edition (*Chatto & Windus*).
Reviewed by Neil Munro in the November BOOKMAN.

R. L. S. IN APEMAMA ISLAND. A DEVIL PRIEST MAKING INCANTATIONS.

to regard prayer as more efficacious than all the medicines of the world. Little as he enjoyed life, his physical constitution was of the hardiest. At eighty-five he is on horseback, and a year later sits for three hours with naked feet, drawing.

THE ARABS IN TRIPOLI.

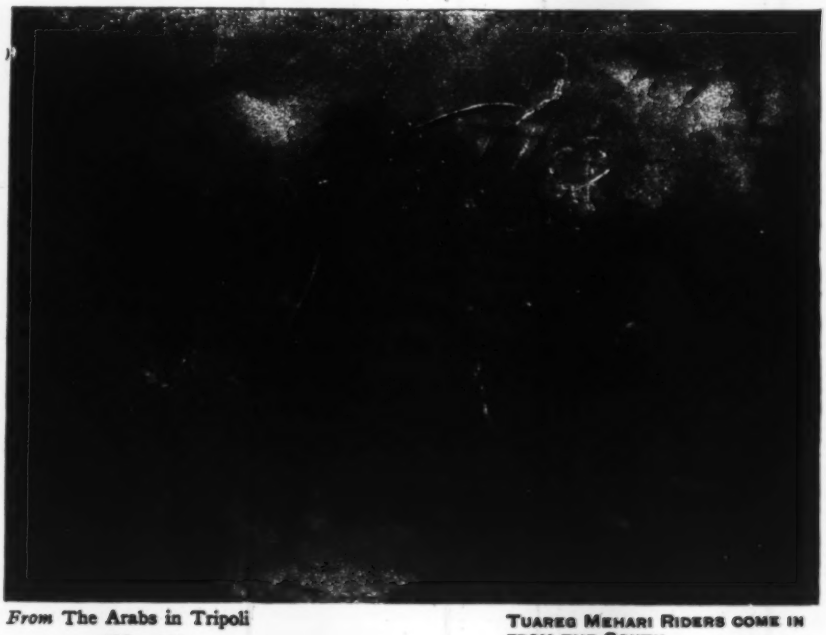
By ALAN OSTLER. With 8 Illustrations by H. Sepping Wright. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

Mr. Alan Ostler's avowed purpose is not to present a study of the recent Tripolitan war, but to afford the reader a picture of a strange people in their natural surroundings. He has, he tells us, spent several years among the Arabs—a fact which is obvious from the many vivid and effective touches in which the book abounds, and which could not have been supplied by a merely superficial observer. War is apparently a natural state with the untamed Arab of the interior of Northern Africa, and the sentiment is echoed in the last words of the book: "Ibrahim, the pallid young Spahi interpreter, came up and stood beside me, looking across the desert towards Tripoli. 'Well, Ibrahim,' I said, 'what do you think will be the end of it all over there?' The Spahi smiled quietly, looking down at the host of his untamed brothers marching by their camels. 'No end, monsieur,' he answered, 'Only war; always war.'" Mr. Ostler's is one of the most remarkable revelations of Oriental character we have ever come across.

WOMAN AND WOMANHOOD.

By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S.E., Ch.B., F.Z.S. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

Dr. Saleeby's book, whatever its merits or demerits, scarcely justifies its sub-title, "A Search For Principles." Here is no "search" for anything; rather is it a direct statement of convictions. On many subjects, but particularly on those of eugenics and alcohol, only one side is presented, and that with unqualified emphasis. This feature of the book has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. Perhaps the chief disadvantage is that this method, while it is calculated to hearten the convinced, will scarcely convert the opposition. Dr. Saleeby, in fact, has much of the professional manner, presenting the results of his wide reading and serious reflection with a certain categorical definiteness even on questions that cannot by any means be said not to be still *sub judice*. On the other hand it is a rare pleasure to encounter clear and definite statement, and that Dr. Saleeby's contentions make for national welfare and progress there can be no manner of doubt. His evident sincerity and earnestness easily counterbalance the one-sided aspect of his method of dialectic. And now for a brief survey of the contents of an interesting and essentially valuable book. The best chapters are those which may be called the most practical, under which heading we would include his discussion of "The Physical Training of Girls," "The Higher Education of Women," "Education for Motherhood," "The Marriage Age," "The Conditions of Divorce," "Women and Economics." On all these important subjects Dr. Saleeby writes frankly and acutely, a combination of qualities that marks his book off sharply from an ever-growing and not always too judicious a literature on these subjects. And these same qualities are seen, perhaps to even greater advantage, in his more unconventional treatment of such a topic as "The Price of Prudery." It is obvious that much of the area covered by Dr. Saleeby is a region coated with thin ice. He is to be certainly congratulated on the skilfulness of his skating.



From The Arabs in Tripoli (*Murray*).

TUAREG MEHARI RIDERS COME IN FROM THE SOUTH.

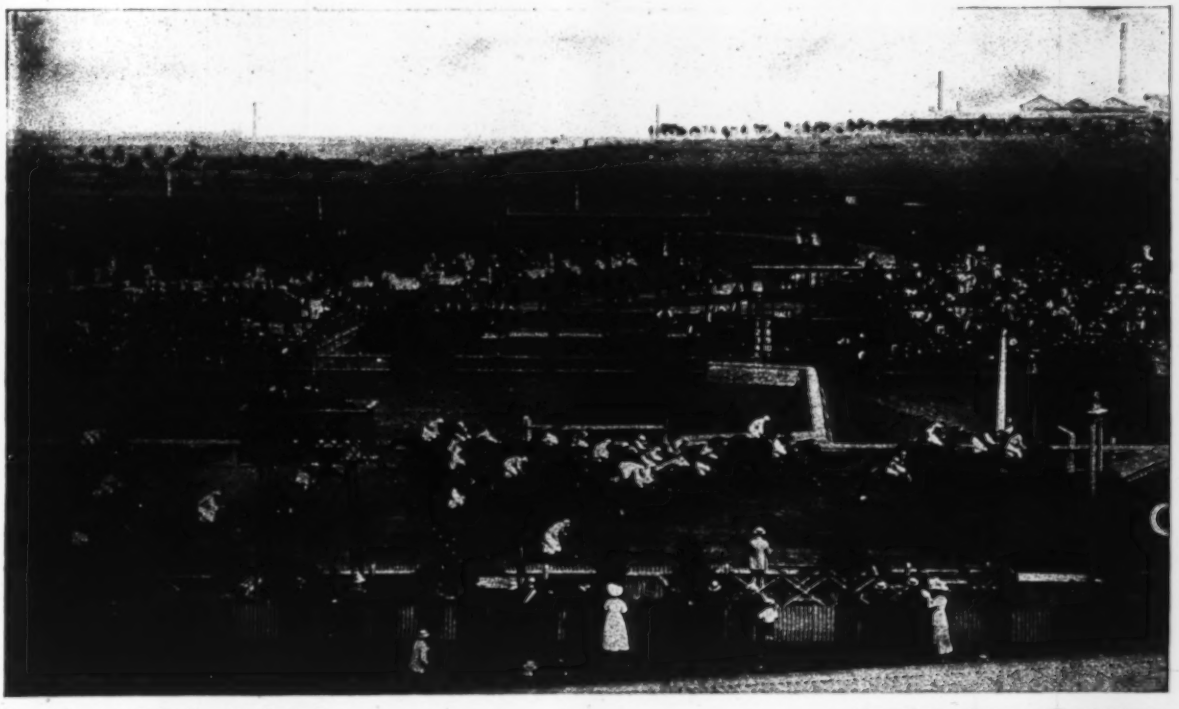
"THY ROD AND THY STAFF."

By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

From In French Africa
(*Chapman & Hall.*)

TLEMCEN: A STREET SCENE.

Mr. Benson has entered the confessional. He now says what some of his critics have been saying about him for some time past. "I had done my old work in a pretentious spirit, not exactly for show, but certainly for effect. I had tried to satisfy my enjoyment and my vanity alike. . . . I had loved ease and comfort, money and dignity, friendship and culture. . . . I thought that I was doing a fine, unworldly thing to seek a retirement in the prime of life." In his book "Beside Still Waters" he had meant, though not consciously, "to draw a charming picture of contemplative seclusion and to arouse the envy of the hustled and hurried." The confession will be read with mixed feelings. How far the author may be conscious of it is uncertain; but he remains introspective. He still offers to a busy world the picture of one peculiarly favoured. He is, after all, but Hecuba to the majority; and few will weep with or over him. His illness, during which for nearly three years he was a victim of neurasthenia, is not of a kind to extract sympathy—except from those who have passed through a similar trial. He was able to travel, he still had friends. His bank balance accumulated. He was left with almost the only kind of work that he could do. None but those who have lost the savour for the good things that surround them can have more than a faint idea of the effects of the illness to which Mr. Benson refers: the perpetual desire for rest on any terms, even on terms of death itself. To those not so fortunately placed as was the essayist it means dire failure to the last degree. His advice that in such circumstances any sort of excitement or distraction should be avoided is counsel of perfection. But it would be unfair to take up the attitude of Charlotte to Werther in this matter. There is a lesson for all in this book, as well as the recreative charm afforded by the skilful use of a literary faculty of no mean kind. Mr. Benson has brought out of the valley of humiliation a message. This message concerns man's relations with his fellow man and with his Maker. But the message must be read carefully. Isolated passages, cut off from their context, even in hurried reading and unconsciously, would sadly misrepresent the author's meaning. Put in a sentence, the message may be interpreted in the words of the catechism: to love God with heart, soul, and strength; and one's neighbour as oneself. One of the most valuable sentences in the book, reminding us of the words addressed by a famous Magdalen professor to a young Divinity student, is this: "I read the Gospel afresh, almost as a new book, and a mist seemed to clear away from my eyes." In another sentence self-revelation stands out clearly: "I



From Sport and Pastime in Australia
(*Methuen*)

FINISH OF A RACE AT FLEMINGTON.
The horses are shown passing the judges' box

have learnt by experience that it is not good to be much alone, but I have not learnt not to enjoy solitude." It is to be hoped that the readers of Mr. Benson's earlier books will not have been so enamoured of their gracious style as to be deluded into the neurasthenia their writing encouraged in their author. In any case the readers referred to should lose no time in taking the antidote Mr. Benson now offers them.

From A Winter Holiday in Portugal (*Stanley Paul*).

THE CHURCH OF THE ORDER OF CHRIST, THOMAR.

THE UNDER TRAIL.

By ANNA ALICE CHAPIN. 6s. (Pitman.)

In Juliet Gray, the heroine of this vigorous American story, we meet no helpless gossamer maid, but a thoroughly capable and business-like nurse, whose professional keenness combined with a rare beauty sweeps her into a veritable mountain torrent of adventure. The Under Trail itself is a secret underground passage through a wild mountain range in West Virginia. "A dozen paces to the left of the laurel clump. Not ten men know, and, once you make it, God Himself has to look twice to find you!" These words, spoken by Nat Mooney, a delirious patient, one of a rude colony of road-makers dwelling on Liberty Ridge, give Nurse Juliet the clue to the Under Trail, where Derry Blake, the man who has shot Mooney, lies concealed. If her patient dies Juliet knows that Derry will swing for it—and Derry is the man she loves. If, on the other hand, he pulls through, Mooney has sworn to have Derry's life. Such is the situation which faces Juliet, a situation complicated and made more perilous by other love-ties binding both Derry and herself. Frankly melodramatic in parts, there is no lack of action in "The Under Trail," the remote mountainous setting of the story enabling the author to introduce an interesting gallery of characters, and incidentally to give a decidedly "creepy" account of a "voodoo celebration" in a negro's shanty.

From Through the Heart of Africa (*Constable*).

THE COMMUNITY OF BLACK NUNS.

PAUL BURDON.

By Sir WILLIAM MAGNAY, Bart. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Paul Burdon is not, at the outset, an attractive person. Things have gone badly with his farm, and he has lost nearly every farthing of his money, when Chance throws in his way a bag full of money and easily negotiable securities. He annexes the bag and contrives to fix the suspicion of a supposed murder upon the only man who can suspect him. After that all goes well with Paul Burdon; his speculations flourish, he returns the money he has "borrowed," and becomes a highly respectable citizen, a J.P., and a considerable landowner—a wealthy man, in fact. And then the man who suspects him returns from America, where he too has made money. Rumours begin to spread. How, in the first instance, did Paul Burdon raise the capital wherewith to speculate? What really happened to the owner of the bag? It says much for the hero's strength of character that he refuses to be blackmailed, and that he continues to face the world apparently undismayed. Sir William Magnay has done very well with his "strong man," for Paul Burdon is a convincing figure. The book contains, perhaps, less excitement than the author's admirers are accustomed to expect in his novels, but it has several dramatic moments, and the story as a whole is carefully and cleverly worked out.

From In the Footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion (*Stanley Paul*).

ROUEN CATHEDRAL
(where Richard's heart was buried).

HOFF AN'S CHANCE.

By WILLIAM CAINE. 6s. (John Lane.)

We gather that Mr. William Caine has crowded a great deal of personal experience into his new novel, which has Stageland for its setting and deals with the birth and death of a would-be comic opera. Hoffman has considerable musical talent and great ambitions, but no money. He has dreams of writing a comic opera—not a musical comedy, but the genuine article—which shall take London by storm; but the Ring is impregnable, his ability avails him nothing. Enter Hoffman's "Chance" in the shape of Bertram Orde, a wealthy young bachelor with a weakness for amateur theatricals and a talent for writing stuff "good enough for the blue pencil." Hoffman seizes his chance, flatters the young author-capitalist, and the two co-operate to write "The Conspiracy at Capri," Orde agreeing to finance a West-End production. Here, indeed, is the chance of a lifetime, and Hoffman flings himself at it headlong, working furiously and unceasingly. Mr. Caine then proceeds to demonstrate with very intimate touches the difficulties and obstacles which beset the writer of comic opera who is dependent on other people's money for his production. Very soon Hoffman finds his opera perverted into a musical comedy, and the piece is shockingly mutilated to provide an entirely irrelevant part for a favourite of Orde's. This favourite is the altogether amazing daughter of an altogether amazing father, and their eccentricities are quite in Mr. Caine's funniest vein. "Hoffman's Chance" gives one a memorable picture of musical comedy in the making—and breaking.

DARNELEY PLACE.

By RICHARD BAGOT. 6s. (Methuen.)

Hypnotism and spiritualism are enough to spoil any novel. "Trilby" did succeed in spite of the former, but "Trilby" was the exception, and Mr. Bagot, in allowing spiritualistic motives to affect his characters has not added to the reality and interest of his story. The Sicilian vendetta would have borne development better than the somewhat elusive and roundabout influence of the spirit-world after two generations. Still, there are pretty pieces of Italian life. Now that Mr. Marion Crawford is dead, Mr. Bagot has this field to himself, and he manages even a cardinal in the present novel without making him more than sympathetic, privately, with ideas frowned on by the Curia. An Italian professor tells this cardinal incidentally that he objects to "wade through pages of amatory silliness in novels which might otherwise be interesting." Mr. Bagot has evidently had this warning before his mind, for the novel has more breadth and atmosphere than usual. It is not anti-papal or anti-anything. The incidents, beyond a ghastly murder at the end, are neither sensational nor amorous. On the other hand, the story is rather long, and there is not enough humour to relieve the descriptions and dialogues.

THE NEW BOOK OF GOLF.

Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson. Illustrated by Photographs. 6s. net. (Longmans.)

Golf, a game as old and as persistent as Scottish pride, familiar as the Scot all over the earth, and perhaps as difficult to understand and to master, but withal perennially fascinating, makes an insistent claim upon the novice and

From Japan As I Saw it (*Jarrold*).

MOTHER AND CHILD.
(After a sketch by G. Bigot).

the expert. There must be a pretty considerable library on the subject of this pastime; but there will always be a demand for books that profess to tell one how to play it. One recalls several more or less recent works with this particular claim; but it may be said at once that in workmanship and in price the volume before us is a formidable rival in the field. The name of the editor counts for much, and his "team" of contributors have much to recommend them. Mr. A. C. M. Croome, a professional instructor of youth, is responsible for the prologue, wherein the young idea is counselled "How to Learn." Mr. Bernard Darwin supplies clear instruction of the needed elementary kind on driving, the proper use of the clubs, and the things to avoid. Mr. J. Sherlock treats of the game from the professional point of view, touching also on the important subject of temperament. Mr. C. K. Hutchinson assures us that the definition of genius as the possession of an infinite capacity for taking pains is at least happily applicable to the genius at golf. And Mrs. Ross (née Hezlet) contributes an excellent guide to the game from the ladies' standpoint. There are nearly seventy photographs, photographs of well-known players, and photographs of players in position, from which the novice should gather many a hint that will enforce the lessons in the text.

WOMAN IN MODERN SOCIETY.

By Professor Earl Barnes. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

WOMAN AND TO-MORROW.

By W. L. George. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

The arguments for woman's suffrage have rarely been marshalled with greater skill or presented with more force, sanity and earnestness than they are in these two books. Professor Barnes is well known as an American educationalist; Mr. W. L. George as an English novelist and sociologist; each writes with special knowledge of his subject, in a spirit that is at once judicial and broadly human, and each comes to the same conclusion, that there is no reasonable ground on which woman's claim to an equal share in the government of her country can be opposed; that the doors which usage and convention have locked against her must, in simple justice and right, be thrown open; that in a word, whatever the selfish, the old-fashioned, the timid, the complacently tyrannical may say to the contrary, the triumph of feminism is a foregone conclusion. And they see that its triumph will not only do away with "a great source of dangerous sex antagonism," but the influence of women actively exerted in public affairs will widen the minds, strengthen the weaknesses of women themselves and be wholly humanising and civilising. It is absurd to say that women take no interest in politics or public life. Men would take no interest in them either, if they had no vote, were allowed no share in the ruling of themselves and their fellows, were merely compelled to sit meekly aside and accept arbitrary laws and rules in whose shaping they had no voice. Speaking for the feminists, Mr. George says: "We are not content with the more or less sterile products of the ballot box; we wish to arrive at a state when the differences between men and women will be reduced to sexual differences, because those alone are natural. . . . We do not think it material that girls should learn engineering, but we do wish to attain a social condition where no one will be surprised because they learn engineering. We attach far more value to the formation of character than to knowledge they may acquire." If women are petty, vain, dishonourable, he urges: "it is because everything that could be done to develop those traits in them has been done;" for "woman has had no opportunity in the feminist sense since the intellectual life of the world began." Men and women are not alike, as Professor Barnes has it, "but they are perfectly supplementary," and each will "achieve greatest freedom and happiness, not by minimising sex differences, but by frankly recognising them and using them." Man does not like surrendering the supremacy he has so long arrogated to himself, but no just person can thoughtfully weigh the case against him, as Mr. George and Professor Barnes state it, without feeling that he is in the wrong and that the time has come for woman to be his partner and not his servant. These are two timely, significant and altogether admirable books.

From Republican France (*Holden & Hardingham*). MARSHAL MACMAHON.

From The New Book of Golf (*Longmans*). PUTTING. HOLING OUT.

HISTORICAL VIGNETTES.

By Bernard Capes.

2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Most of these "vignettes" have been collected in book form before, but in this new and very dainty issue they should enjoy a renewal of their just success. These sketches of historical personages are among the most brilliant essays that Mr. Bernard Capes has yet given us.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

BIOGRAPHY & HISTORY

From The Diaries of William Charles Macready (*Chapman & Hall*).

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, 1850. From the bust by William Behms.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY. *

Lady Dorothy Nevill is now recognised as one of the wittiest and shrewdest observers of the long Victorian era, and the nineteenth century and after. Born in 1826, still vivacious and in every current of thought and movement of social life, she has many a good anecdote to tell, many a piece of delightful gossip, many a pungent and wise comment to make upon the men and the manners and the doings she has seen and known and been in touch with all her life. Her book "My own Times" is rambling and without form, but never void. Story follows story, we have glimpses of people of supreme interest and highest place in their day—Lady Dorothy Nevill knew and knows them all—notes upon changes in ways of living, a flick of satire to this new custom, a word of praise for another, the whole book has an air of gaiety and cheerful geniality which, taken with its keen perception, makes it fascinating reading. It is a great temptation to quote some of her

* "My Own Times." By Lady Dorothy Nevill. 15s. net. (Methuen.)
"The Romance of a Favourite." By Frédéric Loliée. 15s. net. (Constable.)
"The Irish Revolution." Vol. I. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)
"Gregory the Great." By Sir H. H. Howorth 12s. net. (Murray.)
"Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley." 6s. net. (Sampson Low & Co.)

stories, or some of her pronouncements on the changes in social life and manners, for which she always gives her reasons, and good reasons too, even when one holds an opposite opinion from hers. But we must be content with one little anecdote apropos of the behaviour of certain kinds of *nouveaux riches*.

"Talking of dinners on one occasion, and commenting upon the eccentricities of hosts, an individual of this sort said: 'For instance, only a few days ago I was dining at my friend's, the Duke of Northumberland, and there was no fish.' 'I suppose,' said a quiet voice from the other end of the table, 'it had all been eaten upstairs.'" Very neat, and very powerful, and sharp as any two-edged sword.

Lady Dorothy Nevill tells us that Madame de Castiglione "used to be called the 'silent lady' because her voice was so seldom heard." Comtesse de Castiglione is the heroine of M. Frédéric Loliée's "Romance of a Favourite," written with all the knowledge and grace that distinguish M. Loliée's books dealing with the *histoire intime* of France under the Second Empire. The lady in question was a great power in Europe while her day lasted, and in her day she was certainly one of the most surprisingly beautiful creatures ever seen. When she appeared for the first time in a box in a London theatre, quite a commotion was caused, the attention of the audience was focussed upon her and not on the stage, and men were standing everywhere on their seats the better to see the beauty. She was the wife of a Piedmontese diplomatist, whose first wife had been, it was said, hideous beyond degree. After the death of the latter, M. de Castiglione, who inherited some money, declared he would marry the most beautiful woman he could find. The Comtesse was deep in international intrigue, but after the break-up of the Empire in 1870 her day was ended. We can most of us remember how some dozen years ago she died in straitened circumstances and almost forgotten in that same Paris where, forty years ago, she had been all but a queen by virtue of her beauty and charm. And we remember the apprehensions in the highest circles in Europe lest her papers, which included carefully hoarded letters and documents containing most compromising and inflammable matter and signed with the most august and venerable names, should fall into indiscreet hands. But the whole of her story is best left with M. Loliée, who tells it with insight and sympathy.

From Christmas in Ritual and Tradition (*Unwin*).

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS. By Fouquet. (Musée Condé, Chantilly).

Mr. M. J. F. McCarthy's history of the Irish Revolution, an account of the rise and development of the present relations between England and Ireland, begins in 1877, just before the days of the Land League and terrorism. He divides the period into two parts, the first of which he calls "*the Murdering Time*," which is to be followed presently by a second volume, bringing the tale down to the second Home Rule Bill. The years dealt with in this volume are within Mr. McCarthy's own personal recollection, and he claims to be himself a child and product of this Revolution. His own recollections, supplemented by references to *Hansard*, to the newspapers of the time, and to the works devoted by other writers to this period, have furnished him with the material for a plain unvarnished story, which will be read and consulted with very great interest at this moment. The volume, of course, centres upon the great personality of Parnell, and Mr. McCarthy pays no inadequate tribute to that leader and his work. The story makes very instructive reading, the record of the Land League is very fairly displayed, and the tally of killings, woundings, and minor outrages under its sway, is an astonishing hint of the possibilities of determined lawlessness. Mr. McCarthy's book gains very much in weight and authority by the disappearance of a somewhat crude *parti pris* so immediately apparent in that very aggressive volume, "Priests and People in Ireland," and the present history will, when completed, present an admirable summary of events, and in many cases explain things that have been obscure to those not behind the scenes.

In his monograph on Pope Gregory the Great Sir Henry H. Howorth presents to us a man who exerted an immense influence in his own time, not merely from his position as Pope, but through his own inherent powers and qualities, and whose influence extended down for several centuries until the Renaissance broke through it finally. His time was the end of the sixth century, when the Empire was centred at Byzantium, when once-great Rome was reduced to a population of some forty thousand instead of the million of Augustus's days, when great public buildings were mouldering away, when grass and weeds grew in the deserted streets, when the life of Rome was denuded of every activity, of learning, of the hope of prosperity. The Lombards were in Italy, and Gregory had many conflicts with them, not always to the satisfaction of Byzantium or the Exarch in Italy. But through every trouble from without or from within Gregory held on his way, administering his charge, looking after the temporal welfare of the city and the country, establishing great principles in the Church, writing works that became and remained for many centuries the "most potent and the most read of all manuals. They formed the inspiration of the Mediæval

Church." [He sent missionaries to England, and as Sir Henry H. Howorth truly says "few men in so short a time with such a fragile life ever did so much that proved to be lasting." He was deeply opposed to the study of the ancient classical writers, and in this way led men away from the old-wise humanities to the narrow, fierce, and to some extent barren study of dogma. But he deserved the title of "great," and the author of this monograph is to be congratulated on his labours in interpreting to us a man so little considered in his relation to the civilized world and to modern Christianity.

From The Life and Letters of Frederic Shields (*Longmans*).

THE CHAPEL OF THE ASCENSION, BAYSWATER.

An edition of Stanley's Autobiography at six shillings is sure to be welcome. The great African explorer gave much to the world, and not the least gift was this portrait of himself from which we can see what manner of man he was, his beginnings, the influences that helped to shape him, the circumstances that led to his career. The actual autobiography comprises only nine chapters, after that the book is made up of personal narrative, derived from Stanley's books, lectures, letters, chiefly from hitherto unpublished writings, linked up and explained by a commentary supplied by Lady Stanley. What an inspiring record does this life present! A boyhood spent in a Welsh workhouse, ill-treated by a brutal schoolmaster, without affection, neglected and disowned by his mother, the running away, the vicissitudes and hardships that followed, the finding of America and independence, and the friend who became all the father he ever knew, even to giving him his name. Then the Civil War in America, in which he fought for the South, and was taken prisoner, to become a journalist when released. Wanderings in Europe and Western Asia fitted him for his first great task, the finding of Livingstone, and it was his time with Livingstone that turned him into an explorer, bent on discovery, not upon errands. Just what he did for Africa and civilization we are sometimes in danger of forgetting, we talk glibly of the Congo and Belgium and King Leopold, and atrocities, and fail to remember that it was Stanley who traversed that State, who created it, who begged England to make it hers and develop it, who was refused and laughed at, and who finally, failing England, gave it to Belgium, and did the first pioneer work of settlement. The map of Africa is very different in our atlases now from what it was in those of forty years ago; we know the blank it then presented, whereas now, thanks chiefly to Stanley and his followers, we have

From Christmas in Ritual and Tradition (*Unwin*).

ST. FRANCIS INSTITUTES THE "PRESEPIO" AT GRECCIO.
By Giotto. From a photo. by Alinari. (Upper Church of St. Francis, Assisi.)

From The Grandeur that was Rome.
(*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

ROMAN BRIDGE AT RIMINI.

all this great central district populous with towns and stations and known landmarks. But beyond all this record of achievement, the autobiography is interesting for what makes the success of any biography—the man we find there. Stanley conceived himself to be a man with a definite special mission, and bent all his life and his immense energy upon fulfilling it. He succeeded, and few things are more stimulating than a tale of success nobly won.

F. M. A.

THE GATEWAY OF SCOTLAND;

Or East Lothian, Lammermoor, and the Merse. By A. G. BRADLEY. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Of the making of wander-books there is no end. Mr. Bradley is a past-master of the art, and his latest production is not the least acceptable of the many volumes that now stand to his credit. It is in some respects the best of them. Are people aware of the number and variety of beauty-spots that are to be found at home and the wealth of romance that attaches to them? There seems to be need for a revival of interest in the old land, and these so informative pages cannot but help in that direction. The book deals with some of the most haunted spots in the "North Countree." For of this particular "gateway"—a picturesque phrase—it has been declared there is not a field but has its battle and not a rivulet its song. It was here that Thomas the Rhymer, "the father of Scottish poetry," flourished as early as the 13th century, and since his day the succession of seers and singers has been almost numberless. This, too, is the land of the Maitlands, the Hornes, and the Erskines, names clothed with historic glory. Greatest of all, it was the birth-place of John Knox and the home of Sir Walter Scott. To find on the map of the Merse and Lammermoor places like Earlston, Cowdenknowes (who has not heard of its "bonnie broom?") Gordon, Lander, Spottiswood, Wedderburn, Coldingham, is to feel at once the supreme significance of this "gateway." Strangely enough, Berwickshire still waits its historian, albeit it can boast of one of the oldest, and certainly one of the best, Naturalists' Clubs in the kingdom, whose Proceedings are a perfect mine of scientific and antiquarian richness. Neither had Haddington its historian till then. Mr. Bradley's book can quite well fill the niche for both counties. There is no more trustworthy guide, whose task has been made possible only after an unconscionable amount of reading and patient, studious investigation. The author has explored every inch of this extremely fascinating corner of the old Eastern March, to which some of his own earliest memories cling. Nothing has been omitted that is of any importance, and there has been restored to the light of day much old-world lore that was in danger of perishing altogether. There can be nothing but praise for the work, and to praise the literary craftsman is by no means to ignore or belittle the artistic efforts of the illustrator, whose sketches lend distinction to so notable a contribution to the literature of the open road.

PORTRAIT OF ST GREGORY IN STATE DRESS, FROM AN IVORY DIPTYCH ON A BOOK AT MONZA, PRESENTED BY HIM TO QUEEN THEODELINDA.

From St. Gregory the Great
(*Murray*).

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FREDERIC SHIELDS.

Edited by ERNESTINE MILLS. With Photogravure Portrait and 41 other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Mr. Mills has written a very able and finely sympathetic biography of one of the greatest and most interesting of the great Victorian artists. Shields outlived the Victorian era—he has been only some two years dead—but in any general classification he counts among the famous Victorians. Of his art we need say little here, for Mr. Mills has set himself to tell the story of the artist's life and work; to write a biography and not an art criticism, and he has fulfilled his task admirably. Though he was reticent and retiring and lived less in the public eye than many of his smaller contemporaries, Shields moved much in the best society of his time; he knew Ruskin, Swinburne, G. F. Watts, Noel Paton, William Morris, Rossetti, and the members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and the letters that passed between him and some of them, notably Rossetti and Madox Brown, are among the most valuable and interesting features of the volume. The greatest of

Shields' work is probably in that wonderful series of paintings on the walls of the Chapel of the Ascension at Bayswater. When the last of these noble pictures was finished, despite the interruptions of ill-health and monetary anxieties, Arthur Hughes said of them: "I think there never could have been a greater triumph of endurance and character in any date of Art's history," and Mr. Mills adds: "And this surely applies not only to his latest work, but to the whole life story of Frederic Shields"; and the whole life story as it is unfolded here amply justifies him in saying so. It is a book of real and permanent value—one of the very few enduring biographies that this year has produced.

CHRISTMAS IN RITUAL AND TRADITION.

By CLEMENT A. MILES. With Four Coloured Plates and other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Miles has set himself a fascinating task, and he has exercised it with praiseworthy industry and with an enthusiasm that will keep his readers' attention to the last page of a portly volume. The scope of the book is in reality much wider than its title might indicate. As is well known, the Christmas ritual and tradition represent the resultant of many forces, pagan and Christian, and have absorbed characteristics originally connected with other celebrations. For this reason Mr. Miles's history extends from November to Twelfth Night; and so ambitious is his survey, that he ranges from the Roman Saturnalia to the Hampstead Carnival of last year. He has succeeded in collecting and arranging a vast amount of information, and has provided a useful index, which, if it had been fuller, would have added to the value of a book that is certain to find favour as a work of reference. There is also a very useful section of bibliographical references. The only fault we have to find with the book is its attempt to embrace too much. It thus falls between the two stools of the scholarly and the popular, with the natural result that it is sometimes sketchy and fragmentary, sometimes disproportionately elaborate and unnecessarily "documented." But the most insular Briton will find abundance here of interesting lore. The Englishman may learn here the true significance of his mistletoe and plum-pudding and Christmas cards; the Scotsman of his "sowans," and Hogmanay. The illustrations are well chosen and well reproduced, and the book as a whole stands far apart from the merely pleasing compilations made for the Christmas market. It is about the Christmas season, but not of it.

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME.

By J. C. STOBART. With 95 Plates and 13 Illustrations in the Text. 30s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Stobart's remarkable work, which was published last year, and to which was given as a title the first half of the Quotation—"The Glory that was Greece"—will long be remembered as one of the happiest of popularisations of the classical tradition. The companion volume which has just been published deserves to meet with equal success. Once more the writer proves that he understands to a nicety the treatment of this subject which a non-expert but intelligent public demands. He shows the same skill and sureness in his handling of all questions pertaining to literature and art, and his study of the Roman methods of government is quite unusually able. The volume is finely produced—in a manner which does justice to its contents.

From The Grandeur that was Rome (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

HADRIAN'S WALL: NEAR HOUSESTEADS, NORTHUMBERLAND. Photo., Gibson & Son.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE, 1770 to 1815.

By the PRINCESS LOUISE OF PRUSSIA. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Someone fancied the Princess Louise of these memoirs might have made a match with the Prince of Wales of her day. On a visit to Spa, "where all London is gathered," she notes that persons attached to the Prince were saying he ought to marry in order to maintain his popularity. "I was assured of his favour if my parents should decide to make the journey to London. My mother was not unwilling." This journey was not to be—death in the family intervened—and the Princess duly married Prince Anton of Radziwill, the same who set Goethe's "Faust" to music, and was called by him "the first and only veritable troubadour I have ever known." The memoirs and diary were written in French. They show the author a womanly Princess, a loving wife and mother, who bore her full share

of sorrow. Daughter of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia and niece of Frederick the Great, Louise writes with detachment of the demoralised Prussian Court of the late eighteenth century. We read of Frederick William II. marrying two women in face of his Queen. One died a suspicious death; the second, returning in a vain attempt to retrieve lost favour, threw herself at the King's feet, then became violent, and finally cast at him her two children, whom she never wished to see more. Princess Louise accompanied the Royal Family on their flight, after Jena, to Königsberg and Memel; and perhaps the best passages are those in which Napoleon struts upon the stage. When the Queen of Prussia anxiously wanted him to talk conditions of peace he asked: "You are wearing a superb dress, where was it made? Do they make crape in your factories, too?" Looking the King up and down, Napoleon said of his grey pantaloons: "You are every day to button all those buttons? Do you begin at the top or the bottom?" Murat, at whose Cossack breeches Napoleon poked fun, remarked in a fury: "He is a scoundrel, is the Emperor." On the whole that will be the measure of the reader's respect for the Corsican here. Apart from the index, there are useful biographical data of persons mentioned in the book. Although not exciting, the memoirs have many points of historical interest and entertainment.

From Forty-Five Years of my Life (*Nash*).

PRINCE ANTON RADZIWILL (HUSBAND OF PRINCESS LUISE).

ALEXANDER HENDERSON, THE COVENANTER.

By JAMES PRINGLE THOMSON, M.A. With Foreword by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and 4 Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

But few books have been written on one of the most interesting of the Scottish Covenanters — Alexander Henderson — and it is surprising that so excellent a subject for biography should have been neglected for so lengthy a period. Since 1846 no one, as the author says, "has attempted anything like an exhaustive survey, although our historical knowledge has been greatly widened during the last sixty years." To all persons, therefore, who are interested in religious history, Mr. Pringle Thomson's handy little volume will be welcome. The author possesses a genuine gift for the fair and unbiassed presentation of historical character. He has consulted a large number of authorities, and has been able to include several details about Henderson which have not before appeared. We hope that the book will find its way into the hands of a large number of readers.

From Alexander Henderson, the Covenanter (*Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier*).

ALEXANDER HENDERSON. From the picture in Yester House, by permission of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

A PRINCE OF PLEASURE: PHILIP OF FRANCE AND HIS COURT. 1640–1701.

With 25 Illustrations and 3 Genealogical Tables. 12s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

"If some of the intrigues require a clear brain to unravel," says Mr. Stokes in his introduction, "the reader must admire the audacious ingenuity of the men and women who wove the tangle, and not enter judgment in any other than a charitable spirit." We are willing enough to agree with this sentiment in theory, but, where King Philip of France is concerned, it is one remarkably difficult to put into practice. A loose liver even for his easy times, effeminate in the extreme, and the possible murderer of his first wife, his is not an attractive figure, in spite of the calm justice meted out to him by Mr. Stokes. The latter, however, need have no fears as to the interest that his book aroused in us. It impresses us as an exceedingly well-written book, of a type very much superior to the average of its class, and to those who have a taste for biography of this kind we can cordially recommend it.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.
After a miniature by J. Petitot in the Jones Collection.
From A Prince of Pleasure *(Herbert Jenkins).*

OUR BOOK OF MEMORIES.

Letters from Justin McCarthy to Mrs. Campbell Praed. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

After Mrs. Campbell Praed and Mr. Justin McCarthy had written three novels in collaboration, they conceived the idea of working together on a book of recollections of the political, literary and social life of England and Ireland during the last quarter of a century. But when Parnell ruined his career and injured the cause for which he had long and ardently laboured, Justin McCarthy was compelled to put aside much of his literary work and fight his old leader and friend, in the hope of enabling Gladstone to retrieve the damage done to the scheme of Home Rule for Ireland. So "Our Book of Memories" was not written in the form intended. But by collecting the letters that her collaborator wrote to her from 1885 to 1911, and weaving them into a narrative of their friendship, Mrs. Campbell Praed has produced just the sort of book that she and her fellow-worker once hoped to compose. Moreover, she has succeeded in raising a fine and touching monument of the life and character of one of the most interesting and attractive of modern literary politicians. For Justin McCarthy's letters more fully reveal his nature than does any work published by him in his lifetime. Writing to a lady who was his pupil, friend and, in some matters, his inspirer, he tells much more than he would to a man. For he supposes she is ignorant of political life, and so explains matters in detail and gives just that kind of simple and yet intimate description of affairs which has a special interest for a general reader. Thus we get in a long series of letters, written every day in the heat and dust of the conflict, a broad and vivid picture of the inner aspect of the strange, dramatic and tragic struggle over the first Home Rule Bill. Justin McCarthy's part in the struggle was heroic. He had begun by sacrificing much of his passion for the quietly laborious life of the scholar to his personal affection for Parnell and his patriotic devotion to Ireland. The man and the cause were one to his mind; and when they were separated, and he had to strike down the man in order to save the cause, he put forth just the strength to do it and then broke down himself. It has often been said that McCarthy lacked the force of character necessary to lead the distracted Irish party out of the extraordinary difficulties into which it fell. But this is not true. What he really lacked was the masterfulness of temper that would then have destroyed the party. By combining a definite resolution with a definite moderation he accomplished the main object of his intervention, and preserved some sort of transition between the strange fortunes of the cause of Irish Home Rule. His personal reputation and his fame as an historian were always assets of high value to the party he joined; and if when Parnell fell he had retired from the strife, the Irish party would not occupy its present position of power. He was a man with a genius for friendship, and the most bitter of his political opponents were swayed by his charm, his geniality and his cultivated mind. Yet beneath all his urbanity and sociableness and love of peaceful ways, there was a strength of soul that none suspected until it was revealed. Such is the main impression that we have obtained from his letters, which for the most part abound in gay and pleasant sketches of life in Upper Bohemia, a delightful region of London, where literary men and women, politicians, players and society people mingle and entertain each other, and in which during many years of his life Justin McCarthy was a familiar and a welcome figure. Mrs. Campbell Praed does her part of the work excellently well: she writes with deep but restrained feeling.

From A Prince of Pleasure *(Herbert Jenkins).*

HENRIETTA OF ORLEANS.
After a portrait by an unknown artist in the Palace of Versailles.

CARDINAL MAZARIN.
After an enamel by J. Petitot.
From A Prince of Pleasure *(Herbert Jenkins).*

"LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE," MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER.
After an enamel by Petitot in the Jones Collection.
From A Prince of Pleasure *(Herbert Jenkins).*

FRANÇOISE ATHÉNAÏS DE MORTEMART, MADAME DE MONTESPAN.
After an enamel by Petitot in the Jones Collection.
From A Prince of Pleasure *(Herbert Jenkins).*

THE VICEROYS OF IRELAND.

By CHARLES O'MAHONY. 16s. net. (John Long.)

Mr. O'Mahony's theme is vast and varied, affording occasion for the study of heights and deeps—but the latter more than the former—of humanity. England sent some strange characters to Ireland as viceroys in mediæval and early-modern times, and some rather interesting personalities in days nearer our own, and in our own for that matter. Mr. O'Mahony presents them all with a certain detachment and candour, and in the result not a little light is necessarily thrown on the crowded and complicated Anglo-Irish situation in the Middle Ages and modern times. The real Ireland, with its vivid and wonderfully persistent civilisation, scarcely comes into the survey; very often, the viceroys had no contact whatever with that inner Ireland; its intellectual and spiritual life was remote and dim to their consciousness. Mr. O'Mahony wisely avoids theory and controversy, letting his facts speak for themselves. He has a kindly eye for comedy and tragi-comedy, and a certain zest for stories illustrative of life's little ironies. He does not try to paint his viceroys any better than they were; his book was obviously not prompted by any sense of enthusiasm for the generality of his subjects in themselves. The work is not meant as history in any deep or vivid sense, but it is a serviceable and straightforward record, incidentally affording a measure of food for thought.

From The Viceroys of Ireland (*Long*).

LORD WHARTON.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE: HER EARLY YOUTH 1770-1774.

By LADY YOUNGHUSBAND. With 9 Illustrations. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

For her study of the youth of Marie-Antoinette, Lady Younghusband has had access to a considerable amount of unpublished or untranslated material, and the result is a book of the greatest interest. In her introduction the author points out that, although much has been written about Marie-Antoinette, we know but little about her girlhood. "What were the forces that impelled her *nolens volens* into that stormy arena, so foreign to her character and tastes; what were the details of an education scarcely begun when she left Vienna, and continued under inconceivable conditions during the crucial years succeeding her arrival as the fourteen-year-old official bride of the heir to the French throne—of all this we knew little or nothing until Comte de Mercy-Argenteau lifted the curtain that veiled the scenes of her strange girlhood." Lady Younghusband evinces a very decided talent for the historical memoir. Her style is bright and readable, and she finds her way through the mazes of research with a graceful facility which is entirely admirable. Her book well deserves reading and keeping.

From Marie-Antoinette: Her Early Youth (*Macmillan*).

THE DAUPHINE.
From a pastel by Joseph Krantzinger, 1771. Imperial collection.

A TRAMP IN SPAIN FROM ANDALUSIA TO ANDORRA.

By BART KENNEDY. 40 full-page Illustrations. 6s. net.

This is a handsome reissue of one of the ablest and most interesting of Mr. Bart Kennedy's books. In his characteristic and very graphic style he tells in it of a tramp he undertook from one end of Spain to the other, and of the adventures and dangers he encountered by the way. With no knowledge of the language, he made his way afoot over hundreds of miles of mountainous, lonely country; his character sketches of the people he met are vividly and cleverly done, and his descriptions of scenery are always admirable. Mr. Bart Kennedy is the authentic Super-Tramp and this is a delightful account of one of his most notable journeys.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

By Luis Coloma. Translated by Lady Moreton. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

Don John of Austria was indeed almost a Prince of Fairyland. The natural son of the Emperor Charles V. half-brother of Philip II. of Spain, as a boy brought up in ignorance of his birth until he was fourteen, then at court, where he became a favourite; he was destined for the Church, then at the height of its power and splendour in Spain and Europe. But the boy was no Churchman; he was a soldier, and the Church's loss was the gain of Christendom, when as Generalissimo of the Christian armament he won the epoch-making sea fight of Lepanto, which checked the hitherto unvanquished Ottoman Empire. Afterwards he was one of the most renowned men of his day: proposed as a husband for Mary of Scotland, set out to rescue her from prison, to marry her and be king of England with her as queen, a plan much favoured by the Pope, but thwarted by Philip who sent his brother to command in the Low countries where he died of plague or poison, was buried first at Namur, then brought to Spain, cut in pieces at the joints and packed in three leathern saddle bags for the journey to be buried again with the utmost pomp in the Escurial.

From The Romance of a Favourite (*Constable*).

COUNTESS DE CASTIGLIONE. From a portrait by Girard.

This translation is from the Spanish of Padre Luis Coloma's book "Jeromín," half a novel and half history, and tells in a most interesting way the life of one of the most interesting young men who have ever lived. He is almost as romantic a figure as was Carlo Zeno of Venice. The book is sumptuously illustrated with portraits, many of which were specially photographed for the first time for Lady Moreton.

WHEN KINGS RODE TO DELHI.

By Gabrielle Festing. 7s. 6d. net. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons.)

With the story of Delhi is bound up the memories and traditions of nearly three thousand years. It is a story of battles and intrigues in which sultans, shahs and rajahs play their part amid scenes where the "barbaric pearl and gold" of the purple East is poured out in high profusion.

From The Letter Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope (*Lane*.)

GEORGE III., WHEN MAD.

From The Story of Don John of Austria (*Lane*).

PHILIP II. AS A YOUNG MAN. Titian. Prado Gallery, Madrid. Photo., Lacoste

Recognising that the real history of India begins with the Muslim conquest, the author commences the record with the story of the Sultan Mahmud who plundered and conquered Hindustan in the eleventh century, although he himself never reached the city, which fell in the year 1191 to the prowess of Mohammad Ghori who, with his reserves of 12,000 men in steel armour scattered the Rajputs, for all their reckless bravery, on a field, bestrewn with flags and spears and jewelled swords and armour. Amongst the hosts of dead were the Viceroy of Delhi, the Raja of Chitor, and nearly one hundred and fifty princes and chieftains. With that great tragedy commenced a history that in some aspects recalls the story of the "Arabian Nights," (oddly enough one of the stories told in the book deals with a Sultan Ala-ad-in, although it is not the Aladdin of our nursery days.) We read of Shah Jehan, Aurungzib and Barba. We are taken through a fascinating record of conspiracies, love-tragedies, murders, mysteries and gorgeous pageants, until we arrive at our own prosaic days which are dismissed in the epilogue with a brevity that is quite intelligible after the dazzling annals that have gone before. Nevertheless, we should have been glad to see a more extended reference to the Mutiny, for that is no insignificant part of the story of Delhi. The author writes clearly throughout, and resists any temptation to indulge in "purple passages." The material, indeed, stands in no need of adventitious aid. It can glitter and allure without the help of flowery phrases. There are a number of illustrations, mainly pictures of the various potentates associated with the history of Delhi.

From When Kings Rode to Delhi (*Blackwood*).

NUR JAHAN DRESSING HERSELF.

From King René d'Anjou and his Seven Queens (*Long*).

RENÉ D'ANJOU (*Circa* 1440). Painted by himself. "Le Livre des Heures."

KING RENÉ D'ANJOU AND HIS SEVEN QUEENS.

By EDGCUMBE STALEY. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (John Long.)

Mr. Staley's researches into the byways of fifteenth-century France result in a volume of considerable interest and value. One who is so profoundly enthusiastic about his subject can hardly fail to be engaging when dealing with so many romantic episodes as touch the history of King René. The title, of course, is a fantasy. René had two Queens—Isabelle, whom he married in 1420, and whose death in 1453 left him in despair; and Jehanne de Laval, whom he married in 1455, he being then forty-seven and she twenty-two. The other "Queens" are not his wives. One is Jeanne d'Arc, La Pucelle, upon hearing of whose death René cried bitterly: "Ma Royne blanche, Jeanne, est mort—helas! ma Royne est mort!" Another was Marguerite d'Anjou (daughter of René and Isabelle), who married Henry VI. of England. Henry heard of the sensation Margaret had created when she visited her aunt, Queen Marie of France. She was then nearly fourteen years old. Cardinal Beaufort, moved by her appearance and accomplishments, returned to England to fire Henry's ardour. Mr. Staley describes the wedding at Tours and Nancy. King René was too impoverished to provide a fitting trousseau for his daughter. She had a fearful crossing to England, where Henry awaited her, and twelve days after arriving the English marriage took place at Titchfield. Not only had the terrified girl to pay on her way for her pilot and hawsers and repairs to the vessel,

but Henry had to pawn his own jewellery and plate for funds for the double ceremony. To Mr. Staley René is the most remarkable personality in the French Renaissance. He has gathered illustrations from many sources to adorn his book, which, in spite of little discrepancies, is thoroughly enjoyable.

THE ROMANCE OF SANDRO BOTTICELLI. WOVEN FROM HIS WRITINGS.

By A. J. Anderson. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

"The Romance of Botticelli" is a combination of fiction and fact, effectively joined and managed. In spite of a great deal of conjecture which can easily be set aside, it is full of constructive criticism of Botticelli's work. The question is, Will this book not fall between two sections of the public? Do readers who enjoy a love-tale want the art-criticism? Will those who are concerned with the creations of genius care for the padding of romance in which the art-interest is wrapped. Necessarily, the association of truth with romance affects both of them; but this we can say, that there is more reliable or likely history in this volume than in half the books which have recently been written round the circumstances and personalities of Napoleon, Richelieu, the Second Charles, Anne of Austria, and some others. It is a bold achievement to imagine a great artist's love-story and work. We can faithfully assert that this book, carefully and intelligently written, deserves a far better success than it is likely to realise.

From The Romance of Sandro Botticelli (*Stanley Paul*).

DETAIL FROM MADONNA DI SAN BARNABA. (*Anderson, photo. Academy, Florence*).

From The Education of the Women of India (*Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier*).

GHURKA GIRL BOARDER AT S.P.G. GIRLS' SCHOOL, MANDALAY.

THE EDUCATION OF THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

By Minna G. Cowan, M.A. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

This is a modest book on a great but complicated subject. Avowedly it is an analysis of the three forces, government, Indian, and missionary, which are contributing to the education of women in India. Much more attention is devoted to the first and third of these forces than to the second, though a certain emphasis is laid upon its varying manifestations. However, it does not receive adequate recognition or treatment, and so the general picture is imperfect. Were Miss Cowan as sympathetic or as generous towards the Indian as she is towards the missionary spirit her work would be wider and more satisfying in appeal. At the same time it must be ungrudgingly admitted that there is no trace of conscious partiality; Miss Cowan writes according to the measure of her insight and sympathy. She devotes a good deal of consideration to the problem of building up a system which will be truly educative, truly national, and truly religious, and in so doing adopts positions which are at least open to question. That India has as much to learn, or will take as much, from the West as she thinks, is more than doubtful. Her view of the future of Christianity in the Orient and the world generally is optimistic or idealistic. As a theorist she does not carry conviction, but a good deal of her objective presentation is informing and suggestive.

THE ANNALS OF HAMPSTEAD.

By Thomas J. Barratt. With over 500 Illustrations. 3 vols. £5 5s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

HAMPSTEAD: ITS HISTORIC HOUSES, ITS LITERARY AND ARTISTIC ASSOCIATIONS.

By Anna Maxwell. With 4 Illustrations in Colour and many Reproductions of Old Prints and Original Drawings. 7s. 6d. net. (James Clarke & Co.)

No suburb of London is richer than Hampstead in literary and artistic associations and historic memories. Great changes have come over it of recent years: many of its

From **Annals of Hampstead**
(*Black*).

CHURCH ROW

ancient houses and quaint haunts and picturesque scenes have passed out of existence, but many still remain, and nothing can ever take from it the storied interest of its past. A list of the men famous in art, letters, politics, and general society who made their homes there, or were in one way or another connected with Hampstead, would run to a formidable length; accounts of them and of the history of Hampstead have filled many books, and now fill two more, and two of the best we have ever had the pleasure of reading. This of Mr. Thomas J. Barratt's is one of the stateliest and most beautiful of books; it is in three noble quartos, lavishly illustrated in colour, with photogravure plates, reproductions of old engravings, facsimilies of ancient charters, letters and other documents.

From **Hampstead**
.. (*Jas. Clarke*)

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.
Engraved after a painting by Constable.

From **Annals of Hampstead** (*Black*).

OLD COTTAGES, NORTH END.

Mr. Barratt is a Hampstead resident of very long standing, he has been familiar with the neighbourhood since boyhood; and has for the greater part of his life lived there on the skirts of the Heath itself. Nor does his fitness for the task stop short at his love of Hampstead and the fact of his personal acquaintance with it; he has all along taken a keen interest in its antiquities and its history, and moreover possesses the largest collection in existence of water-colour drawings, prints, portraits, etchings, engravings, notices, programmes, old newspaper cuttings, and such like miscellana connected with and illustrative of the history of Hampstead, and has been able to draw on this rich storehouse for much of the information and many of the illustrations that his book contains. Less sumptuously produced, and not so historically or topographically exhaustive, Miss Maxwell's book is a very adequate and charmingly written guide to the Hampstead that used to be and the Hampstead that is. It is the result of diligent and conscientious research, and from a full knowledge of Hampstead ourselves we can say that Miss Maxwell has omitted nothing of moment to her story and is praiseworthily accurate throughout. Her pages are rich in the deathless stories of Keats, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Constable, Stanfield, and famous men of earlier and later times whose life and work have become part and parcel of the History of Hampstead and are among its principal glories. No one could wish for an ampler record than Miss Maxwell has given us here of the literary, artistic and historic associations of the borough; she has a happy talent for describing a scene or relating a good anecdote; and a pleasant gift of writing about interesting things and people in a delightfully interesting style.

From **Annals of Hampstead, vol. I.** (*Black*).

WELL WALK, WITH A VIEW OF THE PRESENT WELL, 1911.
From an original drawing by A. R. Quinton in the Bell-Moor collection.

THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN IRELAND.

By Philip Wilson. 12s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

Mr. Wilson is to be congratulated on the incisive style in which he sets forth his knowledge, as well as upon the mass and detail of the knowledge he has brought together in this book. Modern Ireland begins for him in the days of the Tudors. It has its foundations in the Anglicizing policy of Henry VIII., and in the plantation policies of Mary and Elizabeth and, afterwards, of James I. The present volume brings us down only to the end of the reign of Mary, but we are happily promised a sequel. Not the least interesting part of Mr. Wilson's book is the controversial introduction in which, after the manner of Lecky, he gives us something of the philosophy of the history with which he deals. Here he contends strongly that what we may in general call Irish ills are due neither to racial nor religious causes. As regards the racial question, he quotes Sir John Davies's opinion, expressed a few years after the accession of James the First, to the effect that a majority of the Irish people were of English descent, and, though he does not endorse this estimate, he agrees with those students of race who believe that the population of Ireland is mainly non-Celtic. More to the point in regard to the matter of the present volume is the author's exposure of the fallacy according to which the age-long quarrel between England and Ireland is represented as a quarrel between Protestantism and Catholicism. Mr. Wilson aptly points out that "it was under the rule of the Catholic Mary that the policy of confiscation and colonisation which was afterwards carried out in the name of Protestant ascendancy, was inaugurated." Ireland in those days had her share of the horrors of war, but they were not the horrors of religious war. Mary was only interested in Ireland as a subject country. As a Catholic country, it made no appeal to her sympathies. She was an Imperialist, not a sectarian, in her politics. The difference between her attitude to England and her attitude to Ireland was symbolised in her measures concerning the currency. After she came to the throne she tried to make herself popular in England by restoring the currency, but expressly withheld the reform from Ireland. "A proclamation of September, 1556," adds Mr. Wilson, after referring to the above fact, "made the circulation of base money penal except in Ireland, and the bad coins, which were no longer current in England, found their way in vast quantities across St. George's Channel." In a detail like that we seem to read a summary of nearly the whole course of Anglo-Irish history. Mr. Wilson chronicles the disorganisation of Tudor Ireland with an able and vivid pen; he is a tireless student of original sources. At the same time, one wishes he had departed a little from the conventional method of writing Irish history, and had followed Mrs. J. R. Green in her researches into the social, industrial and intellectual life of Ireland. The history of Ireland will never be written until the historians consent to follow the path which Mrs. Green has so brilliantly opened up. Mr. Wilson's book is, none the less, a forceful, cleverly written, and original piece of work which must find a place on the shelves of all serious students of Irish history.

ETON IN THE SEVENTIES.

By Hon. Gilbert Coleridge. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

It is a commonplace that in middle life most men look back to their schooldays as the happy time. The troubles and griefs that beset them are forgotten, either sunk into their proper proportions or passed into the memory as things almost pleasant to recall for the sake of their associations; while the joys, the freshness, the intense delight of living remain. Any man who could set down unerringly the true tale of his time at public school or at college would make a book priceless for himself and of the strongest interest to others. But when the school is Eton, and the time some thirty odd years ago, and the boys have now become the men of our own generation whose work is done or still continuing, then, it must be agreed, that Mr. Coleridge's volume is in its nature excellent and sure to interest. The life of the school is shown us in its intimacy, the portraits of boys and of masters are excellent and alive, the anecdotes, the little vignettes of scenes and doings are admirably told and with consummate finish: the expression of what Eton was to the youth of that generation is sympathetic and complete. The delight of the author in his work is apparent, and what is done with joy and with knowledge is almost certain to affect others joyously. And in this case the reader of the book must share the pleasure of the writer, who has made a valuable addition to the special Eton bookshelf of the Old Etonian.

LATER POEMS OF ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

Edited by Alexander Brown. 10s. 6d. net. (Glasgow: Fraser, Asher & Co.)

This collection of the later poems of "Surfaceman" is sure of a wide welcome from all lovers of one of the tenderest and most delightfully human of Scotland's poets. The volume is beautifully illustrated, and Mr. Alexander Brown supplies a sympa hetic biographical sketch.

From My Own Times (*Methuen*).

Lady Dorothy Nevill
Frontispiece to "The Keepsake," 1851.
After a painting by Buckner.

COUNT CARL VON MALTZAN
Carl Gottlob Schmeidler

PORTRAIT OF A LADY UNKNOWN
Rodolphe Bell

PORTRAIT OF A LADY UNKNOWN
Pasquier, the Younger

KING GEORGE III. OF ENGLAND
Richard Cosway

Monotone Reproductions of four of the many Colour Illustrations
in "PORTRAIT MINIATURES OF FIVE CENTURIES"
By ERNST LEMBERGER
(HODDER AND STOUGHTON, LONDON)

FRANCE
(THE MAKING OF THE NATIONS SERIES).

By Cecil Headlam, M.A. With 32 Plates, and Maps and Plans in the Text. (Black.)

The task of presenting a complete history of France in a manageable form, which is nevertheless not so condensed as to be a mere list of names and dates, is a very difficult one, and Mr. Cecil Headlam may be warmly congratulated upon his very able volume. Starting from the earliest times, he traces the story of France down to the present day. He has a gift of clear narration, and he does not allow himself to be carried away by prejudice. As a handy history of France the volume will be found very difficult to beat. It is most attractively produced and possesses several illustrations of more than ordinary interest.

FROM MY HUNTING DAY BOOK.

By His Imperial and Royal Highness The Crown Prince of the German Empire and of Prussia. Translated from the German by J. E. Hodder Williams. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In a modest and very pleasantly, gossipy fashion the Crown Prince of Germany has narrated his experiences as a big-game hunter in India, in Switzerland, Germany and various parts of the Continent. It is a vivid and joyous narrative; the Prince reveals himself not only as a keen lover of sport, but as a lover of nature in all her aspects, and he has an easy and sensitive descriptive touch that brings into his pages the light and colour and atmosphere of the scenes that he pictures. There are pleasant records of a visit His Highness paid to Scotland, and he says flattering things about the comfort and hospitality of English country-house life; but perhaps the best chapters, the fullest of life and incident, are those which recount the story of the Prince's doings in India. There is an excellent frontispiece portrait of the Crown Prince, and a number of interesting and beautifully reproduced photographs illustrate the text.

From The Story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.
(*Herbert & Daniel*.)

THE VIGO VERSE ANTHOLOGY.

1s. net (Elkin Mathews).

One time and another, many of the most accomplished and best known of our lesser living poets—and a few of the greater—have put forth a little volume of verse in Mr. Elkin Mathews's "Vigo cabinet" series, and now that these familiar little volumes have increased to over a hundred the publisher has been happily inspired to select the best work out of them into an Anthology. The result is a tastefully produced booklet containing some of the most significant of recent poetry. There is nothing in it that is not well worthy of its place, and we warmly congratulate both the publisher on his poets and the poets on their publisher.

From France (The Making of the Nations series).
(*Black*).

The English Embassy on the Day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew (1572).
From the painting by P. H Calderon, A.R.A. Aug Rischgitz.

From Adam Lindsay Gordon and his Friends
(*Constable*).

GORDON ON VIKING.

LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

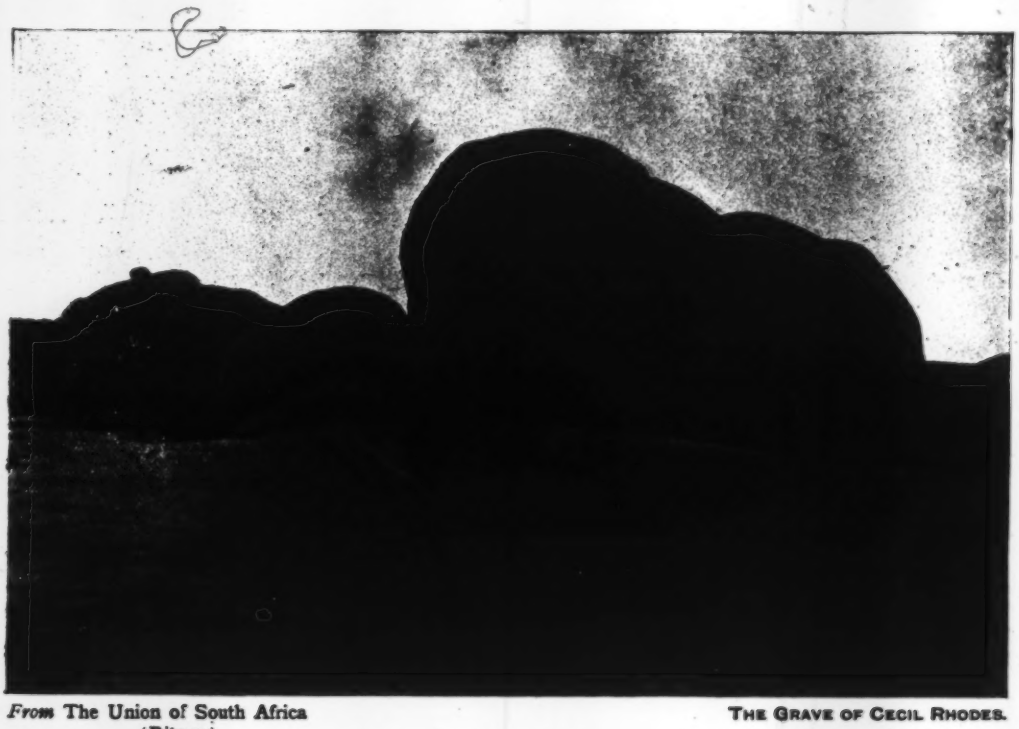
By W. F. MONYPENNY. Vol. II. 12s. net. (John Murray.)

Immediately on the publication of the second volume of his monumental Life of Beaconsfield we regret to have news of the death of the author. What progress Mr. Monypenny had made with the remaining two or three volumes that were to have completed the biography we do not know; it will not be easy to find an adequate successor who will take up the task he has left unfinished and bring it to a conclusion. This second volume covers the most interesting period of Disraeli's career—the period of his marriage, of the writing of the most brilliant of his novels, his inauguration of the Young England movement, and his rise to the leadership of his party. We shall do no more here than record the publication of the book, which will be reviewed by Mr. Walter Sichel in the January Number of THE BOOKMAN.

THE POCKET DISRAELI.

Compiled by J. B. Lindenbaum. 1s. net. (Mills and Boon.)

Disraeli, with his gift for epigram and his cunning at turning memorable phrases lends himself readily to the art of the anthologist, and Mr. Lindenbaum has gathered into this neat little volume an altogether satisfying selection of those good things that Disraeli scattered so freely through his writings and speeches. Though he did not always act up to such of his aphorisms as "Life is too short to be little;" or "Beware of endeavouring to be a great man in a hurry," that takes nothing from the truth of them; he had grown wise by experience and has condensed no little wisdom and wit into many of the terse sentences with which Mr. Lindenbaum has so happily jewelled his pages. Time has taken something of the bloom from the novels of Disraeli; their plots begin to wear an old-fashioned air; their characters and dialogue to seem formal and artificial; but his shrewd thoughts on men and things have lost none of their freshness and piquancy, and his satirical humour sparkles as brightly as ever when it is taken out of its old setting and reset, as here, in an anthology.



From The Union of South Africa
(*Pitman*)

THE GRAVE OF CECIL RHODES.

From The Charles Dickens Originals

CHARLES DICKENS: A SILHOUETTE.
Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "The Connoisseur."

From Eton in the Seventies (*Smith, Elder*).

THE AUTHOR.
By "The Wizer."

WILLIAM HONE:
A little-known silhouette, kindly lent by Mr. Fisher Unwin and not included in the book

WILLIAM HONE: HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

By FREDERICK W. HACKWOOD. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The greatest men are not always the most interesting, and one is glad to see our writers of popular biography giving so much attention of late to the lesser lights of the literary world. The lives of such men have often been more varied and more packed with human interest than those of contemporary immortals in whose circles they used to move unimportantly, and in the turbulent career of William Hone, Mr. Hackwood has found an admirable theme and has handled it with marked ability. Every lover of Lamb knows something of Hone, and has a kindly feeling towards him. Lamb helped him with those useful and entertaining compilations "The Every-Day Book," and "The Table Book," to which Cruikshank contributed many of his early sketches, and these and "The Year Book" represent Hone's principal services to literature. He had a plain, strong prose style, but wrote very indifferent poetry; and though his compilations still make good reading, it is the life he himself lived and the strenuous work he did in helping towards the reform of social and political abuses that keep his memory green. By turns bookseller, publisher, pamphleteer, editor, journalist, coffee-house-keeper, freethinker, so-called atheist, and then ardent religious convert, always more or less harassed by poverty, sometimes reduced almost to actual want, he maintained through all a brave, independent spirit, and made a few good friends and many enemies who were well worth making. He was a great champion of the under-dog; he did fine humanitarian work in the interests of poor

From Historic New York (*Putnam's*).

BROADWAY AND THE BOWLING GREEN IN 1835. SHOWING KENNEDY, WATTS, LIVINGSTON, AND VAN CORTLANDT HOUSES.

prisoners and the unhappy souls who were tormented in lunatic asylums; and his prosecution for blasphemy and atheism is at once the most triumphant episode in his chequered record and one of the many disgraceful chapters in the history of English Law. A homely, kindly, public-spirited, genuine kind of man, one has nothing but honour for him despite his eccentricities, and his weaknesses; our respect for him is not lessened even by the touch of ridicule with which Dickens flicked him; and if anything could add to our love of Lamb it is the twice-told tale of how he came out publicly as Hone's friend at a time when Hone was under a cloud and most of his friends were not desirous of being involved in what they considered his disgrace. That is a capital story of how he and Lamb talked themselves into a high and virtuous abhorrence of the dirty habit of snuff-taking and spontaneously and in unison threw their snuff boxes away on Hampstead Heath, and Hone was so wretched that he went out early next morning and bought a ha'porth of snuff at the first shop he could find open, then walking on to the Heath came upon Lamb groping among the gorse bushes for his snuff-box. This is a very entertaining, very good book; well worth writing and well worth reading.

TWO KINGS.

By COSMO HAMILTON. 2s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Of the nine short stories that make up this volume perhaps the one that furnishes it with a title is the freshest and most ingenious. It tells how a young actor, Seymour King, personated for a time the King of Mysonia, and saves the real King from assassination and incidentally secures for himself the sensational advertisement needed to give him his chance of success on the stage. It is a gay, high-spirited romance, brisk and full of incident, with a pleasant love interest which ends in a day being fixed for the wedding. There is a touch of pathos in "Bachelors All;" the bachelors being four girls who are earning their own living and getting just a little weary of their independence and the struggle of making both ends meet.

Accident places a young man in their care, and they nurse him back to health and all fall in love with him, only to find he is engaged already, and the happier girl who arrives to take him from them is as unlike their practical, rather faded selves as any girl possibly could be. "She was like the picture of a girl on the cover of a magazine, so young, so charming, so dainty, so utterly feminine as to be almost untrue to life." But they went to the wedding and gave the wedding-breakfast at their flat, resigned to be his four sisters, and showed no sadness in their faces until after the bride and bridegroom had driven away. All the stories are good; they are written with a lightness of touch, a sparkling humour, a kindliness and gentle cynicism that make them very attractive.

We are glad to have them, but we want to see Mr. Cosmo Hamilton give his undoubted gifts fuller scope in another novel—not one of the sensational sort of which he has recently written so many, but in one that shall be a worthy successor of that remarkable story "Adam's Clay."

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY CAFÉS ON THE PLACE DU CHÂTELET.

From Old Paris (*Melrose*).

From Fleet Street in Seven Centuries (*Pitman*).

ST. BRIDE'S STEEPLE FROM SALISBURY SQUARE.

THE STORY OF THE CAMBRIDGE BAPTISTS AND THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

By BERNARD NUTTER, M.A. With 7 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (Heffer.)

More than once Cambridge has been the home of new movements, but in few of them has her influence been so widely spread as in the history of Nonconformity. 1240 is the date when the first known Cambridge heretic was imprisoned for maintaining, among other things, that Gregory IX. was no true Pope, and that "the devil was let loose." His, however, was an isolated instance only. The real cleavage came with the rise of the "Separatists" at the time of the Reformation. Mr. Nutter traces the line of sturdy Nonconformists from 1568 until the death of C. H. Spurgeon. Perhaps the most remarkable of the many fearless characters with whom Mr. Nutter deals, some good stories are told of the Rev. Robert Robinson, author of "A Plea for the Divinity of Jesus Christ" and two well-known hymns. "Do the Dissenters know the worth of this man?" asked a professor, in allusion to the "Plea." "The man knows the worth of the Dissenters," was Robinson's reply. Yet, although this is the spirit which animates the whole of the book, Mr. Nutter has done his work so tactfully that he need have no fears of hurting the feelings of those who are not of the same way of thinking as himself. In a word, this is a thoroughly interesting corner of religious history, and one which was well worth exploiting.

From The Story of the Cambridge Baptists (*Heffer*).

THE GRAVES AT OAKINGTON.

THE MAN WHO SAVED AUSTRIA.

By M. HARTLEY. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

A capital account of the life and times of the famous Baron Jellačić is in these pages, and the story deserved to be told. Jellačić, Field-Marshal of Austria, and as devoted to his race as he was loyal to the Emperor and the House of Habsburg, played a great part in the struggle with the Hungarian revolutionaries in 1848–1849. Kossuth never made any attempt to conciliate the Croats, and revolting against Austrian rule was himself attacked by Jellačić's army as an oppressor. Jellačić, a Liberal, but an Imperialist, rejoiced in the opportunity of striking a blow at his old Hungarian enemies when the throne of Austria was shaken and its occupant a fugitive from Vienna. A man of great qualities, a born soldier and commander of soldiers, Jellačić was both humane and disinterested, and his abilities as a civil governor were proved in a multitude of ways. He is a hero to the author of this exceedingly readable book, and we believe the appreciation is just.

From The Man Who Saved Austria: Baron Jellačić (*Mills & Boon*).

JOSEPH JELLAČIĆ, 1850.

GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM.

By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM, Lit.D. With Frontispiece. 10s. 6d. net. (Putnam's.)

The publishing house of Putnam's stands high in the literary history both of New York and of London, and the life of its founder—the father of the present head of the firm—is worthy to rank among the best biographies of publishers ever written. The original firm of Wiley and Putnam was founded in New York in 1840, and it saw many vicissitudes, in spite of the successful publication of works by Washington Irving, whose relations with Mr. Putnam were of the most cordial character, and several other authors of the first rank. The book contains much interesting correspondence, throwing light upon the literary conditions of the Victorian period. Throughout stands distinct the figure of the founder of the firm, an optimist, and a desperately hard worker, to whose personal rectitude was paid one of the finest tributes ever made by one business man to another. Mr. Putnam, sen., died suddenly—in harness—during the week before Christmas, the most critical of the whole year. The remaining partners of the firm at once left their desks, and the office would have been closed had not three "rival" publishers come forward and arranged to conduct the entire business during the Christmas week. The result was a record week. This is a fine biography of a fine character.

From The Irish Revolution (*Blackwood*).

ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.
1st Lieutenant and Adjutant 176th Regt. N.Y. Vols.

From A Prisoner of War in Virginia. (*Putnam's*).

G. P. PUTNAM. ÆTAT. 45.
From A Memoir of George Palmer Putnam (*Putnam's*).

MELTON PRIOR.
From The Campaigns of a War Correspondent (*Arnold*).

A PRISONER OF WAR IN VIRGINIA. 1864-5.

By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM. 3s. 6d. net. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

As the title indicates, forty-eight years have elapsed since the author underwent the experiences chronicled in this interesting monograph, but Major Putnam's memory has spanned the gulf with illuminating dexterity, and the pictures he draws for us of the management of the prisons in the South during the last winter of the war are eminently sober and restrained, and for that reason, all the more effective as an indictment. The two prisons dealt with are Libby and Danville. The food and organisation of the prisoners, their amusements and their ingenious and sometimes successful bids for freedom, are detailed with those graphic touches which only personal experience can lend. The history of the autographed prison brick is typically American—a novel could easily be founded on it; indeed, the imaginative reader will be able to glean many a romance from this frank record of a soldier's prison experiences.

From **The Girlhood of Queen Victoria** (*Murray*).

H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA.
From a portrait by Dalton, after F. Winterhalter.

THE GIRLHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Edited by Viscount Esher, G.C.B., C.G.V.O. 2 Vols. Illustrated. 36s. net. (John Murray.)

This record of eight years of Queen Victoria's girlhood consists of a selection from Her Majesty's Diaries between the years 1832 and 1840. When the first entries in the journals were made their writer was thirteen years old; when she wrote the last she was in her twenty-first year—she wrote them on the day of her marriage, two years after she had come to the throne. The diaries for the first four or five years are pleasantly artless in style, and perhaps a little formal and restrained, for they were given to her by her mother, who not only kept an eye on them herself but expected the child's governess to do so. They are more intimate and freer in the expression of thoughts and opinions after the Queen's accession, for then she was no longer subjected to such surveillance, but wrote in the confidence that no eye but her own would read what she had written. All along, however, the diaries are full of interest. They are largely made up of homely accounts and descriptions of her everyday life and the people she visits or who visit her, and of her ceremonious travelling about the country with her mother, publicly received with the honours due to the heiress apparent. You have notes concerning her education; attendances at the theatre, holiday trips into the country or the seaside, and now and then references to books she has been reading. One of the most important entries comes on Tuesday, June 20th, 1837: "I was awoke at six o'clock by mamma, who told me that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were here, and wished to see me. I got out of bed and went into my sitting-room (only in my dressing-gown), and *alone*, and saw them. Lord Conyngham (the Lord Chamberlain) then acquainted me that my poor uncle, the King, was no more, and had expired at twelve minutes past two this morning, and consequently that I am *Queen*. Lord Conyngham knelt down and kissed my hand, at the same time delivering to me the official announcement of the poor King's demise. . . . I then went to my room and dressed. Since it has pleased Providence

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, 1840.
From a picture by A. E. Chalon, R.A., at Hughender.
From **The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, Vol. II.** (*Murray*).

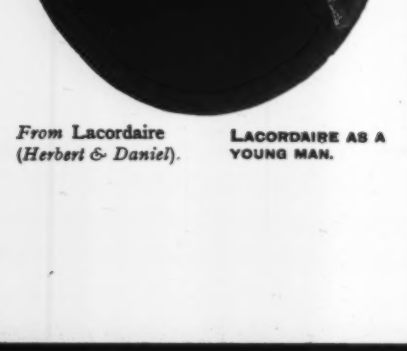
From **The Year 1912 Illustrated** (*Headley*).

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AS AN UNDERGRADUATE

From My Life on Four Continents (*Hutchinson*).

COLONEL CHAILLÉ-LONG ON HIS RETURN FROM THE EXPEDITION TO THE GRAND LAKES.
From a unique photo. taken by General Gordon, October 18, 1874.

to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty toward my country; I am very young and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real good-will and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have." She was fortunate in having for her guardian and adviser at this difficult period so tactful, kindly and sensible a man of the world as Lord Melbourne; his genial, easy, fatherly manner won her confidence, and all his relations with her as they are revealed here are eminently charming. "I said to him," she writes in 1838, "I was reading the first novel I had ever read, 'The Bride of Lammermoor'; he said it was very melancholy—a terrible story—but admires it." She was delighted with "Oliver Twist," but Lord Melbourne did not like it; it was too much about coffin-makers, workhouses and thieves to please him. Another day, she spoke to him "of Bulwer's novels, *none* of which Lord Melbourne has read. Lady Durham said it was very odd that so clever a man should be so vain about his personal appearance. Lord Melbourne replied: 'I think clever people generally have more of these weaknesses than others,' Lord Melbourne said: 'I always predicted he would be a genius when he was a boy; and I was sure he would make a figure; he used to come over to Brocket when he was seventeen, and show me his poetry.'" These extracts finish on the Queen's wedding-day, describe the wedding, the reception after, and then how "Dearest Albert came up and fetched me downstairs, where we took leave of mamma and drove off at near four; I and Albert alone." Some day, probably, the rest of the journals will be published, but not till the present generation is gone past reading them. Meanwhile, the printing of these diaries of the Queen's earlier years is a thing to be grateful for. They are interesting and valuable, not only for the lights they throw upon her own character, but for what they add to our knowledge of the inner history of the first two years of her reign and the glimpses they give of the manner of life by which she was surrounded in the six years that preceded them. The volumes are admirably illustrated, the illustrations including a good many reproductions of drawings by the Queen herself.



From Lacordaire (*Herbert & Daniel*).

LACORDAIRE AS A YOUNG MAN.

From The House of Commons from Within (*Williams & Norgate*).

THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT FARQUHARSON.
From a sketch by John S. Sargent, R.A.

THE YEAR 1912 ILLUSTRATED.

A Record of Notable Achievements and Events. (Headley Bros.)

This useful and interesting publication has now arrived at its fourth year of issue, and has already taken a permanent place of its own among the year's indispensable reference books. It takes a comprehensive survey, as its sub-title indicates, of all the principal events that happened at home and abroad during 1912. The Durbar Coronation, the *Titanic* Disaster, the Dickens Centenary, the Coal Strike, the Discovery of the South Pole, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, the Olympic Games at Stockholm, the Death of the Emperor of Japan, the Chinese Revolution, the Death of General Booth—these and all the other outstanding features of the year's history—to say nothing of its weather and its cricket records—are gathered up into these pages and related succinctly and interestingly. There is no attempt at the expression of opinions—it is all, as its title indicates, a sort of cinematograph view of the passing days and principal events of the last twelve months. It is good reading for all and sundry, and the journalist and those of us who are actively concerned in public life will find it a handy and serviceable book of reference. The numerous illustrations are well chosen and excellently reproduced.

MY LIFE IN FOUR CONTINENTS.

By Colonel Chaillé-Long. In 2 Vols. With 26 Illustrations, 3 Facsimilies, and 2 Maps. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Colonel Chaillé-Long, whose autobiography fills the two portly volumes now before us, is to be remembered principally from the fact that he was General Gordon's Chief of Staff in the Egyptian Equatorial Provinces, now the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. He has also had an adventurous life in other parts of the world. An American by birth, he served as a young man in the Civil War, after which he went to the Near East, and eventually secured a military commission in Egypt. On General Gordon's arrival he was at once appointed Chief of Staff, and he then made several brilliant journeys of exploration with a view to settling the problem of the source of the Nile. He has fallen foul of Stanley and other explorers over discoveries that he made on his journeys, and much space in this work is devoted to a spirited defence of his position, which has lately—by the way—been completely vindicated. Of the enormous amount of interesting material that remains we fear we can say nothing; we can only advise readers to at once obtain this vivid and well-ordered autobiography.

From **The Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell**

FATHER TYRRELL.
From a group at St. Mary's Hall.

An important work which has been published recently by Mr. Edward Arnold.

From **George Borrow: the Man and his Books**
(*Chapman & Hall*).

GEORGE BORROW.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FROM WITHIN.

By Right Hon. Robert Farquharson. 7s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

Dr. Farquharson has already given us one very pleasant volume on his Parliamentary experiences, and now he follows it up with a further instalment of genial anecdotes and personal impressions concerning our legislators in the House of Commons. Dr. Farquharson tells how to get into Parliament and has many a good story of his own contests in Aberdeenshire. He explains how things are done in the House, is luminous on the difficulties of Whips and private members, and helps us to understand what makes for success in political life. On plenty of subjects, from literary style to vaccination, from the opium trade to labour representation, Dr. Farquharson gives us his opinions frankly and stoutly without any beating about the bush. Women's Suffrage gets a chapter to itself, and Dr. Farquharson's last vote in Parliament was given in support of the cause. Bureaucracy is whole-heartedly disliked, and

From **Reminiscences of my Early Ministry**
(*Jarrold*)

F. W. MacDonald, 1912.

there is a kindly word in favour of casual charity. But it is a kindly man who writes the book, a lover of his fellows, as every good medical man is; and for all his strong expressions of opinion Dr. Farquharson cannot make us forget the largeness of heart and real goodwill to mankind that supplemented the honest purpose in the author's public life.

REMINISCENCES OF MY EARLY MINISTRY.

By FREDERIC W. MACDONALD. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold & Sons.)

These annals of the life of a distinguished minister have that interest which nearly always attaches to the biographies of men who have seen the world in many aspects, and come into close contact with the life of the masses. The author of "Recreations of a Book Lover" adds to a perception of literary values plenty of shrewd good sense and observation, and he has an abounding sympathy with the poor. He recounts his experiences as "a very young minister" in the Staffordshire Potteries, and tells some stories, humorous or pathetic, of the humble folk amongst whom he worked. His remarks on preachers and preaching should prove of especial value to those who themselves occupy pulpits. Mr. Macdonald early discovered that a minister's congregation "can teach him more than all the professors can," and there is keen psychological analysis in his observations on the subtle relationships that develop between the preacher and his hearers. Altogether it is a record full of interest to all who take more than a surface view of life. There are, too, enlightening descriptions of some of the more notable divines with whom Mr. Macdonald came into contact, as, for example, Dr. Morley Punshon — to whose influence he acknowledges a great debt—Dr. W. B. Pope, Thomas Llewellyn and Joseph Hargreaves.

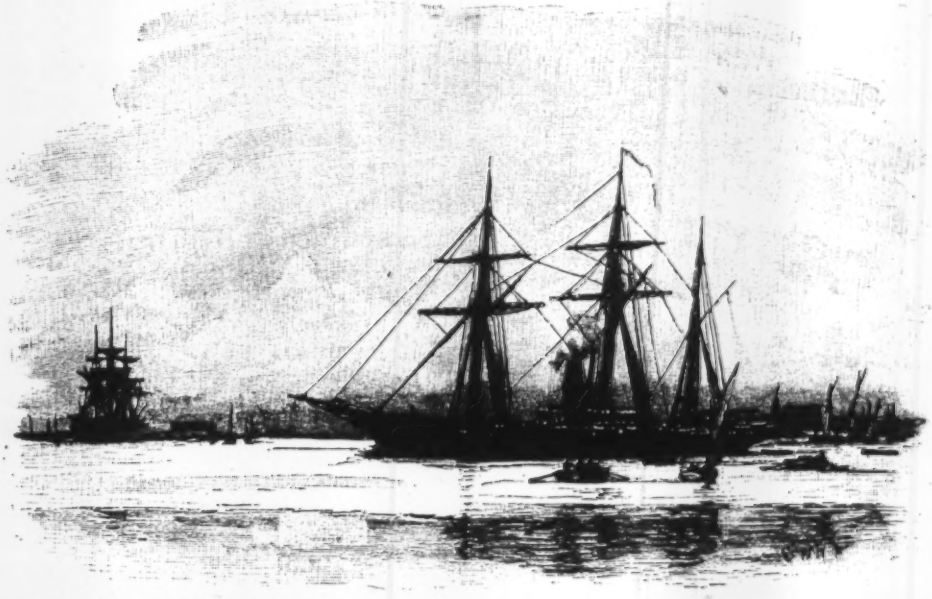
From **Following the Drum** (*Melrose*).

GOING ON A TRANSPORT.

FOLLOWING THE DRUM.

By HORACE WYNDHAM. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

"'The Cumberland Light Infantry,' returned the sergeant, as though he were its commanding-officer, 'I'm pally with the colonel, and can fix you up there at once. Fine regiment. Only two or three vacancies.'" There is the climax of the remarks of the recruiting-sergeant who persuaded Mr. Horace Wyndham to enlist, but he led up to it skilfully: "'Soldiering is a fine life. Lots of money, lots of beer, and lots of girls. Chance of seeing the world, too. No anxieties. Rations, lodging, clothing and education, with doctors and chaplains simply chucked at you! And if you die, a first-class funeral, with a band and firing party. Better than being a civilian.'" And here is what he said the next day in his "last word of friendly counsel: "'Keep a stiff upper lip, and always remember you wear the King's uniform. Never be late for parade, or give back answers to non-coms. They don't like it. Obey orders at the double, and when you've finished one job ask for another. Somebody's sure to oblige you. Learn to drill, learn to shoot, and keep out of hospital, the canteen, and the guardroom. If you do this long enough, you may get as far as lance-corporal. There's no knowing.'" In his exceedingly interesting book, Mr. Horace Wyndham, writing from seven years' experience, touches upon every aspect



From **A History of the British Nation** (*Jack*).

THE "ALABAMA."
From a sketch by Charles W. Wylie.

of the private soldier's life. Nobody can help being amused and edified by "Following the Drum." It is quite a remarkable book in its way.

ROMANTIC TRIALS OF THREE CENTURIES.

By Hugh Childers. With 24 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Mr. Hugh Childers has chosen the twelve trials for this collection of his with a sure instinct for their strangeness and the fascination of their human interest. He has gone rather off the beaten track of such books, and though he relates the thrillingly dramatic narrative of the Lyons Mail, he by no means limits his cases to those tales of mysterious murder that appeal irresistibly to some curiously morbid strain in all of us. There is the story of the Lowestoft Witches, with Sir Thomas Browne appearing in the witness-box to testify against two unfortunate old women charged with having dealings with the devil; there is the trial of William Penn for unlawful assembly; of Dr. Dodd for forgery; the extraordinarily baffling case of Elizabeth Canning; the little-known account of the prosecution of Disraeli for criminal libel; the affair of Beau Fielding and the Duchess; the remarkable trial of the murderers of Thomas Thynne; each one of the dozen cases is charged with mystery or romance; it adheres closely to facts, and is unfolded with narrative skill and a nice feeling for the dramatic force of it that make this book at once good history and the best of good reading. The portraits, photographs and reproductions of old prints add not a little to the interest and attractiveness of the volume.

From Romantic Trials of Three Centuries (*Lane*). ELIZABETH CANNING RECEIVING HER SENTENCE.

WELLINGTON'S ARMY.

By C. W. C. Oman. 7s. 6d. net. (Edward Arnold.)

A fascinating and authoritative study of "Wellington's Army" during the Peninsular War, has been written by Mr. Oman. No campaign or series of campaigns seems to have so many records, privately, printed or published as that which was fought from 1809 to 1814. It seems almost to have been a popular practice for officers and some of the men to keep diaries; and luminous on the whole, they prove. Beginning with the character of the Commander-in-Chief and his generals, Mr. Oman has summarised the qualities and defects of all departments of the army, and made a book of exceptional historical value and human interest. His judgment of Wellington is similar to that of Lord Roberts, that the more his actions and writings are studied, "the more do we respect and like him as a general, and the less do we like him as a man." Of the *personnel* of the army, Mr. Oman's views are necessarily variegated. With all its bitter strenuousness and bloody experiences there was something of a holiday character about certain aspects of the Peninsular War, as novelists, such as Lever, have shown. There was plenty of scope for individual adventures of derring-do, and although Wellington was a determined disciplinarian and not too

From King's Cutters and Smugglers, 1700–1855 (*Allen*). "GETTING A FIRM GRIP . . . PUSHED HIM INTO THE WATER."

From Wellington's Army (*Arnold*). SERGEANT AND PRIVATE OF INFANTRY IN WINTER MARCHING ORDER, 1813.

From Intimacies of Court and Society
(*Hurst & Blackett*).

A CHÂTEAU DE MAINTENON.

kind to officers, general or otherwise, who thought for themselves, there was no waste of opportunity for the ambitious. The great interest of the War is largely due to its period. It marked a chapter of reform in the history of the army. The soldier's pigtail was cut-off: and that is a symbol of the progress of common-sense. We also have it on the authority of a Captain Dobbs, whose privately-printed diary Mr. Oman may not have seen, that the percussion-cap was first used in the Peninsular with an excellent effect. In any case, the War marked the close of an epoch. A book, therefore, which treats fully of the *personnel*, character, detail, and experiences of Wellington's effective army is welcome, and not only to students of social and military history.

THE HOOSAC VALLEY; ITS LEGENDS AND ITS HISTORY.

By GRACE GREYLOCK NILES. With 110 Illustrations and Maps. 15s. net. (Putnam's.)

Certain spots on the world's face seem destined to play an important part in the making of history. Among such localities the Hoosac Valley takes a notable place. It has seen the climaxes of half a dozen wars—Red Indians were here decisively defeated, here is situated Ticonderoga, where in 1775 was fought one of the most important engagements of the American War of Independence, and here, too, is Bennington, the battle at which town preceded the surrender of the British forces at Old Saratoga on October 17th, 1777. Since then the Valley has remained in peace, the most important event—and one which was far more important than it sounds—being the construction of the Hoosac Tunnel, an extraordinary feat of engineering. Miss Niles makes excellent use of material at her command, and she has compiled a book which we believe will prove nearly as interesting to English readers as to American. It is very fully and very effectively illustrated.

LLOYD GEORGE'S SUPPER PARTY.

By the Member for Britain. 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Political skits of this kind have rather gone out of fashion of late years. Even the papers, apart from one or two of the professedly comic character, seldom or never indulge in them. Yet the political cartoon still flourishes vigorously, and so far as one can see the public at large are more interested in politics than ever they were before. But the art of satire has fallen into abeyance; we have grown perhaps too tender of each other's feelings, and there is more bark than bite in most of our attacks on a political opponent. The anonymous author of "Lloyd George's Supper Party" makes fun of the Chancellor and his policy and his public doings, but it is all very good-natured fun; he is mildly satirical, genially sarcastic; there is no sting in his gibes and no ill-nature in his ridicule. Whether you share his views or whether you do not, you can laugh at his gay burlesque and his lively, irresponsible sallies. Now and then his humour is a little thin, but he gives you an hour's light reading that is well worth the small price of his book.

From The Hoosac Valley
(*Putnam's*).

THE WITENAGEMOT OAK.
A Treaty Tree of Peace and Welfare. Planted by the Christians for the Hoosac and Mohawk Scouts, near the junction of the Tombannac Creek with the Hoosac River, in the Vale of Peace, Old Schaghticoke, New York. Here assembled the first Council of the Christians with Soquon and Maquon after the Hoosacs' final victory over Kryn's Mohawks in 1676.

ROBERT KETT AND THE NORFOLK RISING.

By JOSEPH CLAYTON. 8s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Martin Secker.)

Just now when we are talking of Labour Unrest and asking each other the cause of it Mr. Clayton's story of the Kett Rebellion of 1594 comes to us with a special air of timeliness and significance. There was a similar ferment of unrest and dissatisfaction among the labouring classes of 1594, and it culminated, for the time being, in an uprising of the people of Norfolk under the leadership of Robert Kett. The rebellion lasted only six weeks; but, as Mr. Clayton says, it "had its crowded hours of glorious life," it was not easily suppressed, and there were moments when it bade fair to issue in a great democratic victory. It is merely stupid to dismiss Kett and his followers as a riotous mob; Kett himself was a man of honour and intelligence; he was no mean organiser, and kept order and administered justice in his great camp on Mousehold Heath with a strong and an even hand; moreover, he sacrificed much in his passionate championing of the rights of his poorer neighbours; he risked his life in the cause that was more theirs than his, and not only risked but lost it. Mr. Clayton has made a careful study of all the early narratives of the event and recreates the striking character of Robert Kett impartially and with uncommon literary skill. Kett, like Jack Cade, has been misrepresented and vilified by partisan historians, and those who have no praise but for the rebel who succeeds, and not only every good democrat but every lover of good men will be grateful to Mr. Clayton for telling vividly and sympathetically the true story of a significant episode in the long struggle of the common people of England for the freedom, the share in the land of their country, and the general place in the sun that has not been too soon or too ungrudgingly yielded to them. It is a fine and an inspiring story, and one of profoundest interest.

From Robert Kett (*Secker*).

MOUSEHOLD HEATH.
From the painting by Crome.

THE BOUNTIFUL HOUR.

By MARION FOX. 6s. (John Lane.)

There is a charming mingling of imagination and realism in this eighteenth century romance by Miss Marion Fox. We have glimpses of Cowper in it, and of Mary Wolstonecroft, but in the main it is the story of a young girl's love for a good man, and since there is an obstacle to their marrying, she defies law and church and lives with him as his wife, holding that love is enough. The story cleverly and very interestingly shows the first stirrings in the eighteenth century of that feminist movement of which we hear so much to-day. Its old-world atmosphere is very cunningly and effectively created and maintained throughout; the story is told with insight and with power, and the characters are drawn with remarkable skill.

From When I Was a Child (*Constable*).

THE FARMER'S COTTAGE SEEN FROM THE TRAIN.

From Memorials of Canterbury Cathedral (*Chapman & Hall*).

THE NAVE.

BUSH AND SEA RHYMES.

By A. SAFRONI-MIDDLETON. (Walter Scott Publishing Co.)

Mr. Safroni-Middleton is an Australian poet whose name is new to us, though we gather from an advertisement at the end of his book that he has published at least one other volume. He writes of the bush and the sea with a breezy vigour and picturesque descriptive power that tell you he is writing of such life as he has seen and lived himself. His verses have a fluency and lilt that are very pleasing, and he writes always with an admirable simplicity and directness that are in happiest harmony with his themes. The voice of the sea and the voice and lonely vastness of the open country—these are the chief founts of his inspiration. Now, amid the roar and whirl of the salt spray far at sea he broods of London and

> "The surging crowds of lamp-lit streets, shut in by blackened walls."

and anon, living in London he is haunted by dreams of the bush :

> "Down in my heart the bush flower blows,
> The sea-bird cries as it comes and goes,
> Flashing away on tireless wing
> O'er the moonlit dark waves glittering.
> Fast o'er the sea the cool wind goes
> To kiss the hills where the wattle blows.
> Far from the heat of the old Bush town
> Stars are pouring God's own wine down. . . .
> Our little hut crouched in the hills,
> Safe from the wild shore's thunderous thrills—
> God's everlasting, thrilling chime,
> Where waves for ever crying climb—
> In moonlight coil the wild lone shore,
> Like children knock each dark cave door. . .
>
> "And still I hear the surf's low moan,
> I am awake, old and alone;
> It is that blind, wild hollow cry
> Of moaning 'neath the birdless sky
> In this small room of London Town,
> And on my heart the rain beats down."

Some of his love songs—one in particular beginning

> "The sea-bird to the sea, and I to you——"

are very charming. There is not a smell of the lamp

TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH.

By ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D. With 26 Illustrations in Colour and many Line Drawings in the Text by James Riddel, R.S.W., and a Map. 21s. net. (Chambers.)

This fine book is a re-issue of the work on which the fame of Robert Chambers principally depends. Originally published in 1825 (when it aroused much interest in Sir Walter Scott), it went through many reprints and was almost rewritten in 1846, while in 1868, shortly before his death, the final edition was issued—and, as Mr. C. E. S. Chambers, the editor of the present issue, puts it, "since that time old Edinburgh has almost ceased to exist." The illustrations of Mr. James Riddel give character and magnificence to the new edition, and, whether in colour or line, all are redolent of the atmosphere of Edinburgh. He has had a romantic and richly picturesque subject and has made the very most and best of it. It is, in fact, a dignified volume, worthy and effectively illustrated.

From Traditions of Edinburgh (*Chambers*).

THE OLD TOLBOOTH.

in any poem in the book—they are the unaffected outpourings of a man who has lived a man's life and has a natural gift for putting into unpremeditated song the thoughts and visions that come to him by the way. It is the naturalness of his verses that makes them so pleasing and so effective.

THE CHAPELS ROYAL.

By the Ven. Archdeacon WILLIAM SINCLAIR. D.D. With 15 Illustrations and Decorations by Louis Weirter, R.B.A. 21s. net. (Nash.)

"The religious side of an institution," writes Archdeacon Sinclair in his introduction, "is generally the most interesting, because religion of any kind touches the deepest and highest emotions of human nature, and calls up whatever is sincere and genuine even in commonplace minds. The associations of a parish church, where many generations have been baptised, confirmed, married and buried, are rich in personal reminiscences of the most intimate and varied kind: sorrows and joys, struggles of conscience, hopes and fears, instructions and inspirations, sympathies and reflections. And therefore, when we come to families which have to play a large public part on the stage of the world, the place devoted to their worship and religious celebrations cannot but be full of interest, romance, and the more serious aspects of brilliant lives. It is from this point of view that it is worth while to see what

From The Chapels Royal (*Nash*). HOLYROOD ABBEY.

can be told about the Chapels Royal of the United Kingdom." Archdeacon Sinclair proves an urbane and efficient guide over many wonderful buildings. He writes with historical accuracy and a charm which is reflected in the drawings of Mr. Weirter, and which should make this finely-produced volume one of the most popular of its kind of the present publishing season.

From The Romance of the Men of Devon (*Mills & Boon*). THE OLD GUILDHALL, EXETER.

THE FAIREST OF THE STUARTS.

By WINIFRED BROOKS MYLECHREEST. 6s. Illustrated. (Sampson Low & Co.)

The fairest of the Stuarts was Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of James I.; she married the Elector Palatine and afterwards became the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia. Our own royalty derive their Stuart blood from her. Miss Winifred Brooks Mylechreest has told her story in the form of a novel and it makes a picturesque and uncommonly interesting romance. Whether now and then the author does not go a little outside historical facts we are not quite sure, and in any event if she does so she has the highest examples to justify her. The book is illustrated with two excellent portraits and four sketches of Edinburgh and Stirling Castles, Whitehall Palace and the Tower of London.

JOHN FORSTER AND HIS FRIENDSHIPS.

By RICHARD RENTON. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

Forster was the author of many books, but probably he will live longest as author of the standard Life of Dickens, and as the friend of many of the greatest men of his day and generation. The cabman who denounced him as "a harbitrary gent" crystallised his character in a phrase that was so true that it will label him as long as he is remembered; you may learn from Macready's Diaries how apt he was to quarrel with his friends, how his dogmatic, self-assertive autocratic manners exasperated them so that he and one or another of them were continually on bad terms with each other. But there was never anything serious in these quarrels; after an interval they were made up, and they left no ill-feeling behind them. With it all, you find that Forster was the most sympathetic as well as the touchiest of mortals; over and over again you hear of him exerting himself and going to no end of trouble to serve those for whom he had some regard. Dickens may have found him occasionally officious, and his airs of proprietorship and management a little trying, but the debt Dickens owes him for his constant and loyal friendship and his many disinterested services makes all such faults of manner seem trivial and of no moment. That Forster had hosts of friends, and kept them all, speaks for itself to the genuineness and lovability of his character, and see what friends they were! We naturally link him with Dickens, but he was intimate also with Browning, with Carlyle, Lord Lytton, Ainsworth, Macready, Landor, Douglas Jerrold, and in his early years he came into pleasant relations with Lamb. One could easily extend the list, but here are enough names to indicate what sort of material Mr. Renton had to his hand when he set out to write this book on "John Forster and his Friendships." He has written it well and interestingly, and given us a full-length portrait of Forster the man and the author, in his daily habit as he lived. He was Dickens's Boswell, but he was as dictatorial as if he had been Dr. Johnson; and some of us think his Lives of Dickens, of Swift and of Goldsmith at least as good as anything that Ursa Major contributed to our literature. Forster was a man of great gifts; a man of talent, if not of some genius; withal he was a remarkable personality, and as Mr. Renton, writing with first-hand knowledge, makes clear, by no means so forbidding or ungenial as at first blush he may have seemed. The thirty-six portraits and facsimiles add to the interest of a book that is sure of a welcome from all Dickens lovers, and from all who are interested in the great figures of nineteenth century letters. Mr. Renton has met and been intimate with various people who knew Forster and the members of his circle, and this enables him to draw them and Forster for us very vividly. There are flaws in his book—flaws of style and one or two omissions; but it is readable and valuable.

From Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life (*Lane*).

MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE
From a sketch by John Lavery, R.A.

From Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte (*Lane*).

PRINCESS SOPHIA.
By Hoppner.

FRANCESCO BERGER.
Author of "Reminiscences, Impressions, and Anecdotes," which Messrs. Sampson Low announce for publication.

THE FAVOURITES OF LOUIS XIV.

By Le Petit Homme Rouge. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

We should not like to say how many books we have come across within the last two years that deal with the careers of courtesans and demireps. We weary of the too-frequent attempt to invest with interest, and even with halos, women who were either frankly mercenary or deplorably vicious; and though we are alive to the fact that virtue in itself makes no man or woman interesting, though we quite agree with Samuel Butler the second when he says in his recently published "Note-book" that "the world can ill spare any vice which has obtained long and largely among civilized people," and that "the truest virtue has ever inclined towards excess rather than criticism," we cannot help thinking that the deliberate exploitation for literary purposes of royal mistresses and mere *cocottes* neither profits the republic of letters, nor readily consorts with the traditions of English taste. "Cui bono," we say: "Who benefits by this detailed study of royal incontinence, of *splendeurs misères?* Not the author, whose moral currency is apt to get debased in the transaction; not the reader, who is beguiled into mistaking "chatter about Harriet" for history; not the reviewer—if he counts at all—who is sick to death of this constant appeal to what can only be described as a morbid interest. . . . Yet, when we meet with such an admirably written and judicial book of the kind as "Le Petit Homme Rouge's" account of "The Favourites of Louis XIV.," we are almost persuaded to eat our words. The work is so admirably done, the tone is so fair and reasonable, the historical sense is so manifest on every page, that we feel inclined, against our better judgment, to cry "Bravo!" It is the humanity with which "Le Petit Homme Rouge" writes about Louise de la Vallière, about La Montespan, about Scarron's widow La Maintenon, that redeems the sordid subject matter. And we should like to compliment the author on his introductory chapter. This chapter, in which he links his new book with its predecessor, "The Favourites of Henry of Navarre," is one of the most piquant and concise historical summaries that we have ever been privileged to read; it is entirely admirable.

From The Correspondence of Sarah, Lady Lyttelton (*Murray*).

Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton

From The Favourites of Louis XIV. (*Chatto & Windus*).

Madame de Montespan.

QUEEN ANNE.

By Herbert Paul. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a new and revised edition of Mr. Herbert Paul's brilliant study of the life and times of Queen Anne. It was first published six years ago, and has now been carefully revised by the author. Two of its sections are devoted to the politics of Queen Anne's reign, one to the literature, and one to the society and manners, and Mr. Paul has this in common with Macaulay that he knows how to make history interesting. His work has the ease and charm of style that makes for popularity, and the fulness of knowledge, the ripe scholarship that give it permanent literary value.

THE HUMBUG.

By Mrs. Tom Godfrey. 6s. (London: Hurst & Blackett, Ltd.)

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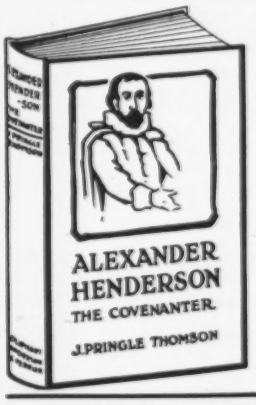

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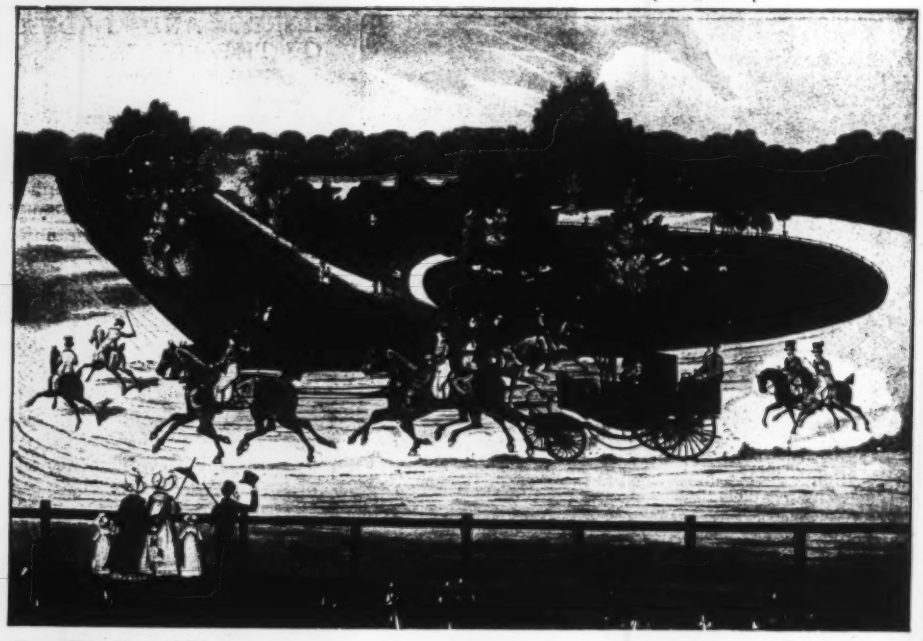

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Mr. George Moore told us in the first volume of "Hail and Farewell!" how he came to hate England. In the second volume he tells us how he came to hate, or at least to despise, Ireland. He could not forgive England the

From The Church in Madras
(*Smith, Elder*).

THE CANTONMENT CHURCH, PALLAVERAM

Boer War. He could not forgive Ireland Roman Catholicism. It will be remembered by readers of the first volume that he was bidden in a vision " on the road to Chelsea " to go to Ireland and help in the revival of the Irish language, in order to prepare the way for the creation of a new literature. Obviously, however, the vision was not from above, but was a jest of the Fiend's. For no sooner had Mr. Moore properly begun his evangelising work than a second revelation was vouchsafed to him, and it now appeared to him that no Catholic country could produce literature, and that therefore it would be a waste of labour to devote himself to a language and literary revival in Ireland unless Ireland became either Protestant or Agnostic. In the result he decided to announce his own adhesion to the Protestant Church. Towards the end of the present volume we find him arguing divinity and repeating the Lord's Prayer with a clergyman whom the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin had appointed to minister to his spiritual needs. Surely in no part of the world did Protestantism ever net so odd a convert as the Mr. Moore of " Hail and Farewell ! "

It would be impossible to say how far he is to be taken seriously, either as a convert to Nationalism, or as a convert to Protestantism. One thinks of him as trying various ideals—literary, political and religious—as a naughty boy might try a number of pots of jam. These latest books of his are, in some measure, comparable to the naughty boy's cockahoop story of how he enjoyed his raid on the jam-pots. " In some measure," I say, for it is evident that Mr. Moore was angrily serious at least in his abjuration of the Catholicism of his father. Those chapters in which he recalls the odious atmosphere of the sectarian boarding-school to which he had been sent as a boy have the ring of genuine deep-seated resentment. His conversion to Protestantism strikes one as a kind of belated revenge on his schoolmasters. At times, on the other hand, it strikes one as a joke. And it is Mr. Moore's own fault that this is so. He plays with his conversion as a kitten plays with a ball. He tells us, for instance, how at one moment he thought of writing to the *Irish Times* to say that his reason for abandoning Catholicism was the unpatriotic action of the Catholic priests in welcoming King Edward VII. to Maynooth ! A convert who confesses to little mischiefs of this kind cannot blame us if we appreciate him as what in the country they call a " character."

Obviously, indeed, Mr. Moore hugely enjoys playing a part. It tickles his sense of humour to imagine himself the leader of a crusade, whether it be a crusade to save the Irish language or to save the Boers, or to destroy the Church of Rome. He seems, according to his own account, to have saved thousands of Boers from being killed at one point. No sooner, again, does he discover the barrenness of Catholicism in literature than he believes that he will " be able to deal Catholicism such a blow as has not been dealt since the Reformation." " Hail and Farewell ! " is one of the most delightfully self-important books in the English language. Mr. Moore is richly endowed with the egotism which is the spice of half the books of confessions. One feels that it was his egotism that was responsible for his failure to understand modern Ireland, and led to his regarding her with contempt. If he despises Ireland, however, he despises her wittily, as when he speaks of her people as a race of herdsmen, " divining the steak in the bullock with the same certainty as the Greek divined the statue in the block of marble." And he tells us how he once " fell to thinking that, if some meditative herdsmen, while leaning over a gate, had been inspired to compose a sauce whereby the steak might be eaten with relish, the Irish race would be able to hold up its head in the world." The indictment of Ireland as a country that has never produced a sauce is a sweet piece of nonsense. Perhaps, suggests Mr. Moore, the blame may lie with the Irish language, which may be " too harsh and bitter for such a buttery word as *Béamaise*."

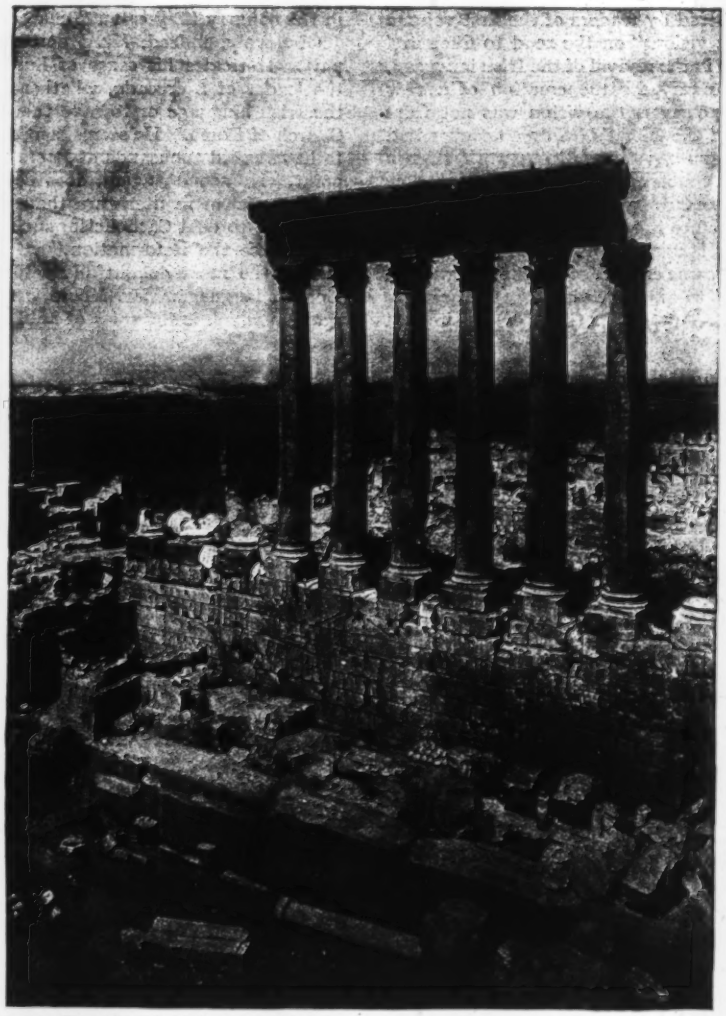
From **The Building of the Alps** (*Unwin*).

CREVASSES ON A GLACIER.
From a photo. by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond.

" It may be that the Irish language was merely intended for the sale of bullocks—a language that has never been to school, as John Eglinton once said. If it had only fled to the kitchen one might forgive it for having played truant—the Irish language, a language that has never been spoken in a drawing-room, only in rude towers, and very like those towers are the blocks of rough sound that a Gaelic speech hurls at one when he speaks.

It will be seen that Mr. Moore is the most skilled of triflers. He is the most perfect dilettante old bachelor in contemporary literature. One may disapprove of him, but we cannot dislike him : he does not challenge one

seriously enough for that. One's attitude to him must also be softened by the fact that, while he is usually malicious, he is never malignant. He compares himself somewhere to a butterfly; but butterflies do not sting and bite as he does, nor are they up to such eternal mischief. He is really more like the gadfly to which Socrates compared himself in his relations with the citizens of Athens. Mr. Moore enjoyed himself immensely as the gadfly of Dublin for a year or two, and in this book he gives us a shamefully funny account of what his victims looked like and behaved like under torture. His studies of Mr. Edward Martyn and Mr. T. P. Gill are marvellous examples of comic portraiture — comic, but, at times, curiously sympathetic. The portrait of A. E. does not seem to me to be so successful. Mr. Moore had too much respect for A. E. ever to torment him. It is to be feared that he had too much respect for him to be able to paint him.



From The Grandeur that was Rome (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

BA'ALBEK: THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS.

One cannot end a review of a book like this without renewing one's protest against the indecencies that are here and there dragged into its pages. It may be that there is no great harm in them from an ethical point of view: they are merely dirty. They may be defended on the ground that Mr. Moore's genius is a genius for frankness —frankness about everything from his immortal soul to his underclothing. But that defence will not stand. Mr. Moore always chooses with the greatest deliberation those things about which he means to be frank. And he does this so skilfully that in the end he leaves us in considerable perplexity as to whether the real George Moore is in any way like the George Moore who is the hero of this brilliant comic Protestant tract.

ROBERT LYND.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE

From The Cloister and the Hearth (*Chambers*).

"THE HABITUAL EXPRESSION OF HER FACE WAS A SWEET PENSIVENESS."

SOME CHRISTMAS NOVELS.

If you were to ask me for a definition of the Christmas novel, I should certainly not be able to oblige you with anything more particular than the bare statement that it should be suitable for a Christmas present. That is the broad way in which I should like you to regard the books which follow. Saving that they are all fiction, and in prose, I cannot say that I have been able to discover any ground of subject or of interest, any philosophy of life, which is common to the whole lot. They are all pleasant to read—some more so than others, as I think—but it is quite as likely as not that you would disagree with me if I were to tell you that I prefer A to B, or either of them to C. I wish, in fact, to act merely as a signpost, just to give you a few hints as to what these books are variously about, so that you may avoid giving a sentimental story to a cynic of twenty-one, or a sensational affair to an aged maiden aunt.

I shall play for safety by starting with a few books which have stood the test of time, and have come out in new editions. Of these, the most important is the charming re-issue of "Wives and Daughters,"[1] "one of the most perfect and profoundly interesting English novels ever written," as says Mr. Seccombe in a preface which

[1] "Wives and Daughters." By Mrs. Gaskell. With a Preface by Thomas Seccombe, and 8 Coloured Plates and 60 Line Drawings by M. V. Wheelhouse. 5s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

From Old Fireproof (*Duckworth*). "——AND HE THOUGHT, 'WELL, HERE THEY ARE THEN; NOW FOR IT.'"

certainly must not be overlooked. It is a model of its kind. It tells you exactly what you want, and what you ought, to know; it contains much fine critical material and it does what every preface should do—it arouses your interest and makes you want to read the book again. An additional attraction lies in the delightful illustrations, both in colour and line, of Miss M. V. Wheelhouse, who is surely the ideal illustrator of this period.

Hardly a year passes, I suppose, but Messrs. Sampson Low issue a new edition of "Lorna Doone,"[1] one of the best literary properties in existence. This year it is the "Western Moors" edition, an imposing volume (yet not too unwieldy) with a magnificently gilt cover, and sixteen very pleasing coloured illustrations by Mr. Christopher Clark. Altogether an excellent present, this—and besides, the book looks as if it cost at least three shillings more than you have to give for it.

Another very finely-produced volume is that which Messrs. Cassell have just published of "King Solomon's Mines,"[2] illustrated in colour by Mr. A. C. Michael, who has seldom done better work. Sir H. Rider Haggard contributes a "note," the latter half of which, I think, is worth quoting: "In closing these proof sheets also a kind of wonder takes me. Allan Quatermain has gone, but are Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good really dead? Will they not perhaps some day break south from their dim Zu-Vendis, grasp their old friend Ignosi by the hand, and even re-visit Solomon's Treasure Cave and look upon poor Foulata's bones?"

Miss Grier is one of the soundest of our historical novelists, and "A Young Man Married"[3]—that fine tale of the Peninsular War—now goes, I am glad to see, into a new edition, the special feature of which is half-a-dozen spirited pictures by Mr. A. Pearse. Another war story is "Old Fireproof,"[4] a really remarkable book, which everybody ought to read. Never mind whether or not you have heard of it, but take my word for it that you cannot understand the full meaning of war in general, and of the last Boer War in particular, until you have read it. I note that the new edition—the third—is produced as a boy's book, with illustrations by Edgar A. Holloway. This is well enough, provided that it does not scare adults off reading it.

Another volume which should be read by grown-ups as well as by boys (for whom it appears primarily to be intended) is "John Graham, Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.,"[5] which is the first of my new books. Fleet-Surgeon T. T. Jeans has already made his mark as a naval writer, of course, and I hope I am right in saying that "John Graham" gives quite an extraordinarily accurate (and attractive) description of life as it is now lived in the Navy. If I am wrong, I can only retort that Mr. Jeans has written one of the best "fakes" I have ever read. Anyhow, it is a jolly, galloping story, and there is some particularly good Rugby football in it.

Mr. Jeans' book leads one—certainly it is a good deal of a jump—to "The People of the River,"[6] a series of stories rather than a novel, the central figure of which is Mr. Commissioner Sanders, the head of a district somewhere or other in Central Africa. The tales contain some cheerful violence, some humorous characterization, and a great deal

[1] "Lorna Doone." By R. D. Blackmore. (Western Moors Edition.) With 16 Coloured Plates by Christopher Clark. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

[2] "King Solomon's Mines." By H. Rider Haggard. With 8 Coloured Plates by A. C. Michael. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

[3] "A Young Man Married." By Sydney C. Grier. With 6 Illustrations by A. Pearse. 6s. (Blackwood.)

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[6] "The People of the River." By Edgar Wallace. With Coloured Frontispiece. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

From A Young Man Married (*Blackwood*). "PRESENTED HER WITH A FOLDED PAPER."

From King Solomon's Mines (*Cassell*). "AH! BOUGWAN, I DIE!"

of incident. If you are acquainted with Mr. Edgar Wallace's other books you will know that he does this sort of thing exceedingly well. Another good sensational book is "The Mesh"[1] by John Haslette. Here the scene is a South American republic, the President of which—an altogether delightful scoundrel—is a past master in the art of deception. In order to please his *inamorata*, he has the English bank, situated in his capital, robbed, afterwards disposing of his associates in so skilful a manner that the manager of the bank, who loses his job in consequence of the theft, believes the President to be his best friend. How Temporel eventually succeeds in recovering the money and unmasking the President, makes a story well worth the reading. Possessed of ingenuity, inventiveness, and a considerable gift for character, Mr. Haslette should go far.

But for really strong, full-blooded sensation I don't suppose anybody is the equal of Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton, the plot of whose latest novel, "Her Marriage Lines,"[2] I cannot even begin to tell you. In its way, however, it is quite a remarkable *tour de force*; the author keeps the intricacies of her plot going with the juggling skill of a Cinquevalli, and she holds the reader's interest absolutely—to use a well-worn phrase—from the first page to the last.

It always seems to me that it takes a lot to beat a really good detective story, and, though I do not consider that Miss Elizabeth Kent has played quite fairly in "Who?"[3] in that her murder is sadly lacking in motive, I imagine that it is just possible to answer the question of the title on the particulars that the author gives you from time to time. I suppose I am prejudiced against the book because I was completely baffled for a solution; but I can leave "Who?" to less exacting readers with the assurance that I shall be very much surprised if they can discover who killed Lord Wilmersley before the author tells them of her own accord.

Among present-day writers of historical novels I should place Miss Beth Ellis very highly. There is a swing and a cheerfulness in her writing which are particularly attractive; she has an accurate knowledge of her periods; and her characters are very decidedly not the inhuman puppets of the average of historical fiction. Miss Ellis is at her best in "The King's Blue Riband,"[4] an article of attire which belonged to "Le Roi Soleil," and which the Englishman, Anthony Claverton, undertook to steal for a bet. He succeeded, of course, but that part of the book is no more interesting than the account of what happened afterwards. Yes, "The King's Blue Riband" is a very jolly story.

"The Fair Enchantress"[5] is a historical novel of a totally different type. Probably I am not justified in calling it a novel at all.

[1] "The Mesh." By John Haslette. 6s. (Sampson Low.)
[2] "Her Marriage Lines." By Marie Connor Leighton. With Coloured Frontispiece. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
[3] "Who?" By Elizabeth Kent. With Coloured Frontispiece by John Cassel. 6s. (Putnam's.)
[4] "The King's Blue Riband." By Beth Ellis. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[5] "The Fair Enchantress." By Henry Schumacher. With Coloured Frontispiece and 24 Plain Plates after Romney, Gainsborough, Reynolds, etc. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

From The People of the River (*Ward, Lock*). "THEN HE SAW HER STRUGGLING."

From **Stories of Pendennis and the Charterhouse** (*Harrap*).

CLIVE NEWCOME AT THE CHARTERHOUSE.

It is a romantic treatment of the early years of the life of Lady Hamilton, and it resembles fiction only in so far as that the "story" is developed principally by means of dialogue. In other respects it is a sufficiently accurate biography. The book is cleverly and effectively written, and I should think that it is assured of a considerable success. The production of the volume is very handsome indeed.

Mr. Crockett's star is once more in the ascendant—and deservedly so, for there has been much good work in his later novels. "The Moss Troopers" [1] sees him back in the Galloway of his favourite period, with press-gangs, smugglers, and all the rest of it. Simply to say that it is something like "The Raiders" is probably the best short description I can give you of "The Moss Troopers."

The remainder of the books on my table are modern in their setting. Three hail from America, two are collections of short stories, and the sixth is a very charming short novel by the amazingly popular Mrs. Barclay. "The Upas Tree" [2] exhibits all the most attractive of its author's qualities. It has a strong, unusual, and well-constructed plot, four well-contrasted characters, and a highly-developed sentimental interest. I am quite sure that before Christmas comes I shall be hearing that one or two hundred thousand copies of it have been sold.

Miss Jane H. Findlater's genius is quiet and unobtrusive, but none the less real, and her books invariably merit the closest attention. I hope you will on no account overlook "Seven Scots Stories" [3] which are all as good as anything she has ever written. You can hardly help enjoying this book, whether it be the pathos of "The Bairn-Keeper" ("I'm wee, but I'm that bauld and firrm") or the wry, gentle humour of "Ower Young to Marry Yet"—to say nothing of the other five tales. I cannot leave this volume without expressing my admiration for Mr. Henry W. Kerr's illustrations. A second collection of short stories comes from Lord Rosebery's daughter, Lady Sybil Grant. "The Chequer Board" [4] presents a variety of aspects of modern life, but I must confess that I like the author best in those tales which deal with the supernatural. "Beyond the Boundary" and "?" (which really is the title of one of the stories) are both well above the average in this vein.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers, I believe, has a larger regular public than any other writer in America, and it would seem that he has a considerable following on this side of the Atlantic as well. He is generous enough to give us two books this Christmas. "The Streets of Ascalon" [5] has figured as a serial in a popular magazine. It is a very long, but carefully handled and cleverly developed, story of the doings of the American Smart Set and its hangers-on. Perhaps it is a little over-elaborate, but it is by no means lacking in effect, and it remains one of the most successful examples of its author's later manner. "Blue-Bird Weather" [6] is the very antithesis of "The Streets of Ascalon," for it is short and slight—a happy little romance of duck shooting, in which a wealthy young city man marries the daughter of his gamekeeper.

[1] "The Moss Troopers." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[2] "The Upas Tree." By Florence L. Barclay. With Coloured Frontispiece by F. H. Townsend. 3s. 6d. net. (Putnam's.)
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[5] "The Streets of Ascalon." By Robert W. Chambers. With 29 Illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. 6s. (Appleton.)
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L.T.S.

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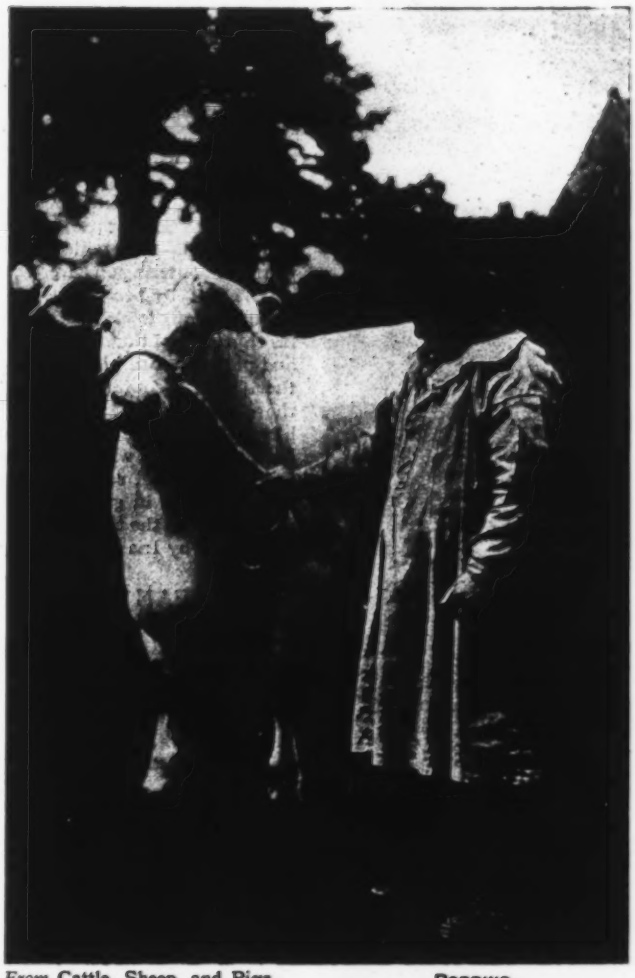

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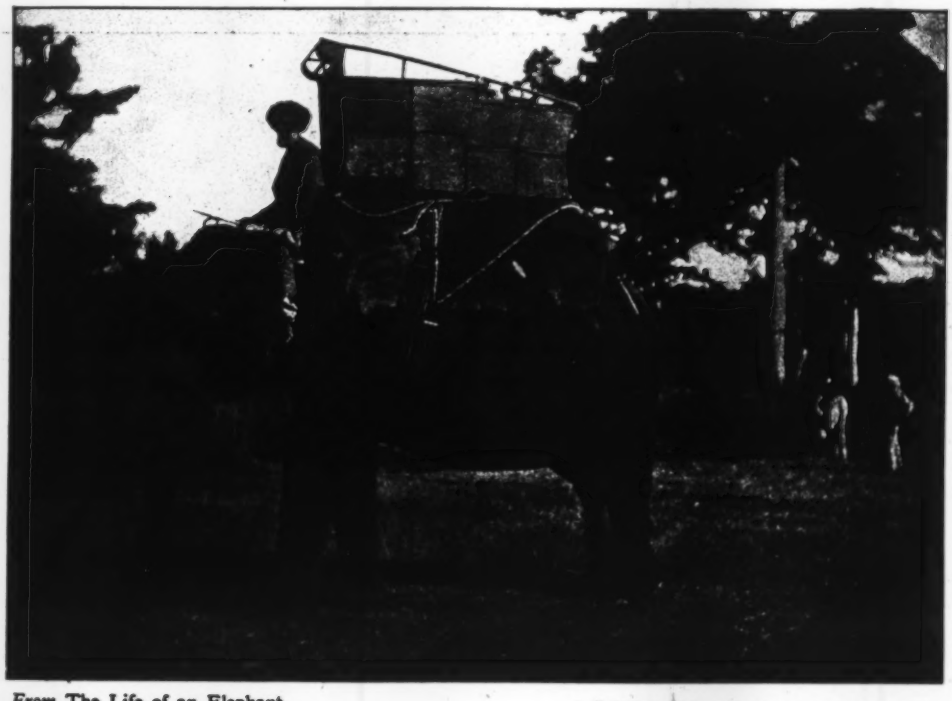

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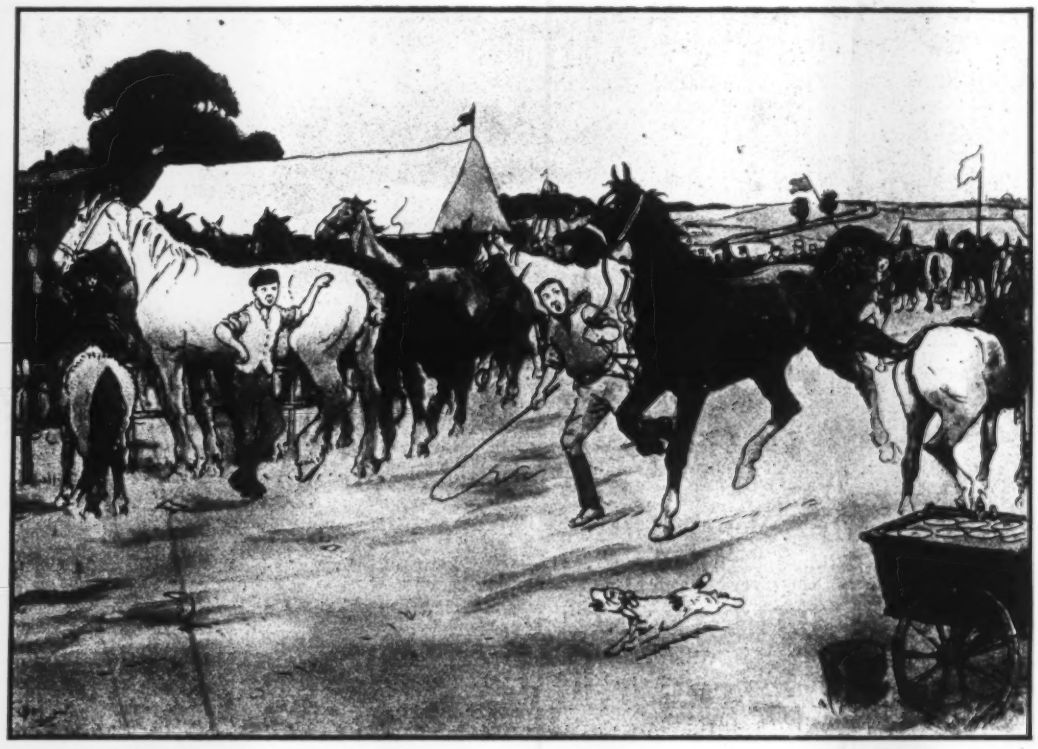

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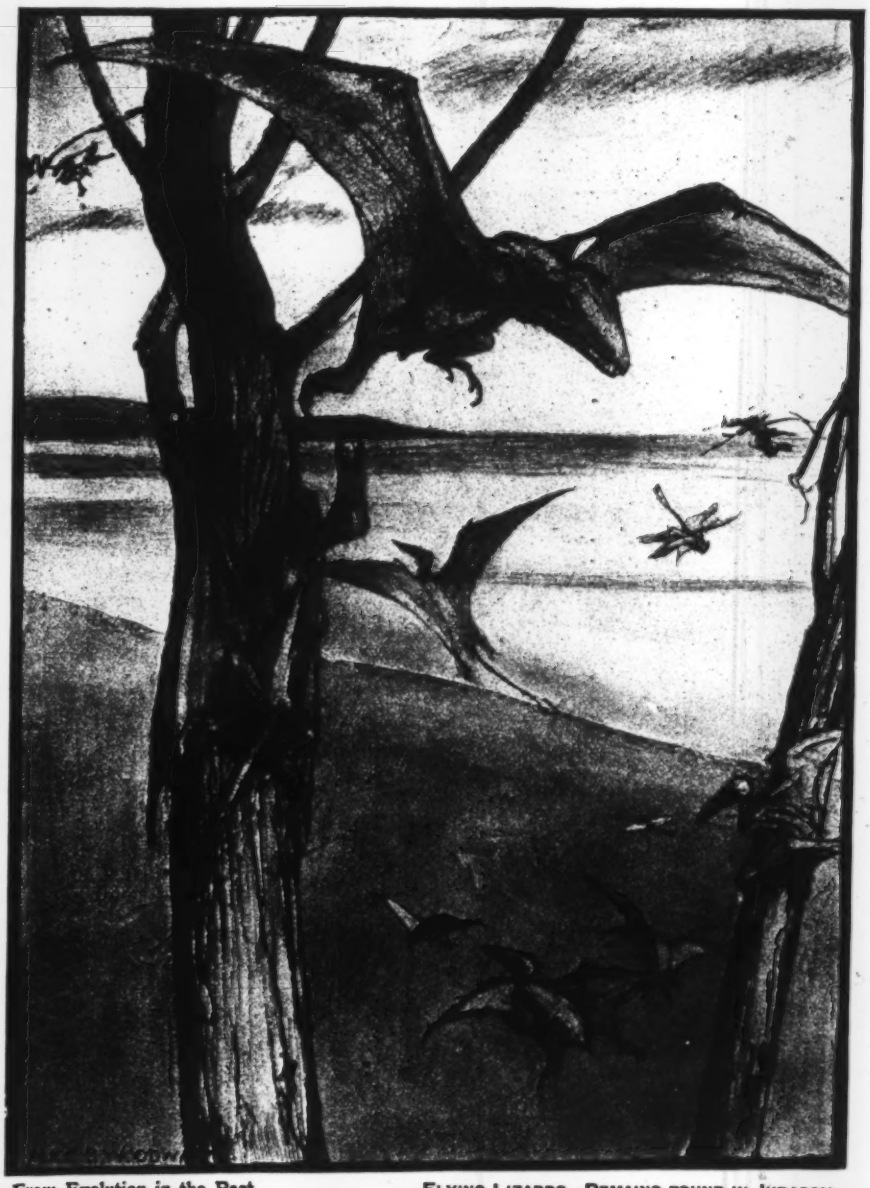

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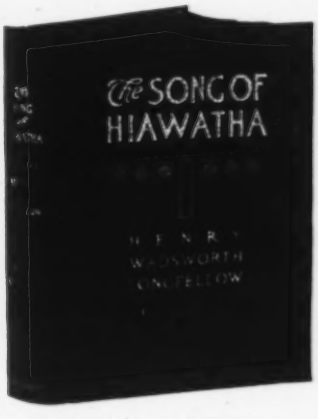

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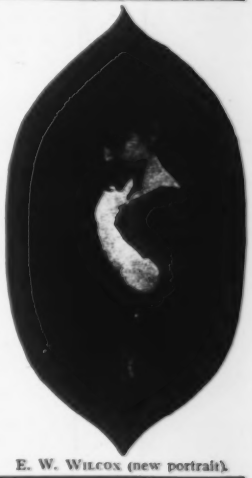

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of the spring, that made "Young April," in its time, so sheer a delight. There be eccentrics who love not this *genre*, yet the story may be commended to them as containing a masterly study of a most unusual woman. Aglaé dominates the volume; she, alone, lives. That she ended as the authors would have us believe—no, no, and no! And after all has been read and weighed, one question will harry the careful reader: What *did* Aglaé and Solange see in Ughtred Maxwell? Also, Life? and Life's Grip? and which came first to the distinguished authors, the title or the story?

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pounds and sustains the theory that a good title, a fitting title, is more than half the battle when you desire to thrust truth, decently veiled, on a usually recalcitrant public. According to him, experience shows that a good novel with a bad name will not sell, while a bad one with a good name will. My friend, whose art suffers little because he has a keen eye on royalties, avers unblushingly that he himself starts a yarn from a title. He hits upon, or stumbles upon, two or three words that prick curiosity, or stimulate moribund interest, or electrify indifference; and then, with deftly concealed craft, moulds his story to the form the title has suggested. Were I to cite the names of my friend's novels, you would open your eyes!

Here are some titles! Let us see whether the dog wags the tale, or the tale the dog (the pun is undignified, but——) "The Grip of Life." Here, now, is a Gissingesque title that suggests one of those depressing records where we find faithfully reproduced the daily miseries of life, from a broken bootlace and a smoky fire to the crumbling of one's pinnacled ambitions. Yet it is a fairy-tale, one of Captain and Mrs. Castle's fairy-tales, written with elegance and a well-bred wit; and, for joy of the reader, there pervades it a touch of the wizardry, a breath

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on the winner in a £250 prize competition, and responsibility of any kind is either a blessing or a curse. She has done some good work here, but "The House of Lisronan" is sounder stuff. She suffers sadly from the impish pranks of the Corrector of the Press, who has never surely been

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"THE FERRULE OF AN UMBRELLA WAS PLACED IN HIS RIBS."

in more tricksy mood: she has my sympathy—and my advice: live with galley-proofs and a dictionary for a week in spite of printers' clamour. And the title? Splendid in isolation.

And what do you think of "The Enlightenment of Sylvia?" Here surely is a woodland girl opening on the eternities her eyes of *pervenche*. Nor Sylvia, nor any one of her companions, has aught to do with the wild sweet soul of the woods. Mr. A. D. Pickering's narrative is a fluent Society yarn, Truefitt-clipped and Louise-gowned. 'Tis of the parish of Saint James; of a cosm, if you will, but a microcosm. The title fits, although not like a glove.

"The Unbearable Bassington" fits better. Here is one of those sparkling paste affairs that might pass for true crystal were the light of Nature less strong. It is very amusing; it has a twang of the boulevards; it might have been called "L'Insupportable Dupont du Mont"; it is quotable; and, of its truth and smartness you may judge by:

"The dear Archdeacon is getting so absent-minded. He read a list of box-holders for the Opera as the First Lesson the other Sunday instead of the families and lots of the tribes of Israel that entered Canaan. Fortunately, nobody noticed the mistake."

I incline to think that the Archdeacon, bland nonentity, was not quite so absent-minded as "Saki" would have us believe, but had judged his wearisomely witless congregation to a hair.

The Church has given us good fiction in the past; it still gives us good fiction. Here is Canon Sheehan with "Miriam Lucas," which is not an inspiring title. The story is somewhat old-fashioned, but it is a moving yarn, full of honest workmanship and careful, if somewhat stereotyped, characterization, and may be recommended with confidence to the Great Public.

To the G.P. who dares recommend "The Happy Warrior"?—a splendid and illuminating title, a fine, because a deeply-felt, book: the only book "as is" a book among the six on my table. It is an erratic piece of work; it is by turns Meredith, Dickens, Borrow, and Hutchinson; but, praise Apollo! it is alive, it is lyric—nay, more, it is Life: not the rabbit-hutch, cabbage-fed, cluttered thing of our smut-grimed backyards, but the vibrating tingling gift we all had once, if now we have it not. It is an irritating, wayward, unequal, magnificent piece of work; it is trepidant, because, like the poplar, its top reaches to the firmament of ideals and its roots bore down into the red earth that is God's chosen paludament; it burns, because "the candle of the Lord," which is the spirit of man, kindles it; it lives—and in this creaking day of puppets and marionettes and *fantoccini*, is it not good to come on a book whose characters, however grotesque, have blood in their veins, not druggists'-window stuff? The story? Good. But who thinks of the skeleton when the living being takes our eye? . . . I imagine Swinburne rhapsodizing over "The Happy Warrior," and finding the chapters which recount "the" fight, the finest thing done for fifty years. Mr. Hutchinson has the grand amplitude, the grand carelessness, the *grand souffle*. He will achieve his own style one of these mornings; and then, may I be there to see!

And so, having chattered of titles, one ends with a book! Luck has not yet, then, left these shores.

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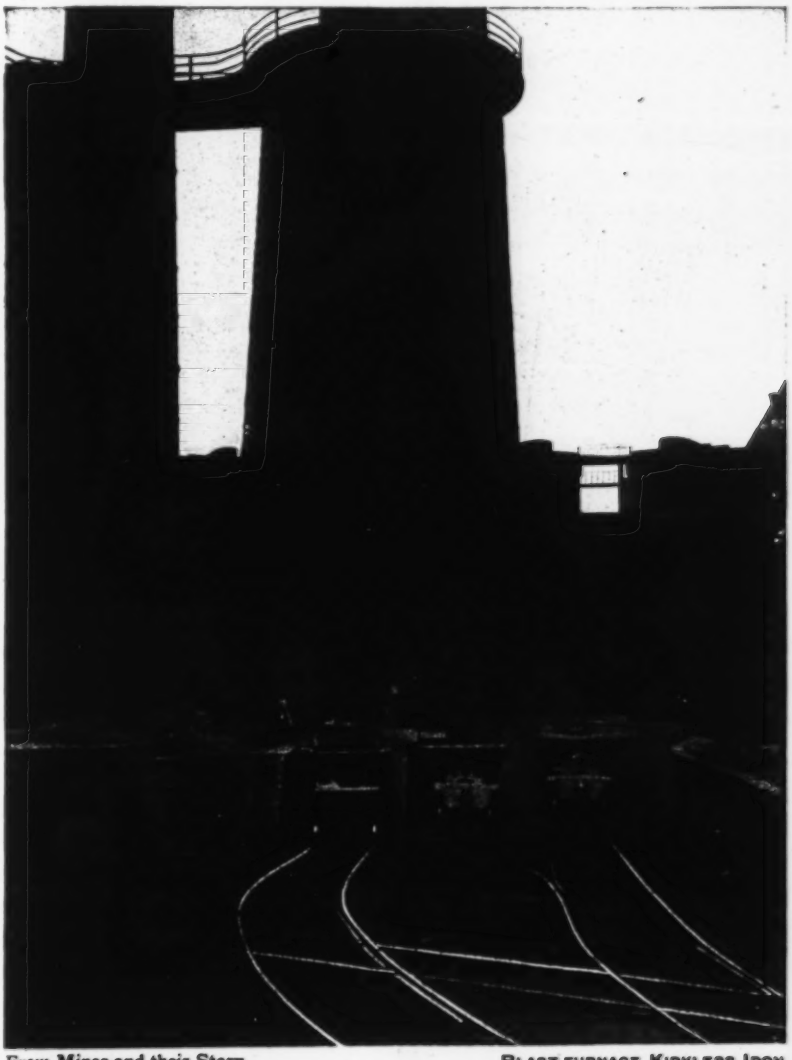

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS

From The Big Book of Fables *(Blackie).*

GIRLS AND FAIRIES.

By Katharine Tynan.

As one who has experience, I may say that girls are kittle cattle to write for, and most publishers of girls' books would probably bear me out in saying that you can be much surer of the boys' market than the girls' market. Girls are much more Conservative, and apt to jib at new things, but once establish yourself as an old favourite with them and they will swallow a deal of twaddle, which is

Bake me a cake as fast as you can.

From Old Rhymes with New Tunes
(Longmans).

indeed what their elders will do. I expect it is because the clever and original girls are reading the books of the grown-ups.

I have asked the Critic on the Hearth, twelve years old, and a born "taster," to read the stories of school-life for me and pronounce upon them, which she is much better fitted to do than I, I keeping the fairy stories for myself, since she is at the moment more interested in school-girls than in fairies.

Of "The Unwilling School-girl"[1] she reports: "This is a book that will hold a girl's attention from beginning to end. From the time the book opens and introduces the heroine, Ethne St. Ives, living in the house of a mistaken, but well-meaning aunt" (Alas, how many such are there!) "who allows her to have her own way in everything to the time she goes to school and meets her 'Ideal,' a girl called Rose Strickland, whose smile or good word she is pitifully anxious to earn, it is a trial to leave the book for a minute and other occupations must be neglected. Of course she meets with many adventures too numerous to relate, but at last she meets her Uncle Basil, her guardian since her aunt's death, and learns that she is not to leave school for a long time, and so Rose will still be hers for some precious years.

"In 'School-Girl Honour,'[2] Miss Kathlyn Rhodes has written a charming book, which records the adventures of Hilary Stone at St. Monica's. One of the girls, Mamie Green, overhears Hilary's aunt talking of some past disgrace of Hilary's. In the excitement of the moment, she tells this to her form-mates which leads to many complications. Rosa, a girl who is jealous of Hilary gets her accused of cheating, and though she protests her innocence she is to be expelled at the end of term. How her heroism saves her this time; how she is the victim of another plot; how she saves Rosa's life and Rosa confesses her guilt, all makes a most exciting story.

"'Brave Girls All'[3] is a book which all girls must enjoy. It is full of excitement and the reader's interest is never lagging. Minnie Perkins who had been expelled from the school where Pat, the heroine of the book was also at school, judging Pat by herself thinks she will tell the neighbours

[1] "The Unwilling Schoolgirl." By Marjory Royce. 5s. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

[2] "Schoolgirl Honour." By Kathlyn Rhodes. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

[3] "Brave Girls All." By Olivia Fowell. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

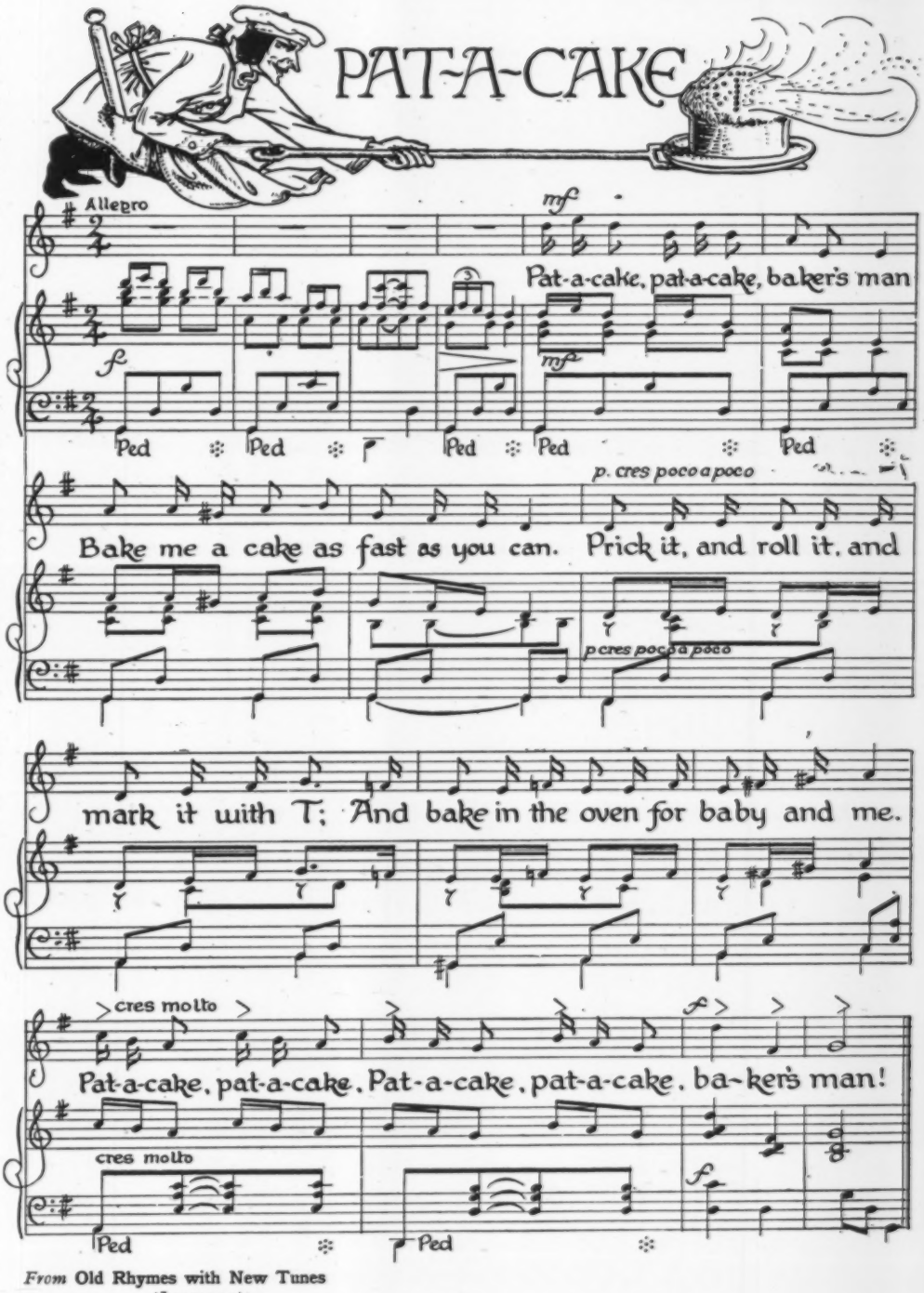
of her disgrace, so determines to have her tale in first, and insinuates that Pat has done something dishonourable and sets up a scandal about her. How her plot is thwarted by Gwenn Vansittart makes most exciting reading, and it may be heartily recommended as a book that every girl will love."

"'Sally's Children'[1] is a very amusing book and one which every child will think a very good present. All children will follow with excitement the adventures of Penelope and Rachel Shaw. The story opens with their coming over on the boat from America, where Penelope, who adores babies, takes charge of Baby Newcome, the son of the lady who is bringing them over, more for convention's sake than for necessity, as they carefully explain to the other passengers, as they are quite able to take care of themselves. The English adventures must be read in the book. They are most delightful. We see just how they looked in Mr. Gordon Browne's pictures."

In the next review we miss the note of enthusiasm, and indeed the present reviewer has often marvelled at the tenuous interest about which some writers for girls manage to spin 80,000 or 90,000 words.

"'Tabitha Smallways, Schoolgirl'[2] relates the tale of how Tabitha goes to stay with Mrs. Stevenson who has just returned from India. She has two daughters, Audrey and Judith, who are very discontented and are annoyed with Tabitha who is an ardent Home-Worker. How Judith makes herself ill by trying to become slender, and how Audrey becomes a Home-Worker much to Tabitha's joy will amuse a quiet hour."

Very gay, humorous and spirited are the children of Miss Mabel Atwell's illustrations to "Tabitha Smallways."

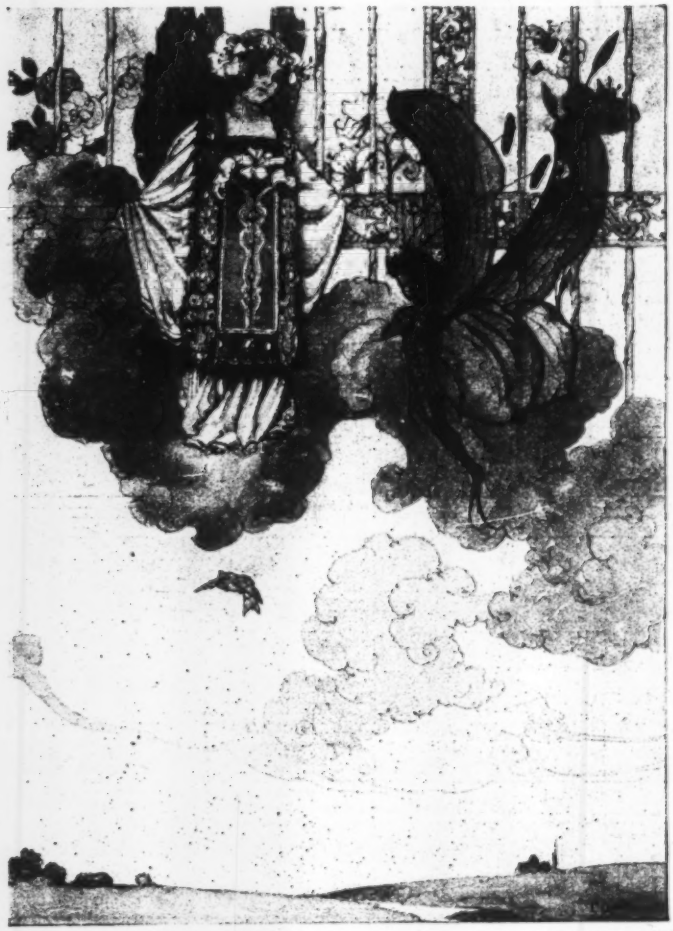


From **Old Rhymes with New Tunes** (*Longmans*).

The next book of the bundle, "Molly and Margaret"[3] has a pathetic interest, for as Mr. W. H. Hudson, that great servant and friend of childhood, tells us in his poignant and tender foreword, it is the work of a little girl, a bright and brave spirit, with an incurable heart trouble from which she died still in childhood. Despite her delicate health, she had all the joys of childhood, and only dreaded growing up to the joylessness of grown-ups, which she was never destined to do. So Pat's little story has a sweetness as of bruised wild-thyme to the grown-up; the children will perhaps not read the foreword, but will rejoice in the gay and roguish mischief of the story.

Many schoolrooms should welcome the dramatization of Miss Alcott's immortal "Little Women"[4] by Elizabeth

[1] "Sally's Children." By Margaret Batchelor. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)
[2] "Tabitha Smallways, Schoolgirl." By Raymond Jacberns. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)
[3] "Molly and Margaret." By Pat. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
[4] "Little Women: A Two-Act Play." By Louisa M. Alcott. Adapted by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould. 1s. net. (Sampson Low.)



From **Dewdrops from Fairyland**
(*Warne*).

Lincoln Gould, the more so as the delightful illustrations by Reginald B. Birch show us exactly how Jo and Meg and Beth and Laurie looked in life, and their friends as well. To girls getting up a play this book is warmly commended.

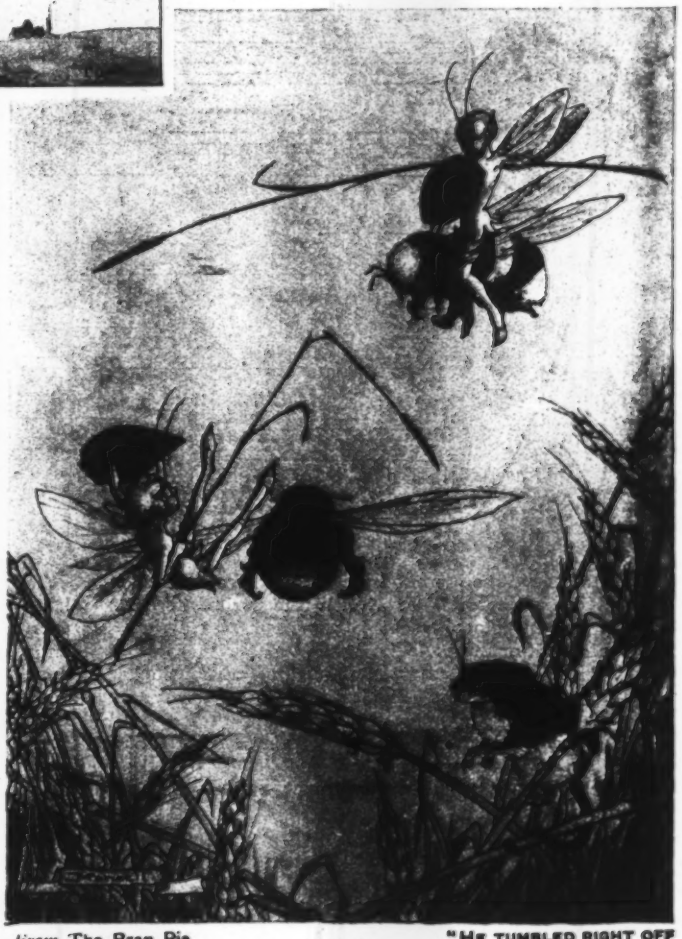
"Stories to Tell"[1] has really the authentic touch. The stories have wit, wisdom, and humour. They are full of a delightful inventiveness and they handle the immortal simplicities. There are here all the talking animals which the child has no difficulty in accepting; and they are full of marvels. It is a charming book equally for the grown-up, who knows something of the child's heart and the child. The illustrations by Mr. Patten Wilson are as good as anything we are likely to see this Christmas, and the colour-printing is a wonder. Only one thing needs revising, and that is Mrs. Bryant's brogue in the gay and spirited verse-rendering of the Little Red Hin. But that, after all, is a bagatelle in a truly delightful book from America.

Children at home always like to know what children abroad—that is to say everywhere else but England—are reading and learning; and here from the North, from next door to Denmark, which gave us dear Hans Christian Andersen, come Norwegian Fairy Tales told in "Round the Yule Log"[2] by P. C. Asbjörnsen, who is own brother to Andersen in the invention and the lovely manner of telling of these fairy-stories. This book, copiously illustrated with truly fearsome and wonderful drawings, will be a new nursery classic, and one can imagine many a little lass and lad far away in the fiords in the spirit this winter, while their bodily presence lies face downward on the nursery hearthrug at home in England.

Here comes Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, another benefactor, with the "Fairy of Old Spain,"[3] which has nothing at all to do with Spain except that the Fairy in the first story came out of a Spanish cabinet and so of course was a Spanish fairy. The child who has wandered away to other countries will quite gladly come back to things that might conceivably happen in the fairyland which lies all about us. Mrs. Stawell has a delicate fancy and she knows how to make her words a web of bright colours, glittering with jewels, wherefore the children will love her. The illustrations by Frank C. Pape live up to the stories. Mrs. Stawell and Moira O'Neill did not look for fairies in Cranagh Wood long ago without finding them.

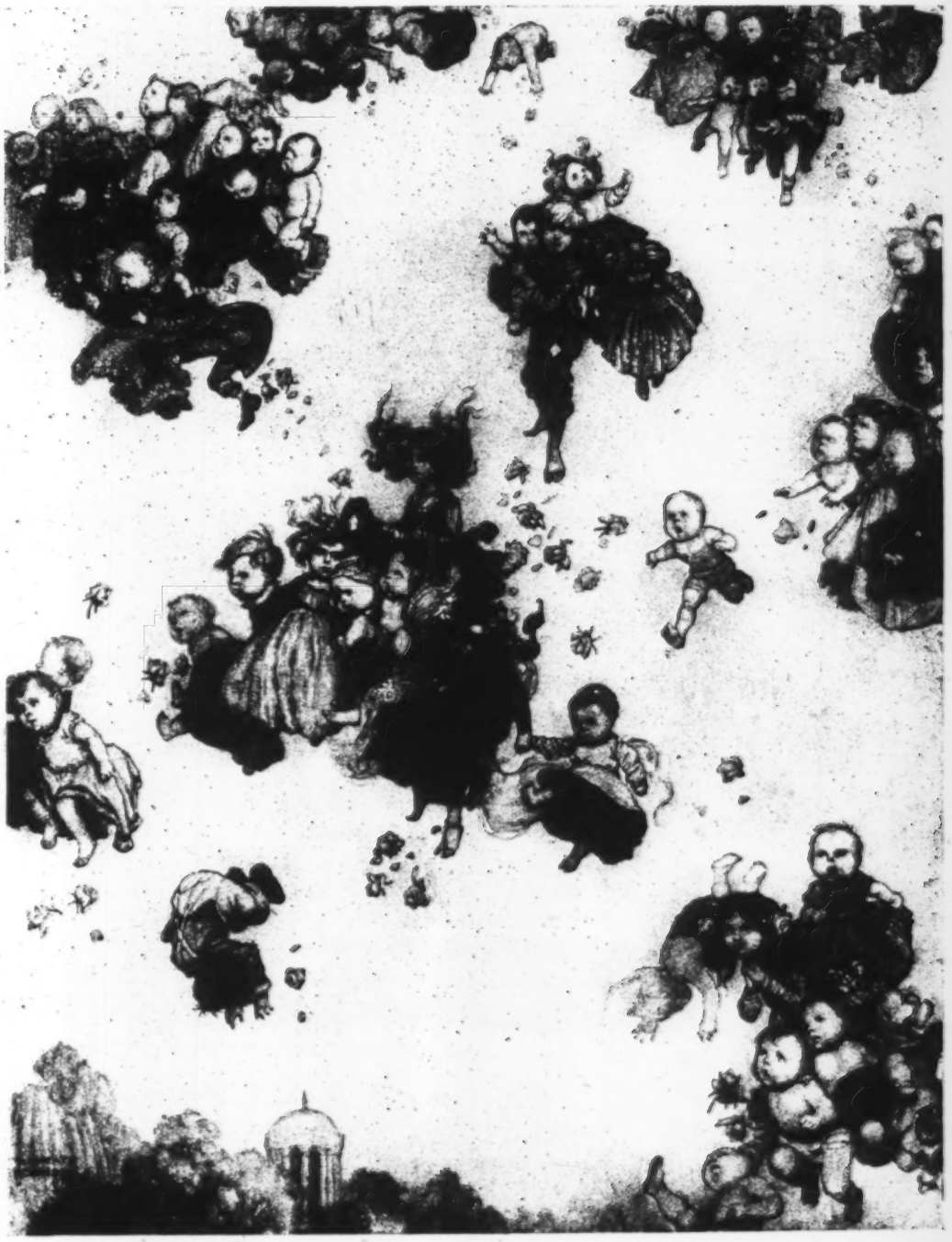
In "The English Fairy Book"[4] Mr. Ernest Rhys, himself a true poet, goes gathering immortalities for the children, and is helped in his quest by Grace Rhys, the possessor of an exquisite fancy, a delicate observation, and a grace of style very rare in current literature. So that the book is bound to be out of the common, and out of the common it is. All the old beloved fairy stories are here, and as well poems and ballads by old masters of the art, and there is a delightful Fairy Philtre by the aid of which one can summon a

[1] "Stories to Tell to the Children." By Sara Cone Bryant. 5s. net. (Harrap.)
[2] "Round the Yule Log." By P. C. Asbjörnsen. (Sampson Low.)
[3] "The Fairy of Old Spain." By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. 3s. 6d. net. (J. M. Dent.)
[4] "The English Fairy Book." By Ernest Rhys. 6s. (J. M. Dent.



From **The Bran Pie**
(*Duckworth*).

"HE TUMBLED RIGHT OFF HIS BEE'S BACK."



Frontispiece to **Bill, the Minder**
(*Constable*).

fairy at time of need. So it will be the fault of children fortunate enough to possess this book if they do not actually see fairies for themselves.

Quite unlike any other of the books in my batch is the book of a real girl, Elizabeth Ann,[1] presented in many photographs, very sweet studies of childhood, some of which will cause Elizabeth Ann to blush when she grows up: and then will come Mr. Walter de la Mare's day of reckoning. "A Child's Day" is rather for the child-lover than for the child, who will rejoice in the quaint and tender jingles with which Mr. de la Mare accompanies these capital photographs of a beloved child.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

[1] "A Child's Day." By Walter de la Mare. 5s. net. (Constable.)

OLD RHYMES WITH NEW TUNES.

Composed by RICHARD RUNCIMAN TERRY. With 8 full-page Illustrations and numerous Decorations by Gabriel Pippet. 2s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Mr. Terry's musical settings for the sixteen old nursery rhymes included in this pleasant little book are what they pretend to be: they really are tuneful. At the same time they are simple—both for accompanist and vocalist—and they should be by no means difficult to teach or to remember when once learnt. There should be a very large public for so original a little book as this. Mr. Gabriel Pippet's illustrations are fanciful and decorative, and they add considerably to the attractions of the book.

From The Arabian Nights (*Constable*).

"HE SAW A GENIE OF MONSTROUS BULK ADVANCING TOWARDS HIM."

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

With 20 Coloured Plates and 98 Line Drawings by René Bull. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Réne Bull's gift for the grotesque makes him an excellent illustrator for "The Arabian Nights," a fine edition of which has just been published by Messrs. Constable. Probably the least satisfactory of the artist's illustrations are those in colour, which, though well printed, are lacking in the atmosphere of mystery which other artists have given to the theme. For the line illustrations, however, one can have nothing but praise. Many of these drawings are purely decorative, but hardly one of them is lacking in its effect. They are, moreover, genuine illustrations to the stories; they add something to the mental picture conjured up by the reader. And as there are ninety-eight of them, you will realise that the book is very well worth buying and keeping.

CARAVAN TALES AND SOME OTHERS.

By WILHELM HAUFF. Freely Adapted and Re-told by J. G. Hornstein. With 15 Illustrations in Colour and 7 in Black and White by Norman Ault, and a Portrait. 5s. net. (Wells Gardner.)

The original "Caravan Tales" were published in 1824–25 under the title of "Die Karavane," since when they have had a steady sale in Germany, and they are the best known of the three collections of fairy tales which Hauff made during his brief life. The present volume embodies four tales from "Die Karavane," one from each of the author's other works, and one original tale by Mr. Hornstein in the Hauff manner. To those who are unacquainted with it, it will suffice to say that the latter consists in a strongly pictorial and romantic presentation of life in the East. The stories are exceedingly well suited to children, for whom indeed they were originally written. They are vivid and humorous, and in Mr. Hornstein's excellent adaptation they should meet with a very large success in this country. So far as "The Rusty Key"—the author's own story—is concerned, we must content ourselves with remarking that it is worthy even of Hauff himself. Mr. Norman Ault's coloured illustrations are exceedingly effective, and several of them reach a high artistic level. Altogether a truly delightful book.

AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

By ALFRED CLARK. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

The author of this book invites each girl and boy reader to write and tell him which incident, story, or picture he or she likes best, and it would be very interesting to see the letters Mr. Clark receives and find out how far his idea of heaven appeals to the average girl and boy. For the theme of the book is the dying of a little boy and his awakening in heaven, and what he sees and does there. Mr. Clark's heaven is a curious blending of the ethereal and material. Somehow we cannot imagine any normally healthy child being satisfied with a heaven in which children play together "merrily but without roughness or screaming," and whose "prattle and laughter was like the lapping of crystal wavelets on a gem-strewn beach," and where even snowballs do not "sting or squash" but feel like "balls of soft wool," where no one does any work, but all find "endless occupation and joy in sweet and holy companionship, and singing praises ceaselessly." The author's style is rather heavy at times, but there is much in the book that is pretty and interesting, and the illustrations are always charming.

THE ROMANCE OF INDIA.

By HERBERT STRANG. Illustrated. 6s. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Romance of India" is the third volume in the excellent "Romance of the World" series that Mr. Herbert Strang is editing. Its predecessors, the Romances of Australia and of Canada, have already given the series an extraordinary popularity, which this latest addition to it

From Caravan Tales (*Wells Gardner*).

"FOUR MEN OF SELIM'S ROBBER BAND."

should thoroughly maintain. It is not only an absorbingly interesting, exciting book, crowded with heroic adventures, but it is ably compiled and its history is sound. As Mr. Herbert Strang says in his preface: "India is pre-eminently the land of romance. From the time of Alexander the Great to the present day it has exercised an extraordinary fascination upon the people of the Western world. . . . Successive ages have added to our knowledge of its peoples, their history and literature." He has selected his romantic narratives from all imaginable sources; he has laid the leading historians, travellers and biographers under contribution, and has fashioned a varied volume that any boy or girl who loves the adventures and romance of real life will read with unfailing and absorbed interest. The book has a distinct educational value: it is history in the attractive guise of romance, and will teach a young reader more about India and its story than he will gather from the conscious study of his more general school-books. He will read it for the sheer pleasure of its many-coloured narratives, and learn without knowing that he is learning.

THE STAR DREAM.

By Ellen M. Dobinson. With Preface by the Bishop of Chichester. Illustrated by Mowbray Percy. (Murray & Evenden.)

"The Star Dream" is the story of Joseph and his brethren re-told for children in very simple language, which any child will not only understand but appreciate. Miss Dobinson's method of teaching the great Bible stories has met with the approval of the Bishop of Chichester, whose preface seems to foreshadow other works from the same pen. We have no doubt whatever that they will be welcomed by a large circle of readers, who are advised in the meantime to procure "The Star Dream" as quickly is possible.

From The Romance of India (*Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

BABER CHEERING ON HIS TROOPS.

From Folk-Tales of Bengal (*Macmillan*).

"IN A TRICE SHE WOKE UP, SAT UP IN HER BED, AND EYEING THE STRANGER INQUIRED WHO HE WAS."

THE PIRATE AEROPLANE.

By Captain Gilson. 5s. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Captain Gilson is already well known to troops of boy readers as the author of some stirring historical stories. His new story is as stirring as could be desired, but it is, in the journalistic phrase, nothing if not "up-to-date." There was never a more modern pirate than de Flood, a gentleman who commits his crimes in the American dialect of English. He goes in for piracies on an aeroplane, his objective being a vast store of gold which lies in the chief city of an almost unknown people in Arabia. Luckily, there are also some gallant young Englishmen who have discovered the place, and who are of a more virtuous disposition, and heroes and pirates—to say nothing of the natives—have plenty of excitement before wickedness is finally struck down and the chief pirate doomed to a horrible death. No one enjoys the thrill of a fight more than Captain Gilson. He almost opens his book with a duel of fists between the gentlemanly young hero and a muscular lout, in which the lout very properly succumbs. Afterwards the young gentleman becomes an officer and the lout a private soldier, and they share the chief adventures of the book together. There is also a learned old Professor in the story, and natives of all sorts up to the rank of king. The chapter-headings—"The Whistle of the Bullet," "Buried Alive," "To the Tombs!" "The Fight Among the Gold," and so on—give an idea of the appetising fare the author has provided for young and adventurous readers.

From **The Mighty Army**
(*Wells Gardner*).

THE RECEPTION OF SAINT AUGUSTINE BY ETHELBERT.—CANTERBURY.

THE MIGHTY ARMY.

By W. M. LETTS. With 12 Plates in Colour and Decorations by Stephen Reid. 5s. net. (Wells Gardner.)

Certainly "it is not everyone who has a Bishop for a grand-uncle," and we doubt whether every one of those who have find their grand-uncle so pleasant and efficient a teller of stories as the Bishop in "The Mighty Army." The stories are just these which you would expect a bishop to tell, but they are none the worse for that (indeed, they are all the better for it). They consist in brief, but dramatic, accounts of the principal saints of the English Church from Saint Columba to Bishop Ken. They are written in a manner which can hardly fail to interest children, and they are beautifully illustrated by Mr. Stephen Reid. Those who are looking for a Christmas present of rather a more serious type than the average school-story cannot do better than get "The Mighty Army."

From **The Star Dream**
(*Murray & Evenden*).

"JOSEPH'S BROTHERS BOWING DOWN BEFORE HIM."

THE CHILDHOOD OF ANIMALS.

By P. CHALMERS MITCHELL. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

Were we boys again our greatest ambition would be to see the Zoo under the guidance of Dr. Mitchell. It is too enormous a favour even for the boy of to-day to ask. Yet here is one of the next best things: a beautiful book by the Secretary of the Zoological Society with everything about the childhood of animals set out in such a guise that the adult and even the specialist reader, equally with the young person, will find in it instruction and entertainment galore. You meet, for example, his caracal kitten that liked plum-tart and milk; the tree-hyrax that liked bread sopped in claret immensely; and the young elephant seal that ate buns voraciously when it ought to have eaten nothing but fish. You learn that polar bear cubs seem to cry almost continuously from the moment they are born; that the new-born kangaroo is less than an inch long, although its mother may be nearly as tall as a man; and that the ancestors of birds were quadrupeds. It is true some of your cherished notions may suffer. The dog you think so affectionate may be only showing what a slave he is, since man has knocked all the independence out of his kind. And the elephant is not really so intelligent as his reputation makes out; while it is ridiculous, also, to suppose that the cleverest talking birds have any consciousness of the occasional appropriateness of their remarks. As an expositor, Dr. Mitchell has no equal. His book originates from the Christmas course of lectures last year at the Royal Institution. It has exquisite coloured plates by Mr. E. Yarrow Jones, and skilled drawings by Mr. R. B. Brook-Greaves. On the question of taming animals, the author's humanitarianism will find universal welcome. "A chimpanzee in evening dress, lighting a cigarette and drinking brandy-and-soda on a music-hall stage, is a shameful abuse of man's power over the ape's docility."

From **The Pirate Aeroplane**
(*Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

"AND AS THE WORDS LEFT HIS LIPS, HIS OWN SWORD FLEW FROM ITS SCABBARD."

THE STORY OF HEATHER.

By MAY WYNNE. 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

This story of an Exmoor pony (purporting to be related by the pony itself) with its six illustrations in colour, should make a strong

From The Story of Heather (*Nelson*). "THEY PUT THE TINY GIRL ON MY BACK."

appeal to the juvenile mind. The authoress has a pleasant, homely style, and an evident command of all those little artifices which are so dear to the hearts of the young readers:

From Legends of our little Brothers (*Harrap*). "HE WAS CLINGING FIRMLY TO THE TIGER'S TAIL."

"We ponies, of course, have our giant and fairy stories just like you earth children, and we always used to think that the cruel giants lived in those green bogs, and that it was their hands which drew down to death all who ventured near their homes, whilst the fairies lived in the heather bells and rang the evening chimes which called forth the white evening mists to hide them from the rude staring of the moor ponies when they came to dance on the smooth hill-side."

Children and ponies, birds and kittens, and much frisking and romping in the open air—the book is thoroughly healthy and attractive. The authoress has a pretty gift of humour and is wise enough, while conveying many little lessons in humanity, to avoid any direct moralising. Incidentally young readers will gain from the book some useful knowledge concerning ponies and their ways.

LEGENDS OF OUR LITTLE BROTHERS.

By LILIAN GASK. Illustrated by Patten Wilson. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

A boy loved the Wind, and knew that the Wind was a teller of stories. He used to lay awake of nights, and heard the Wind go by laden with echoes of elfin laughter, roarings of strange animals, singing of birds. He yearned that the Wind should tell him the tales it knew of all those things, and told it so on a certain stormy day; and it promised to bring him stories from distant lands "of the little brothers and sisters which you call birds and beasts;" and next night the Wind slipped down the chimney into his bedroom and told him the first of its stories, and afterwards came again and again with another and another tale, all of bird and beast, and all imagined and related in the right fanciful spirit and style that take the interest of children. A very fresh and delightful book of stories for the youngsters, for which Mr. Patten Wilson supplies sixteen clever and very pleasing illustrations.

From The Tale of Mr. Tod (*Warne*).

THE TALE OF MR. TOD.

By BEATRIX POTTER. 1s. net. (F. Warne & Co.)

"I have made many books about well-behaved people," says Miss Beatrix Potter. "Now, for a change, I am going to make a story about two disagreeable people, called Tommy Brock and Mr. Tod." And we pay Miss Beatrix Potter the compliment of not caring whether her book-people are good or bad; for her book is sure to be charming, whatever the character of her "characters." Mr. Tod is a wily fox, Tommy Brock is a heartless badger, and neither sinner has much love for the other. One of the incidents in this exciting history of the theft of the baby-rabbit family of Benjamin

and Floppy reminds us pleasantly of the famous encounters in the pages of "Uncle Remus"; and it is good to find that here, too, "when rogues fall out honest men come by their own." Miss Potter possesses that enviable gift of being able to be her own illustrator, and her pictures are gems of colour and expression. We first made her acquaintance in "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," and have been her sworn admirer from that day. Rabbits look out again from these dainty pages; and badger and fox are new and certain delights. The present volume is rich in black-and-white pictures as well as coloured plates, and must be one of the not-to-be-omitted purchases of this Christmas season.

THE TWINS OF TUMBLEDOWNDREARY.

By MAGDALENE HORSFALL. With 6 Illustrations in Colour by Honor C. Appleton. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

The twins are lonely little people, living in seclusion as they do at Tumbledowndreary, with only an aged grandfather to keep them company, and a cross one at that. Happily, however, they have imaginations, and the fairies come to their aid. Not only have the twins their own

From The Jolly Book
(*Nelson*).

experiences in Fairyland, but they are told a number of stories of things that happened to other little children. Thus they manage to while away many days that might otherwise have been wearisome. And if you are, or if you have, a child without the gift of seeing the fairies, you will find that Miss Horsfall's book is quite an efficient substitute for them. It is very easily and interestingly written, and it has the great advantage of half-a-dozen most delicate illustrations in colour by Miss Appleton.

THE JOLLY BOOK.

With many Illustrations in Colour and Line. 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

We note that this is the third annual issue of the appropriately named "Jolly Book," so that presumably it has come to stay. We are glad of this, for literature adapted for young children is somewhat rare, and anything more suited to its purpose than "The Jolly Book" could scarcely be imagined. A compendium of charming short tales and verse, together with very numerous illustrations, it makes about 350 pages in all, while the price which the publishers demand for it is almost ridiculously low.

From The Twins of Tumbledowndreary
(*Duckworth*).

"HE TUCKED HER UNDER HIS ARM AND STARTED ON HIS WAY."

From The Mole and the Mouse
(*Warne*).

From **The Fairies and the Christmas Child**
(*Harrap*).

HEART O' GOLD, OR THE LITTLE PRINCESS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. With Illustrations by Victor Prout. 3s. 6d. (S. W. Partridge & Co.).

This is not a fairy-tale, although its heroine is a princess. Cushla MacSweeney was considered a princess by the peasant people round about her home in Ireland, and her dead father had been called the Prince, in loving reverence. "The MacSweeneys were princes in this country before the mountains were made," said Cushla to her English aunt, Miss Talbot, who had come to Ireland to look after Cushla and her little sister, Nancy, after their mother and father were dead. Sweet, dainty little Nancy grew to be a selfish, fretful woman; but Cushla, to whom Ireland was the one dear place in the world, was a large-hearted, noble-minded child who grew to be a woman worthy of the name of "princess." Katharine Tynan writes with a knowledge and love of Ireland and the Irish people which do not blind her to their faults and failings, and she has made a charming, wholesome, appealing story out of Cushla's life from childhood to womanhood. It is a girl's story, and a happy gift for any girl to find awaiting her on Christmas morning. At the same time we think that it will be freely borrowed from her by her "grown-ups." Mrs. Tynan "has a way with her," and the "way" has got into the book. It is a thoroughly good book, interesting, well illustrated, and containing a pretty love story with a happy ending.

GULLIVER'S VOYAGES TO LILLIPUT AND BROBDINGNAG.

By JONATHAN SWIFT. With 8 Coloured Plates and 79 Drawings in the Text in two Colours and in Black and White. 6s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

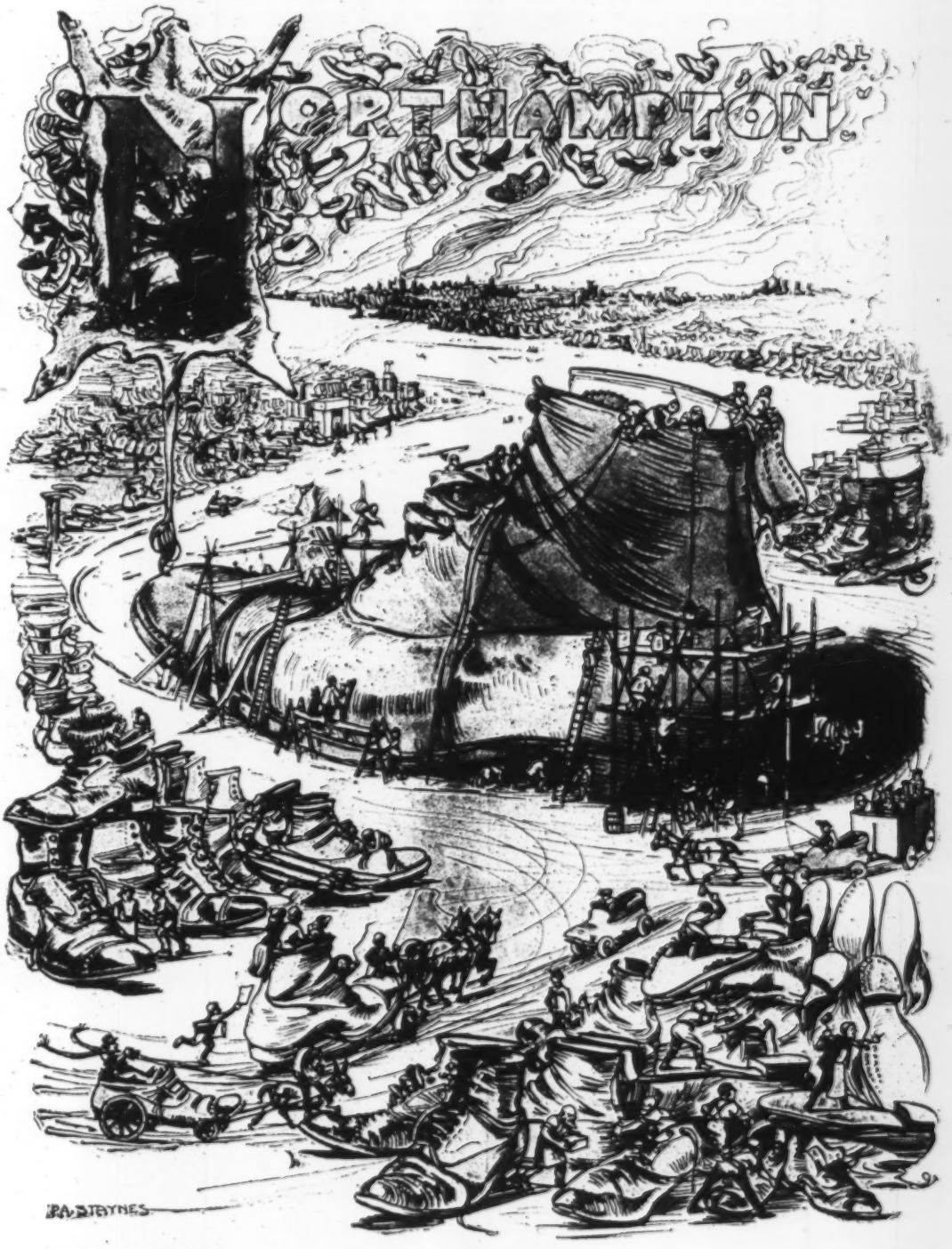
Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson's edition of the two most popular of Gulliver's Travels is made remarkable by the illustrations of Mr. P. A. Staynes, which we have no hesitation in describing as the most effective renderings of their subjects that we have ever seen. The artist possesses a grotesque humour which is in excellent accord with the spirit of Dean Swift's writing, and he knows, moreover, what will please children. In the illustration which we reproduce, for instance, the simplicity of the general scheme, together with an abundance of minor detail, is certain to please the ordinary child—and probably, also, the very extraordinary one for whom you are buying a present. In other respects the book is finely printed and bound. We shall be surprised if it is not one of the successes of the present season.

From **Gulliver's Voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag**
(*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

ROUNDABOUT WAYS.

Verses by FFRIDA WOLFE. Pictures by P. A. Staynes. 3s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

If you see "Roundabout Ways" in a shop window, you will probably want to go inside and look at it a little more closely. And if you do this you will assuredly come to the conclusion that it is a very jolly book, if only because Mr. Staynes' pictures are quite out of the ordinary. In fact, you are almost sure to buy it. Then, when you get home, you will look at the pictures again; and this will give you your opportunity of reading Miss Wolfe's delightful verses. When you have done both, you will certainly not want to give the book away as a Christmas present. We will hope that you will go out and buy another copy—which all sounds very good business for the author, the artist and Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson. Anyhow, "Roundabout Ways" really is entirely a delightful book.



From **Roundabout Ways**
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

From Schoolgirl Honour (*Nisbet*).

AN ADVENTURE BY THE SEA.

HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL.

5s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Herbert Strang's Annual" has taken its assured place among the most popular of the Christmas volumes for boys. It comes again this year with its full complement of amusing, exciting or gallant stories—tales of war and school-life; adventures on land and sea in divers parts of the world, from the sunny South to the frozen North. It is packed with good reading and unusually rich in pictures. Among its many interesting articles—to name one or two at random—there are "A Day in a Midshipman's Life," by R. I. Lusignan; "Recreations, Scientific and Otherwise," by Dr. Sphinx; "The Motive Power of the Future," by J. Owen, F.R.G.S., and the "Torpedo," by Captain Mathew, R.M.A. Mr. A. L. Haydon gives a vivid account of the dangerous work done by the mounted police of Canada; and since, nowadays, no boys' volume could be complete without something about aeroplanes, we have a special article on them by Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper. There is plenty to amuse as well as to instruct, and one could go on praising each item in turn—by no means forgetting the excellent black-and-white drawings and the coloured illustrations by C. E. Brock, T. H. Robinson, Cyrus Cueno, Christopher Clark and other clever and well-known artists, but it is sufficient to say, if it is a large and full budget you are wanting of the best miscellaneous reading for boys, you will find all you want in Herbert Strang's new Annual.

From The Gateway to Chaucer (*Nelson*).

"MALKIN, WITH THE DISTAFF STILL IN HER HAND."

From Herbert Strang's Annual (*Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

"THE ONLY CHANCE WE'VE GOT IS TO MAKE FOR THAT BIT OF BEACH."

THE GATEWAY TO CHAUCER: STORIES FROM THE "CANTERBURY TALES."

Retold by EMILY UNDERDOWN. With 16 Coloured Plates and numerous marginal Illustrations by Anne Anderson. 5s. net. (Nelson.)

"The Gateway to Chaucer" is one of those charming books which embody a "good idea." Chaucer is one of the least read of poets, and we should imagine that he is almost wholly neglected by children. Yet there are many passages in the "Canterbury Tales" which are capable of adaptation to the requirements of young people. This is amply proved

From Tales of the Gods and Heroes (*Nelson*). HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

by Miss Underdown, whose versions are pleasant to read, and, so far as we can see, faithful to the spirit of the original text. The volume is effectively produced, and Miss Anne Anderson's illustrations are very good indeed.

TALES OF THE GODS AND HEROES.

By Sir G. W. Cox, M.A. With 16 Coloured Plates by Innes Fripp. 6s. net. (Nelson.)

The stories of the Greek gods and heroes are invariably attractive to young people, provided that they are told in a simple and unpretentious manner. This is the case with the versions of Sir G. W. Cox embodied in the handsome volume just published by Messrs. Nelson. Within these covers the young reader will find something of the spirit which inspired old Greece, and half-unconsciously will learn many a lesson destined to be useful in after-life. Mr. Fripp's illustrations are conscientiously done, and they add considerably to the attractions of the volume.

MORWENNA'S PRINCE.

By MARGARET BATCHELOR. With 4 Illustrations in Colour. 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

No mere recapitulation of the plot can make you understand the charm of "Morwenna's Prince," certainly one of the most attractive and readable girls' books published this autumn. But you must at least be told that the action of the story takes place in Cornwall, and that it is quite clear that Miss Batchelor knows that part of the country intimately. Herein lies much of the charm of the book. It is a story of the open air—buoyant and fresh, with healthy, natural children for its protagonists. Morwenna, a daughter of the Rectory, has taken under her wing a little boy whom she styles her "prince," and who is supposed to be the grandson of an old witch woman (a really charming character, by the way). The plot concerns itself with the parentage of this little boy, which is, of course, discovered by Morwenna. If you think that it is not particularly fresh, you are totally wrong. Without any exaggeration it is one of the most delightful children's stories we have ever read, and we have no hesitation in pointing to Miss Batchelor as *the* coming author for girls.

THE MOTOR SCOUT.

By HERBERT STRANG. 6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Put a reckless Irish lad on an equally reckless motor-bicycle, and plant the combination in a South American State seething in one of its periodic revolutions, and you may be sure that other things beside the motor-bike will begin to hum. It is a situation that would appeal to most authors of boys' tales, and in the experienced hands of Mr. Herbert Strang the possibilities of the motor-bicycle in time of war are exploited with the same skill and ingenuity which have made this author's "Air Scout" so deservedly popular. The high-spirited Irish lad, who is forced to take sides with the revolutionaries, rides buoyantly through the story on an ever-swelling wave of hairbreadth adventure. Now he is rescuing the gobernador from the clutches of brigands: now baffling burglars with the aid of ammonia gas: or the motor scout is pursued by the enemy and his only way of escape is to leap, motor-bike as well, across a yawning chasm thirty feet wide! In short "The Motor Scout" is an ideal adventure book for healthy minds. It contains several noteworthy coloured illustrations by Cyrus Cuneo.

THE WHITE RIVER RAFT.

By LEWIS B. MILLER. 6s. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.).

A book dealing with life on the Mississippi can hardly fail to challenge comparison with, or at any rate to awaken recollections of, Mark Twain's inimitable stories and sketches dealing with the same topic. And rafting too! The memory dwells fondly on the adventure of Huck Finn and Miss Watson's nigger Jim, and we open Mr. Miller's book with an appetite whetted by the promise of things foreshadowed in the title. The author is not another Mark Twain—it is not to be expected—but he spins us an excellent yarn concerning a logging trip into the flooded forests of Arkansas, followed by an exciting voyage down the Mississippi, the period being about the same as that with which Mark Twain himself deals. The heroes of the story are two stalwart youngsters on the tramp for work. In St. Louis they meet a big prosperous-looking stranger on the look-out

From Morwenna's Prince (*Nelson*). "THE DONKEY ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE CAUGHT

From The Motor Scout (*Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*). "THE GOBERNADOR RIDES."

From The White River Raft (*Sampson Low*). "CRAIG TOOK A FEW TURNS OF THE ROPE AROUND THE TREE."

for two or three stout fellows to take to his timber land on the White River in Arkansas, and assist him in getting out a big raft of sawlogs and floating it down to New Orleans. And with this promising prelude the great adventure begins. We get pictures of life in the forest where the air rings with the stroke of axes and the atmosphere of a logging camp, and the "dismal swamp" is faithfully reproduced. The interest is strengthened by the weird and quaint episodes of the bewitched fiddle and the wild man of the swamp, Anon come vivid descriptions of the work, of the floating out of the great raft and its voyage down the mighty river. Here perils, mischances and hairbreadth escapes follow each other thick and fast until the raft is wrecked in a terrific storm, after saving and landing some four hundred of the passengers and crew of one of the great Mississippi steamers when on the point of foundering after a collision with the raft. It is a picturesque and romantic story—the

From Where Duty Calls (*Stanley Paul*). JUST IN TIME.

love interest is not forgotten—and it abounds in sketches of primitive American life in a region already historic. There are several full-page illustrations.

WHERE DUTY CALLS.

Edited by Alfred H. Miles. 5s. (Stanley Paul.)

"Where Duty Calls" is an inspiring book of courage and adventure for girls, edited by Mr. Alfred H. Miles, who says in his preface, "From old time girls have been limited to service in the sphere of duty, and boys have enjoyed the exclusive privilege of exploiting the danger zone; but we live in a wider world than our fathers did,

and we realise that in this ever-widening sphere girls are destined to play a larger and ever-increasing part. In the mere exploitation of their wider range of duty girls need the inspiring and invigorating stimulus of adventurous experience. . . . Hence, real records of the brave and true are the seeds of new harvests of heroism and endurance." The book contains a fine collection of such records by such able writers as Evelyn Everett Green, Grace Stebbing, Margaret E. Sangster, Ena Fitzgerald, E. W. Tomson-F. W. Calkins, etc., etc., and should prove a most acceptable book for all those who are in search of tales that are exciting, wholesome, and a spur to good deeds.

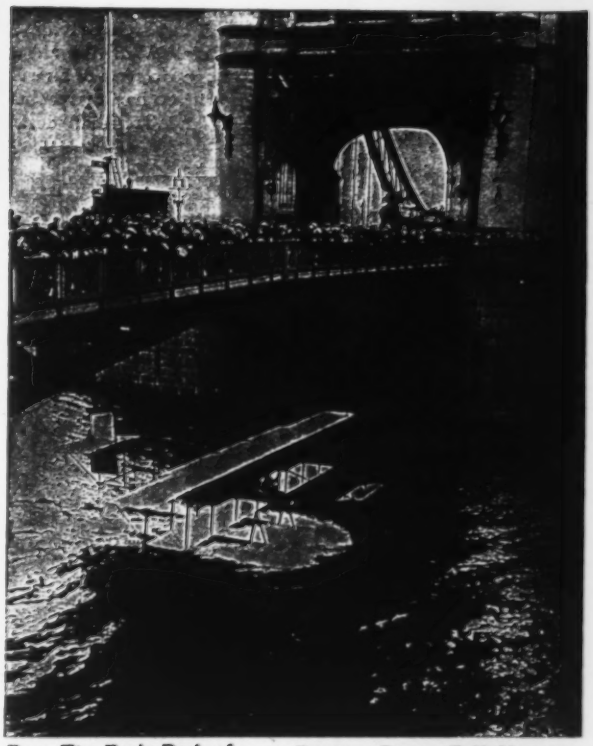
From The Flying Submarine (*Nisbet*). "THE MAN VAULTED INTO SPACE."

From In the Lion's Mouth (*Stanley Paul*). A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

Edited by Alfred H Miles. Illustrated. 5s. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Alfred Miles has shown his usual genius for collecting the things which are going to interest boys. The present series contains forty-two stories of fierce fights with wild men, wild animals, and wild Nature. The "lion's mouth," that is to say, is a figurative expression denoting hair-breadth escapes from any sort of danger. "We let ourselves down from a dormitory window to visit a neighbouring fair, and we find him waiting for us quietly in the shadow of the tuck-shop, clad in cap and gown." In short, whenever we attain to the supreme point of personal danger we are in the lion's mouth. Hence, beside one of Mr. Roosevelt's lion stories from his "African Game Trails," we find another of a plumber who got stranded in a water-tank in one of the highest buildings in Baltimore, and had an experience as thrilling as any big-game hunter, though he extricated himself in time to keep his wedding engagement. Mr. Frank R. Stockton is drawn upon for a panther story, "A Cat on a Catboat"; the noosing of a python, beguiled by music, in Sumatra, gives an idea of how animals



From The Boy's Book of Aeroplanes (*Grant Richards*). BOATING BACK: F. K. MACLEAN RETURNS UNDER TOWER BRIDGE.

From Oddle and Iddle (*Smith, Elder*).

"SO OFF WE MOVED, THE CROWD OF LIONS AND LEOPARDS ACCOMPANYING US."

are secured for the "Zoos"; and others are tales of fighting the sea, the floods, the fog, the sun and the snow. Most of the adventures are of American extraction. Well-selected as they are, we are sorry to miss our own favourite of the ranger on the South African game reserve, who was very literally in the lion's mouth, especially as it is British and authentic.

THE FLYING SUBMARINE.

By PERCY F. WESTERMAN. With 5 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

The invention of a fairly large-sized ship which is able to undertake the double duties of submarine and airship has brought in its train the inevitable jealousies—particularly as the inventor is the deposed, but highly-civilised, president of a South American republic. With the aid of his machine Don Miguel O'Rourke hopes to restore himself to power, while—rumours of the invention having reached the Admiralty—Holmsby and his friend Tresillian desire to secure the invention for the British Fleet. The interests of the two parties result in a fast-moving, richly-coloured story told with all Mr. Westerman's practised skill. "The Flying Submarine" is as breathlessly exciting as any boys' book recently published and we feel perfectly safe in recommending it.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF AEROPLANES.

By T. O'BRIEN HUBBARD and CHARLES C. TURNER. With a Chapter on Model Aeroplanes by E. W. Twining. With 60 Illustrations from Photographs and 34 Diagrams. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Now that aeroplanes have come to stay, it is surprising that comparatively few books have been written which expound the principle of flight in a popular manner.

From Molly and Margaret (*Longmans*).

"SO SHE WOULDN'T SPEAK TO HIM FOR A LITTLE WHILE."

From Tota (*Macmillan*).

"HE DID NOT GIVE THE CHILD TIME TO ANSWER, BUT LIFTED HER FROM THE SADDLE AND CARRIED HER OVER THE THRESHOLD."

Messrs. Hubbard and Turner—the latter of whom wrote a good book on the science during its early days—have done their best to remedy this state of affairs with the excellent volume for boys now before us. The authors are both accredited " pilot aviators," so that in some portions of their book they are writing from their own personal experience. Their explanations, too, are clear and their arguments not difficult to follow. In fact, this is quite an excellent book in its way, and every boy with a turn for engineering will be certain to thank you for it. There are many well-printed illustrations.

From Tabitha Smallways
(*Chambers*).

"FLUNG HERSELF DOWN ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THE MOTLEY COLLECTION, DRAGGED OUT FROM TWIN CUPBOARDS."

From The English Fairy Book
(*Unwin*).

ODDLE AND IDDLE, OR THE GOBLINS OF ALOE SHAMBA.

By LILY COLLIER. With 9 Illustrations by Joyce Crawshay Williams. 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

The Hon. Mrs. Gerard Collier has given us, in " Oddle and Iddle," one of the freshest and most original fairy-tales that we have come across for a long time. The scene of the story takes place in Africa, where the hero—thanks to eating a particular nut—at once comes into communication with the fairy world. It is while he is there that he falls in love with Felicity, a character which shares most of the hero's experiences. Thanks to the African setting the author is able to introduce a number of wild animals which would certainly be out of place in an English story. " Oddle and Iddle " has delightful moments of humour, and the child that gets it will have reason to think himself very lucky.

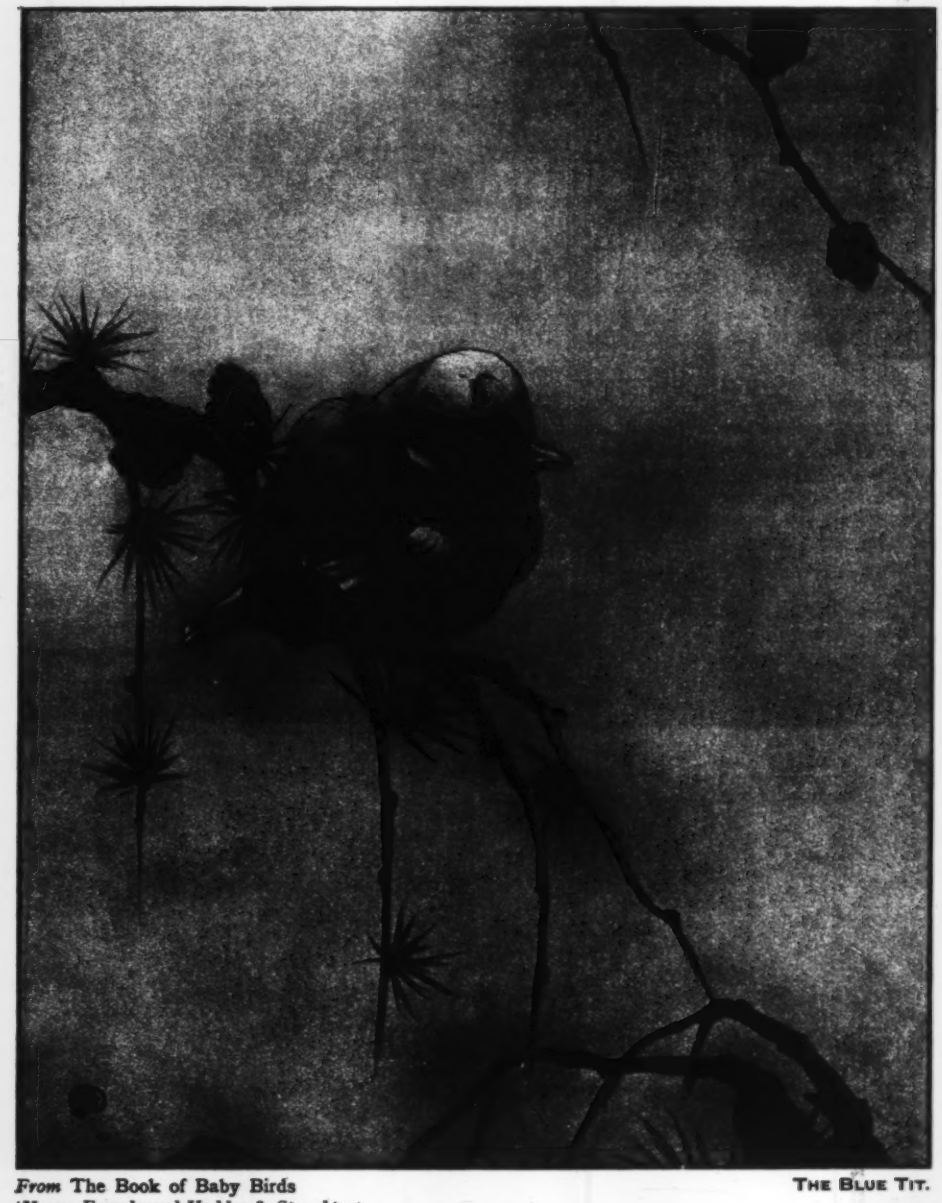
TOTA.

By MRS. HOBART HAMPDEN. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

" Tota " by Mrs. Hobart Hampden is a book that will assuredly stand apart from all children's books published this Christmas, on account of its quite unusual charm and originality. The idea will appeal to all boys and girls who love tales of adventure, for it is the story of a little English

From More Tales in the Land of Nursery Rhyme
(*Allenson*).

girl named Gracie who lives among the Himalayan Mountains and who, while her parents are away from home, ventures into the territory of an Indian Rajah and is kidnapped and sold to the Rajah to be the bride of his little son, Tota. Gracie's sister, in whose charge she was left, disguises herself and with the help of a native servant and a woman they meet upon the way, tracks the child to the Rajah's palace and manages to rescue her in the nick of time. But Tota has discovered their plans and unknown to the rest of his father's court, insists on accompanying them, and it is he who manages to save them at the critical moment—who offers his life that they may escape. It is a book which grown-ups as well as children will find thrilling and interesting. Miss Alice B. Woodward's drawings making a most pleasing addition to an altogether pleasing book.



From **The Book of Baby Birds**
(Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).

THE BLUE TIT.

THE BOOK OF BABY BIRDS.

By FLORENCE E. DUGDALE. With 19 Illustrations in Colour by E. J. Detmold. 6s. net. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Last year Messrs. Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton published "The Book of Baby Beasts," with illustrations by Mr. Detmold, and it is pleasant to see that it must have been successful. Had it failed, we suppose that "The Book of Baby Birds" would have remained in limbo which would have been a loss to everybody. Nobody can draw birds and animals as can Mr. Detmold, and in this delightful volume he is quite at his best. To buy it, it only needs to see it. Miss Dugdale writes her descriptions very easily, and she contrives to give a good deal of useful information in a pleasant form.

MORE TALES IN THE LAND OF NURSERY RHYME.

By ADA M. MARZIALS. With Frontispiece. 1s. 6d. net. (Allenson.)

We have the happiest memories of Miss Marzials' first book, "In the Land of Nursery Rhyme," and we are glad to think that it received a sufficiently warm welcome from the public for the author to be encouraged to make a further collection of her pleasant little stories. Miss Marzials is well acquainted with the demands of children, she writes with spirit and charm and she possesses a sufficiently keen sense of character and a sense of humour which are undoubtedly strong enough to carry these stories into the hands of a large public. The present volume contains half-a-dozen short stories founded on well-known nursery rhymes. For our own part, we confess that "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat" is our favourite, but all are good.

THE STORY OF THE DISCONTENTED LITTLE ELEPHANT.

Told in Pictures and Rhyme by E. Œ. SOMERVILLE. 1s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Probably you know Miss Somerville best in her collaborating capacity—as part-author of "The Adventures of an Irish R.M.," and several other very humorous and very deservedly popular novels. But she has published a children's book before this—and a very jolly one too. This year she follows up "Slipper's A B C of Foxhunting" with a moral story told in verse and dealing with an imaginary period :

> "Once, very, very long ago,
> Before your curls began to grow,
> The time when Beasts and Birds could talk,
> (Before you'd even learned to walk,)
> There lived midst Indian trees and plants,
> A family of Elephants."

From **The Discontented Little Elephant** (*Longmans*).

"In flashing foam away he tore.
Jung Boo swam swiftly back to shore,
And started for the woods once more."

She goes on to tell how Jung Boo, the baby of the family, used to make a terrible fuss:

" . . . The reason's too ridiculous—
All from this silly cause arose.
He wished to have a Longer Nose!"

How he went in search of a means for lengthening his nose, and what happened to him in his search, we are certainly not going to tell, but both you and more particularly your children are sure of amusement in the verse and in the humorous pictures in line and colour with which it is cleverly illustrated.

BABY BIRDS AT HOME.

By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S., etc. With 4 Colour Plates and 60 Illustrations from Photographs by Cherry and Grace Kearton. 6s. (Cassell.)

Once more the Messrs. Kearton put the public—on this occasion the juvenile public more particularly—deeply in their debt. "Baby Birds at Home" consists of sixty-four short articles, which nevertheless contain an enormous amount of information of an unhackneyed variety, and as many illustrations dealing with the young of different birds. It still remains wonderful to us to understand how these pictures can be taken, and it is wonderful also to note how artistic an effect is frequently obtained. Once more we are in the debt of the Keartons.

From **Baby Birds at Home** (*Cassell*).

Tree Pipit.

From The Story of Santa Claus (*Herbert & Daniel*). "A STRANGE CARAVAN STARTING FORTH UPON THE NORTHERN ROAD."

THE STORY OF SANTA CLAUS.

By S. R. LITTLEWOOD. With 4 Coloured Illustrations by Sidney Filmore and Gerald Leake. (Herbert & Daniel.)

Mr. Littlewood is warmly to be congratulated upon the new and attractive rendering he has made of one of the most beautiful of all legends—that of Santa Claus. Nowadays, we doubt whether many people know much about him, and Mr. Littlewood's book should be read for its information as much as for its more sympathetic qualities. That the author is a conscientious worker, and that the undertaking of even a short book upon the subject is no small matter, is proved by the long list of acknowledgments printed at the end of the volume. But you will find no traces of the midnight oil in these pages. The book is easily and pleasantly written, and it makes as good reading as you could wish for. The illustrations add considerably to the volume's attractions.

From The Ghost Rock (*Nisbet*). "THE GREAT ROCK BEGAN TO TREMBLE."

From A Pair of School Girls (*Blackie*). "'YOU'RE THE ABSOLUTE IMAGE,' DECLARED ALISON."

A PAIR OF SCHOOLGIRLS.

By ANGELA BRAZIL. With Illustrations by John Campbell. (Blackie & Son.)

Angela Brazil has again proved her undoubted talent for writing a story of school-girls for other school-girls to read. "A Pair of Schoolgirls" is a mild title, but this pair of schoolgirls were more than "ordinary." One was rich, one was poor. One was the petted only child of her widowed mother, the other found out by chance that she was a waif, an unknown child saved in infancy from a wrecked train. But they were friends, these two schoolfellows; circumstances and affection drew them together, and in the end a yet nearer tie was proved. Miss Brazil keeps her plot well in hand, and carefully manages the characteristics of her many characters. Dorothy Greenfield, the child of unknown parentage, is the author's heroine.

and we see her character developing in a perfectly natural and extremely interesting way. Dorothy is so human, so quick-tempered, so good at heart and "straight," so sensitive and yet sensible, that her story will be a help as well as a pleasure to any girl-reader. The background of this development is a delightful series of chapters showing school-life and home-life in sunshine and shade. We have thoroughly enjoyed the story, and recommend it wholeheartedly to hesitating parents and other generous relations.

From The Captain of the King's Guard (*Chambers*).

"CAUGHT HIM ROUND THE ANKLES, AND THREW HIM HEAVILY."

THE GHOST ROCK

By FREDERICK WATSON. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

The boys who are lucky enough to find this adventure story among their Christmas presents will follow with envious thoughts the thrilling experiences of young Alan Mackenzie and his uncle in their quest for treasure hidden in the wilds of Brazil. And most boys will wish they too could boast such an uncle as Alan's; a picturesque uncle of immense stature, blessed with a chestnut beard reaching to his waist, and, better still, with an aeroplane built on ultra-modern lines. When it is mentioned that the treasure is supposed to be concealed in the mysterious Country of the Three Hills, and that unless you happen to know a secret passage, your only way into this country is over impassable mountains, the need for the aeroplane becomes obvious. Other obstacles besides mountains have to be reckoned with, chief among them being "the man with the scar"—a really formidable villain, who dogs the treasure-hunters throughout and brings them many a time to the very door of death. Some clever illustrations by John Cameron adorn the book, which comes from the pen of a son of the late Ian Maclaren.

From Glen Eyre (*Ward, Lock*).

"'MY WORD! YOU WERE NEARLY IN,' SAID NANCY."

From The Girls' Budget (*Nelson*).

"ARABELLA RETURNED TO COURT AFTER THE MARRIAGE."

From Brave Girls All (*Jarrold*).

"'THERE'S A SEAT FOR THEE, LASS,' HE SAID."

From Two Troubadours (*Smith, Elder*).

"THE LITTLE VIOLIN DID DOUBLE DUTY."

THE CAPTAIN OF THE KING'S GUARD.

By Commander E. H. CURREY, R.N. 5s. (W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.)

This romantic story has for its pivot the court of King Philip the Fourth of Spain, and the plot makes very neat use of the surreptitious visit to Spain of Buckingham and Charles, Prince of Wales, in their quest for a royal bride. Elvira, the heroine, is the beautiful ward of Philip's chief minister, and her unconventional ideas lead her into many an escapade, from which she is rescued by her lover, the Captain of the King's Guard, and on one occasion by Prince Charles himself. Subsequently, however, when these two brave men are hounded down by a fanatical Dominican friar and are about to be punished as heretics, Elvira, by a gallant feat is enabled to repay her debt with interest. The story, which is told excellently and with a wealth of careful detail, contains a number of bold illustrations in colour by W. H. C. Groome.

From The Green Door (*Gay & Hancock*).

"BIDDEN TO LEARN THE DOCTRINE OF PREDESTINATION BEFORE BREAKFAST."

THE GIRLS' BUDGET OF SHORT STORIES.

Edited by JEAN M'INTOSH. With 32 Coloured Plates. 6s. net. (Nelson.)

This is the first issue of what apparently is to be an annual publication; and a fine production it is. The volume makes 500 large pages, and the amount of reading it contains is therefore very considerable. Miss M'Intosh includes thirty-one well-written and well-contrasted stories in the book, among the authors of which we particularly notice Mrs. L. B. Walford, Annie S. Swan, Emily Underdown, and others who are well qualified to write for girls. The illustrations are from the brushes of several different artists, and they seem to us to be a little uneven in merit. The most generally successful are certainly the series of four by E. F. Skinner, which illustrate scenes from "Lorna Doone." "The Girls' Budget" has made an excellent start, and if it maintains the good level of its first volume we predict a long life for it.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.

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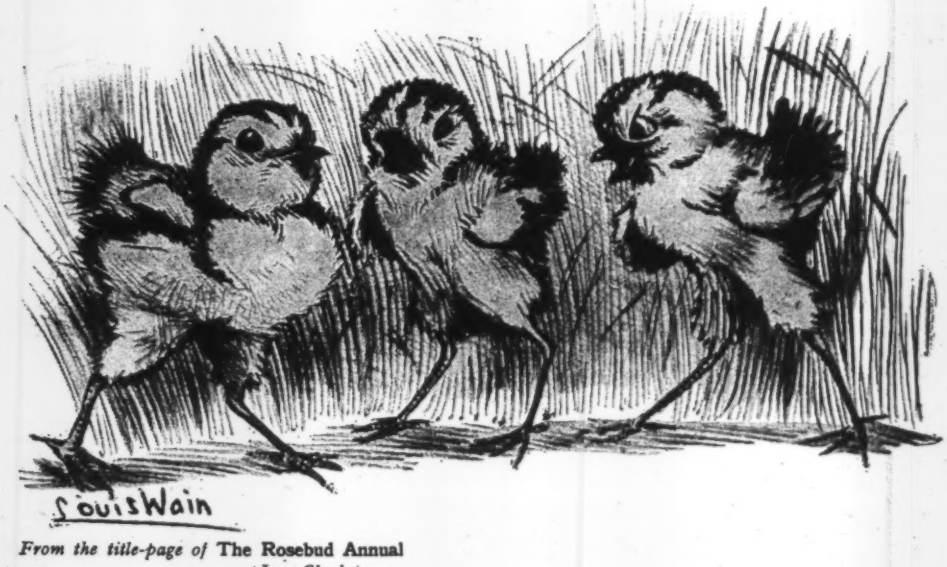

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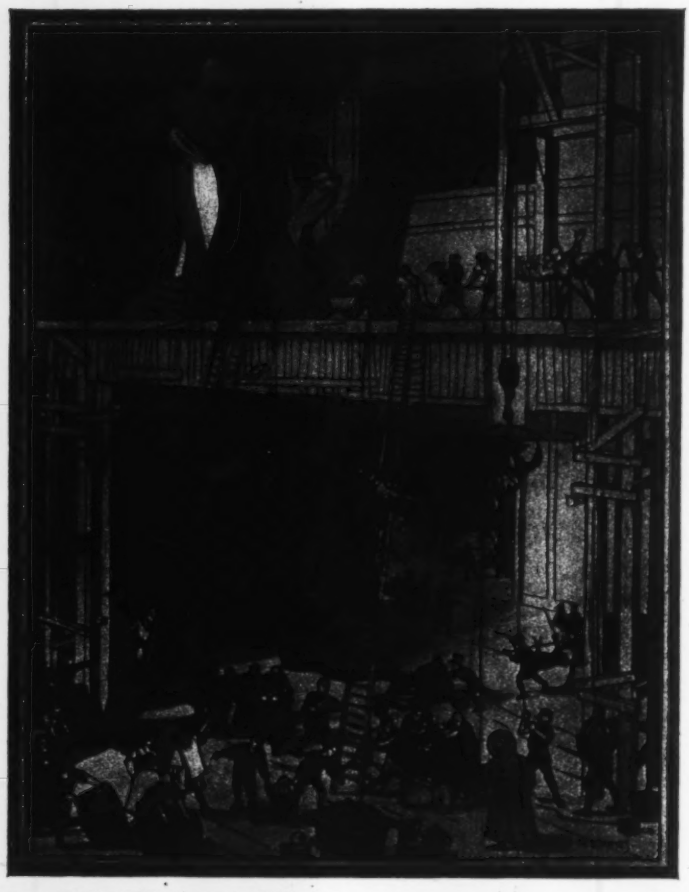

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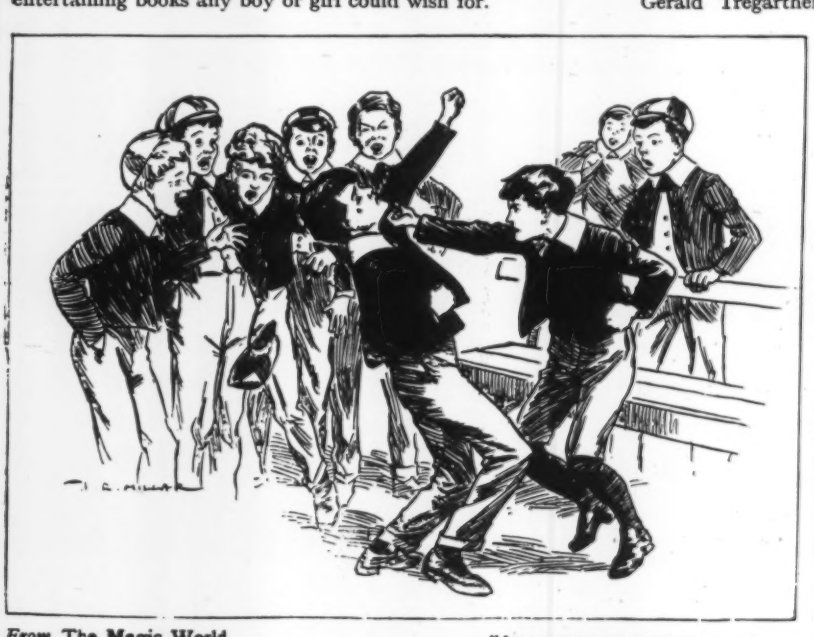

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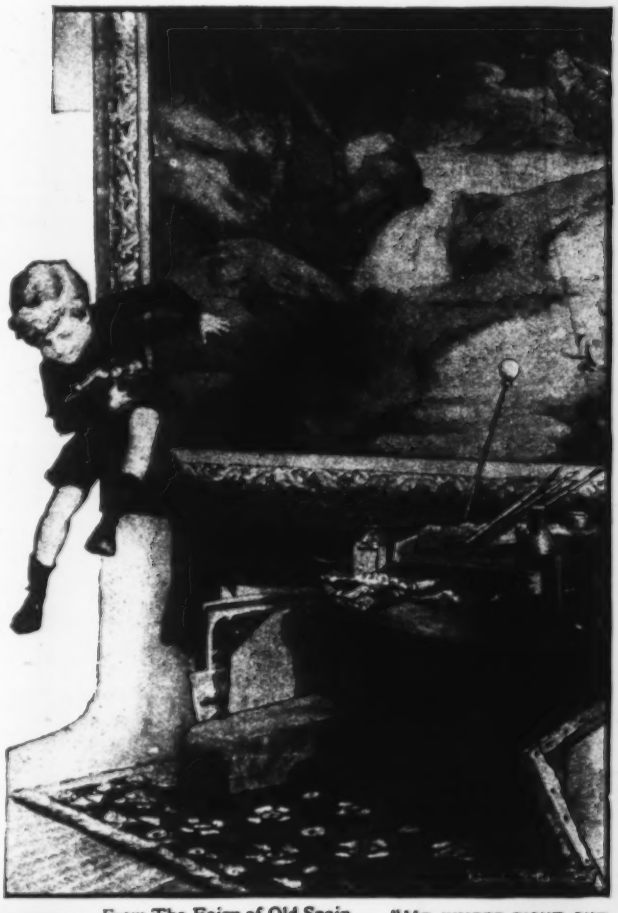

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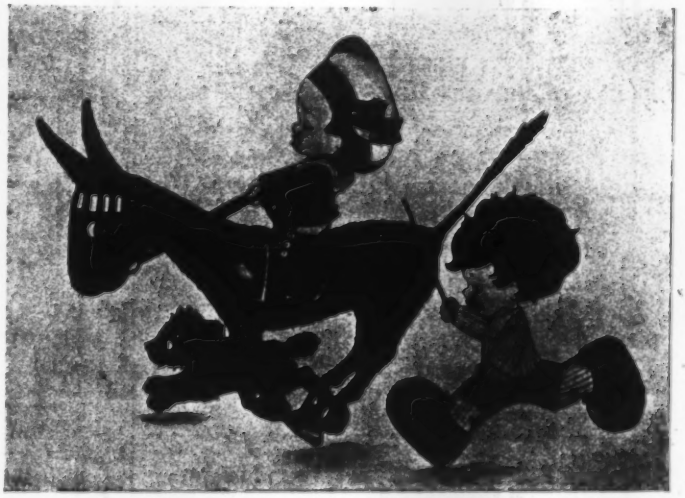

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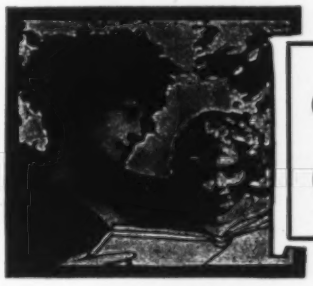

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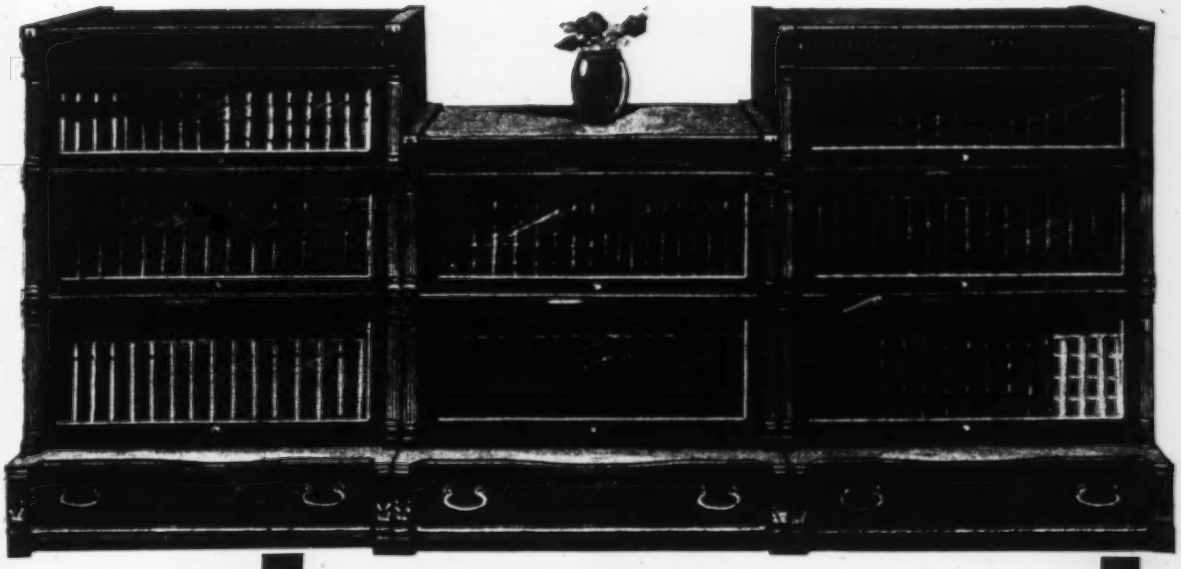

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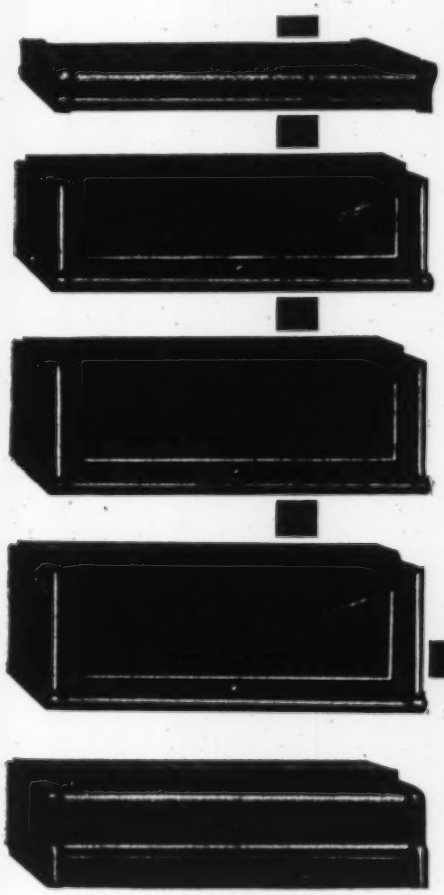

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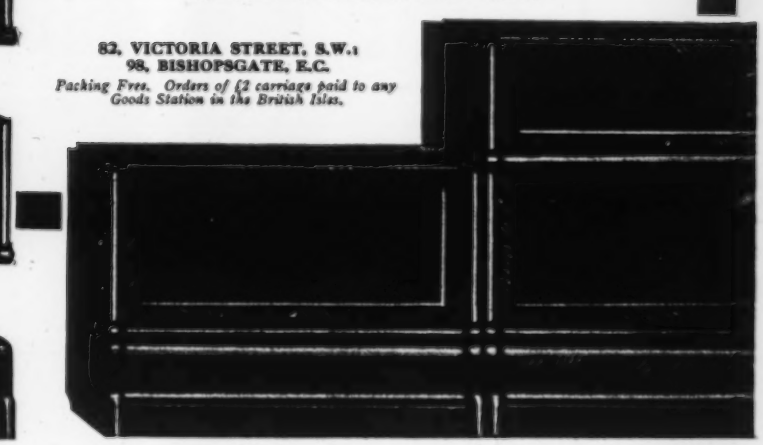

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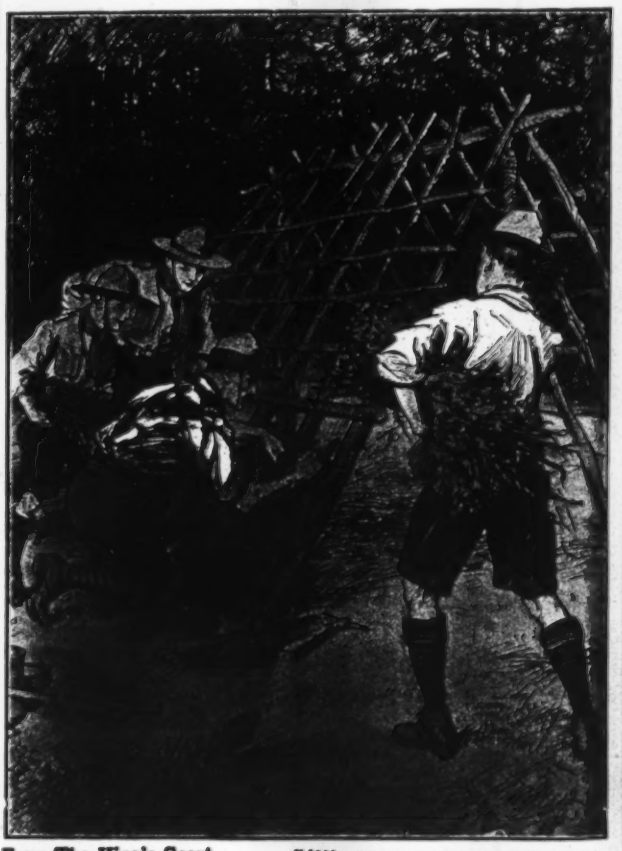

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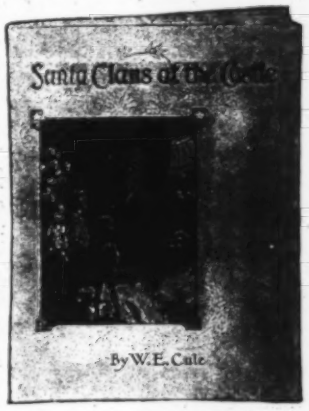

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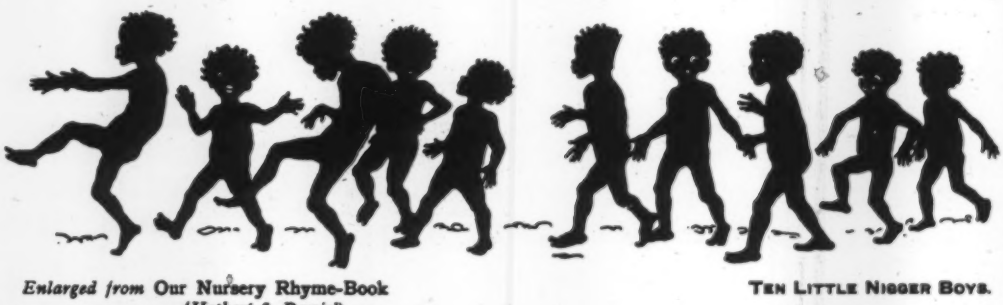

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